THE BOOKMAN

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JUNE, 1913

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Later Jean-Christophe

CRITICS who found in the first volume of the English translation of *Jean-Christophe* many biographical reminiscences of Beethoven in the early life of M. Romain Rolland's hero, are now pointing out similar Wagnerian suggestions in his later experiences. For example, in the concluding volume, *Jean-Christophe: Journey's End,* the now celebrated composer, involved in French syndicalist disturbances, is forced to flee across the frontier into Switzerland, where he finds refuge in the home of an old friend. The whole episode, with Jean-Christophe's tragic love affair with Anna Braun, his friend's wife, is supposed to have been inspired by Wagner's political troubles and his romance with Matilda Wesendonk, who was also a Swiss woman. The larger part of one whole volume in the French edition of M. Rolland's novel is devoted to this Swiss sojourn, after which Jean-Christophe is carried into Italy and thence back to Paris, where he dies surrounded by the children of many of those he had known and loved during his lifetime.

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By no means the longest novel on record—although one of the longest—*Jean-Christophe* is certainly one of the most varied in the scenes of life which it describes and in the types of character which it introduces. One can only wonder why, having gone thus far, M. Rolland did not go still farther and make his survey of modern civilisation, through the eyes of his hero, complete. He has written a life of Tolstoy, as well as lives of Beethoven and Michael Angelo, and it must have been a temptation to invade

ROMAIN ROLLAND

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MRS. LASALLE CORBELL PICKETT, WHO HAS BEEN WRITING HER REMINISCENCES OF CIVIL WAR TIMES IN "BUGLES OF GETTYSBURG"

the Russian field for fictional purposes, as well as the German, French, Swiss, and Italian. And then there is our own country. Surely we should not have been overlooked. A *Jean-Christophe in America* would have been a good publishing proposition in the United States, as well as an excellent opportunity for M. Rolland to study national ideals and tendencies of modern civilisation. Think of all the biting and sarcastic things he could have said of the interviewers who surrounded his hero as he stepped down the gang-plank of the steamer that brought him to New York; of the agents for mechanical players who besieged him in his hotel suite to get his endorsements for their various instruments; of his experiences with our local impresarii; and of his reception by communities of varying degrees of musical culture from coast to coast, where he was hailed as the latest lion of the press, and entertained accordingly. Think, too, of what an advantage it would have been to us to have portraits of New York, Chicago, and Kansas City on the same scale as that of Paris, and an analysis of American music from MacDowell to the latest cabaret rag.

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Altogether it seems a pity to have allowed Jean-Christophe to die without ever escaping the vicious circle of European civilisation. America is the land of the future, and it is highly probable that at the time when this composer was having his worst troubles in getting a start at home, his scores were already selling at a great rate in this country. M. Rolland has now only to publish some of these scores to round out his great work. In doing so he would only be following the lead of Bernard Shaw, and of George Meredith, both of whom

EDITH BARNARD DELANO, AUTHOR OF "THE LAND OF CONTENT"

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THE CROWD LEAVING THE FULTON THEATRE, NEW YORK, AFTER A MID-WEEK MATINÉE PERFORMANCE OF EUGÈNE BRIEUX'S "DAMAGED GOODS" (LES AVARIÉS). SEE ARTICLE "PLAYS OF YESTER-YEAR"

have supported the claims of their characters to talent, and even genius, by supplying specimens of their work. The proof, however, is not always convincing; and on the whole, nothing perhaps is more commonly noted about admittedly great writers than their inability to convey a satisfactory impression of intellectual greatness in their creations. Many people even refuse to believe that Jean-Christophe was as great a composer as M. Rolland would have us believe. He certainly, however, in his temper and in his vituperative powers, had external traits of the *genus irritable,* and he showed to the full their errant amorous proclivities in his immumerable love affairs. If M. Rolland cannot get together a group of his compositions and come over here to conduct them in person, perhaps the next best thing he can do to keep Jean-Christophe alive and on the scene for some years to come is to invent a series of memoirs by some of these objects of his fleeting fancy. The chief obstacle to this is the remarkably high death rate in *Jean-Christophe.* Most of those who would have anything interesting to say reached their "journey's end" before he did, and there is no intimation that they left any manuscripts marked "private and personal" behind them.

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Beerbohm's Caricatures

A new series of caricatures by Mr. Max Beerbohm is always more or less of an event. And the English journals all seem to be particularly appreciative of his recent exhibition at the Leicester Galleries in London. The *Times,* for example, devoted two columns to a discussion of

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THOMAS HARDY COMPOSING A LYRIC

the caricature, in the course of which it said: "It is the critic's duty to praise the best of his own time as confidently as if it were three hundred years old. He may be only backing his own opinion instead of the opinion of generations; but if he is too timid to do that he has no business to be a critic." The London *Sketch* expresses the opinion that "Max" is as amusing as ever, and that his pictorial satire, if anything, shows a richer and mellower humour than ever together with the same surprising knowledge of current events and a faculty for seeing, and making others see, their comic side. We have seen a number of reproductions of the caricatures in the exhibition, but while they strike us as uniformly excellent, none of them reaches the high-water mark attained by Mr. Beerbohm some years ago with his picture of "Mr. Rudyard Kipling takes a Bloomin' Day Off On the Blarsted Earth, along With Britannia, 'Is Gurl."

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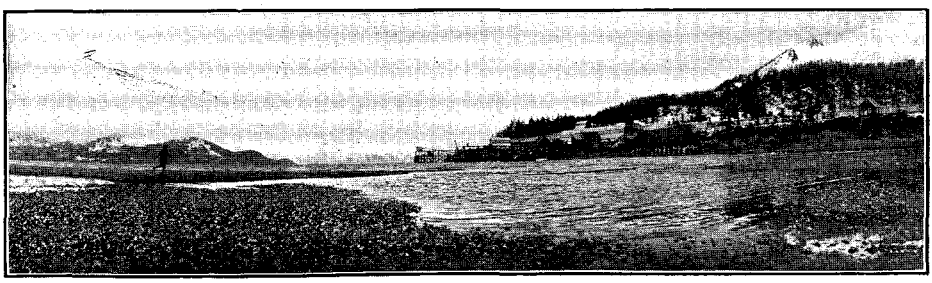
Helen Green Van Campen

It was several years ago that we first took up *At the Actor's Boarding-House,* and expressed the opinion that Helen Green was a writer not to be classed with the literary will o' the wisps, an opinion which has since been very thoroughly justified. From the *pension* for theatrical folk on Irving Place, New York, Mrs. Van Campen crossed to Broadway to depict the life that comes under the observation of Flossie, the telephone girl, and Elmer, the bell boy. Evidently she believes that the best way to understand this life is to go as far away from it as possible, for her present home is in Alaska.

I live on the island of La Touche, in Prince William Sound, Alaska, where it rains or snows nine to ten months a year. While I write a vaudeville story, set on Broadway, I look out of a front window and see a freight boat loading ore at the dock, and at the islands across the channel, their mountains all white most of the time—or out of a rear window at the mountains of La Touche. Every ten days or nights a *mail steamer from outside—the States—moos* mournfully down the channel, and the waves come stronger against my house, which is built on piles over the water, and the captain begins to yell on his bridge, and the folks on our dock yell, and the headline just misses somebody, and we swing lanterns and



HELEN GREEN VAN CAMPEN'S ALASKAN HOME

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HELEN GREEN VAN CAMPEN

stamp our rubber-booted feet to keep warm. Then she's near enough so we can find out who's on this trip,—if the Seward dentist travels to Valdez, it's the right of all the coast Alaskans to know whose teeth Doc is going to fix, and when a man goes out to get married, his friends know more about it than he does. In winter, when it is mostly dark day and night, the ships manage to get there about 2 A. M. with a Norther blowing so your hands will freeze to a rope. But then there's summer, with permanent daylight, and the Jap cook's rooster call mixed up in his crowing, as he's an "outside bird," and doesn't savvy-well, some folks like it only then, but I'm satisfied all the time. I do my housework, make nearly everything I wear, from gowns to slicker suits and hats, crochet caps, wash the family flannels because the Aleut woman boils them, split the kindling and wash windows, carpenter a little—I made a box couch a while ago—hunt ptarmigan on the mountains and keep the broken glass of the beach out of the feet of Murphy the dog. Think of people sweating and complaining on Broadway, when I'm out in a heavy sweater, lightly leaping waterholes and tickled to be alive, or fishing for 100-pound halibut out in the dory. We eat mince pie all summer on La Touche, and when we want ice-cream we tow in a little, right sized, iceberg that's come down from Chenaga glacier—no place like the North!

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"Zone Policeman 88"

There is no question of the genuine popularity achieved by Harry A. Franck's *A Vagabond Journey Around the World* and *Four Months Afoot in Spain*. His latest book, *Zone Policeman 88*, of which an extended review will be found elsewhere in this issue, tells of his five months' experiences in the Canal Zone. After tramping through a large part of Central America he reached

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Corazal in January, 1912. A census was beginning and he easily obtained work as an enumerator, in six weeks enrolling 4,677 zone residents. Then he was made a plain clothes policeman, and served in that capacity for three months and a half more.

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Kate Jordan

Kate Jordan, whose new book, *The Creeping Tides,* tells a story of New York's "Greenwich Village," was herself brought up in that neighbourhood, close to Washington Square, and knows the quiet, old-fashioned atmosphere that clings to those dull streets and shabby houses. Miss Jordan, or Mrs. Vermilye, as she is in private life, was born in Dublin of Irish parents, but her father accepted a position in an American college when the little girl was only three, so she retains no memories of her birthplace. From the beginning, she was apparently blessed with the Celtic imagination, and after one particularly vivid flight of fancy, when she informed her classmates that she was born on the high seas in a pirate ship, her teacher wrote to her mother: "Either she will one day write fiction, or she is one of those natural liars to whom truth is unattractive." Fortunately for the author, her father fully appreciated his little daughter's facility for "making up things" and tactfully converted her enthusiasm for unrealities into the proper channels. Her first story was published when she was only twelve. She won recognition as a short-story writer long before she published her first long one, *Time, the Comedian.*

HARRY A. FRANCK

THEODORE GOODRICH ROBERTS, AUTHOR OF "TWO SHALL BE BORN"

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There are many pages of a literary flavour in *Memories,* by the Hon. Stephen Coleridge, which has just come

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Tennyson and Others

from the press of the Messrs. John Lane Company. The author's grandfather lived for some years at Freshwater Bay in the Isle of Wight in the house afterward made famous by the long residence there of Tennyson. The author's father and Tennyson became known to each other first when the poet bought the house from the grandfather; but the author's father was a busy man in London, and Tennyson a recluse who seldom left his two homes, and they did not see much of each other. When Tennyson came to be made a peer, he asked the elder Coleridge to lend him his robes in which to take his seat in the House of Lords; as the lender was six feet two, the robes proved rather long for the bard, but it was better than if they had been too short.

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Among the elder Coleridge's most intimate friends was Matthew Arnold, and in the house at No. 1 Sussex Square Arnold and Cardinal Newman met for the first time.

> They had each expressed a wish to meet the other, so my father arranged it apparently by accident. With perfect taste and by common consent they talked together as a pair of ripe scholars, and no one would suppose that they were not old and familiar friends. They even with great urbanity delicately quizzed the other, though Matthew Arnold never for a moment departed from his attitude of a favoured pupil discoursing playfully with an honoured master.

KATE JORDAN

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Each parted manifestly delighted with the other, and subsequently they each in turn expressed the pleasure they had found in the society of the other. So my father was gratified at having made his house the scene of this interesting meeting.

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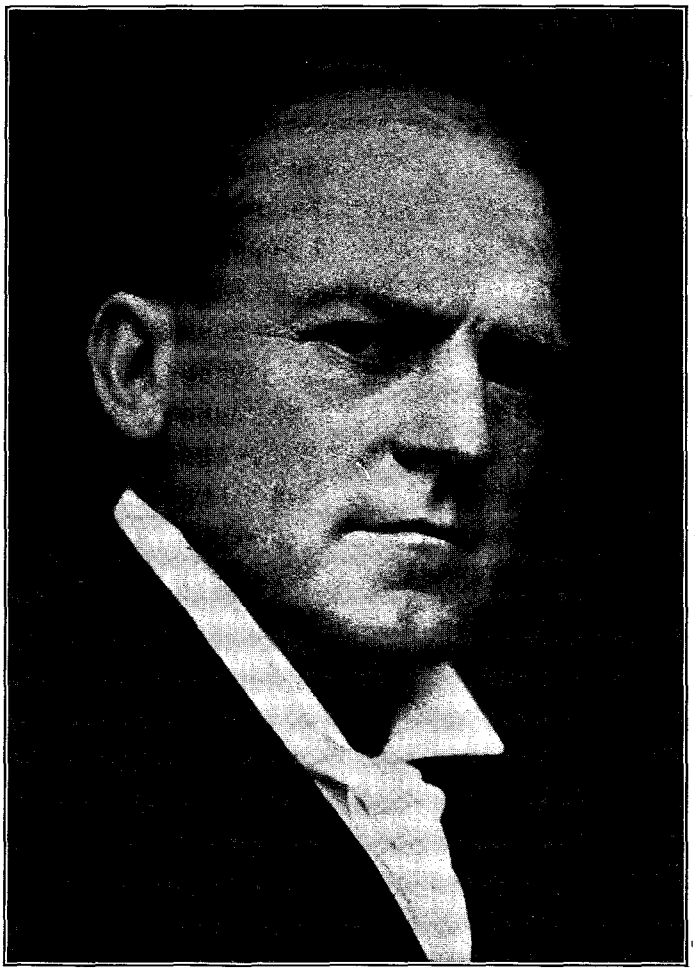
Another frequent guest at Sussex Square was Robert Browning, and the author often met him out at dinner elsewhere, as he was an inveterate "diner-out." He almost always talked down to ladies and discoursed with them about bonnets and clothes; this not seldom filled clever women with annoyance. Though Mr. Coleridge's diary mentions frequent occasions when he was in Browning's company, it records no luminous sayings of his. "I do not think any one would have discovered from his talk that he was the extraordinary man his writings show him to have been, nor was his appearance in the least distinguished." But his sense of humour was unquestionably keen.

Shortly after the publication of one of his volumes which was rather more obscure than usual, he and my father met on the steps of the Athenæum, and Browning asked my father if he had read this last volume.



THE HONOURABLE STEPHEN COLERIDGE

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My father replied, "Yes, I have, and I think I understand about a third of it." To which Browning rejoined, "That's very well for a man of your understanding."

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Finding a Title

Volumes IX and X, in the new uniform edition of the works of Sir Gilbert Parker that is being issued by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, are devoted to *The Seats of the Mighty* and *The Battle of the Strong*. *The Seats of the Mighty*, Sir Gilbert Parker's introduction tells us, was begun in the summer of 1894, at a little place called Mabelthorpe in Lincolnshire, on the east coast of England. For several months the author worked in absolute seclusion in that out-of-the-way spot, which was then not yet overrun by excursionists, and on the wonderful sands stretching miles upon miles coastwise, and here and there as much as a mile out to sea, he tried to live over again the days of Montcalm and Wolfe. Appropriately enough the book was begun in a hotel at Mabelthorpe called "The Book in Hand." The name came from the fact that, in a far-off day, a ship was wrecked upon the coast there, and the only person saved was the captain, who came ashore with a Bible in his hands. There was much trouble in finding a title for the book. At last one day Mr. Grant Richards, the English publisher, who was at that time a journalist, went down from London to Mabelthorpe to interview the author. Gilbert Parker told him of his troubles, saying: "You see, it is the struggle of one simple girl against principalities and powers; it is the final conquest of the good over the great. In other words, the book will be an illustration of the text, *'He has put down the mighty from their seats, and has exalted the humble and meek.'*" Then, like a flash, the title came—*The Seats of the Mighty*.

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The writing of *The Battle of the Strong* came out of Gilbert Parker's determination that he would not be confined in one field. For seven years he had written continuously of Canada, and had been warned not to break away from that region. But when he went to the Island of Jersey in 1897, it was with the grim resolve to set himself free. After all the change was not so radical. He had been dealing with French Canada, and a step from Quebec, which was French, to Jersey, which was Norman French, was but short. It was merely a question of atmosphere.

Whatever may be thought of *The Battle of the Strong*, I have not yet met a Jerseyman who denies to it the atmosphere of the place. I could hardly have lacked it, for there were twenty people, deeply intelligent, immensely interested in my design, and they were of Jersey families which had been there for centuries. They helped me, they fed me with dialect, with local details, with memories, with old letters, with diaries of forebears, until, if I had gone wrong, it would have been through lack of skill in handling my material. I do not think I went wrong, though I believe that I could construct the book more effectively if I had to do it again. Yet there is something in looseness of construction which gives an air of naturalness; and it may be that this very looseness which I notice in *The Battle of the Strong* has had something to do with giving it such a great circle of readers; though this may appear paradoxical.

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Mark Twain and Kipling

Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine good-naturedly objects to a paragraph in the April BOOKMAN to the effect that Weedon Grossmith's *From Studio to Stage* contained a Mark Twain story which Mr. Paine had apparently overlooked. It had not been overlooked, the biographer tells us, only there were so many Mark Twain stories that it was impossible to use them all in the *Life*, and that yarn about the reconciliation of the American humourist and Max O'Rell was one of those omitted for reasons of lack of space. So in alluding to a little volume by Elizabeth Wallace we shall say nothing about Mr. Paine at all, beyond mentioning the

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fact that he contributes a short note of introduction. *Mark Twain and the Happy Island* is not a work of any particular importance, but it gives some pleasant personal impressions of Mr. Clemens in Bermuda. Perhaps as interesting a chapter as any is that which tells of Mark Twain's liking for Kipling. "I am not fond of all poetry," he once said, "but there is something in Kipling that appeals to me. I guess he's just about my level." Mr. Clemens loved the swing of Kipling's verse, and the brawn and muscle of his thought, and on certain Bermuda evenings, lying on his bed dressed in his white serge suit, he would read his favourite verses for the entertainment of those about him.

When he read the "Mary Gloster" we could see the violent old man lying on his death-bed, undaunted by the thought of the end, pouring bitter curses on his worthless son's head, and at the same time thrilling with his sublimely poetic purpose. The tender beauty of Mr. Clemens's voice when the old man spoke of his one dear love, made the feminine members of the audience weep openly, while Mr. Rogers sat up sternly, blinked hard, and pulled fiercely at his cigar. When Mr. Clemens read *McAndrews' Hymn* his voice rang out in triumph and his pipe waved rythmically to the song of the steam. "Soldier and Sailor Too" swept us out to visions of the sea, and of men who died at their posts; while we laughed delightedly with the swing of "The Bolivar," and felt the note of piercing homesickness in "Mandalay" and "Me That Has Been What I've Been."

One evening the Lady Mother was able to be present, and Mr. Clemens chose "Tomlinson" for her delectation.

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Mr. Kipling, by the way, seems at last to have succumbed to the lure of the footlights. We devoutly hope that as a playwright he will prove better than he proved as a historian in his history of England issued a year or so ago. Certainly he could not prove worse. A few weeks ago a short play by Kipling, entitled *The Harbour Watch,* was presented in London, and seems to have had a fair success. It is based upon the story "Bonds of Discipline." Years ago the first dramatic version of *The Light That Failed* was staged, and in the winter of 1911-12 a one-act play based on "The Man Who Was" was presented in London, with Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree in the title rôle. To a person who had never read the story the Tree production might have been adequate, but for the real Kipling lover it was spoiled by the introduction of the conventional feminine element. Then, too, the Dirkovitch of the play did not in the least resemble the Dirkovitch of the story, nor was any use made of his gorgeous intoxication, and the speech in which he glorified the Slav, proclaimed Napoleon an episode, and hurled defiance at the "old peoples" of the earth.

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Reverting to Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, there are probably very few people who know that to him may be traced the origin of the secondary title of Broadway, New York,—"The Great White Way." Twelve years ago there was published a story of fanciful Antarctic adventure by Mr. Paine. Considerable difficulty preceded the selection of a title for the book, and after one name after another had been suggested and discarded, the author said: "When I wrote that story I had in my mind a great white roadway leading to the South Pole. Why not call it *The Great White Way?*" The title was adopted, and the book published. Just about that time there was a young man on the New York *Evening Telegram* who was printing a daily column of Broadway items, using in his headline the title of any current novel that could be appropriately fitted to the purpose. When Mr. Paine's novel was announced, it happened to be snowy weather, and the *Telegram* man promptly called his column "Found on the Great White Way." The line seemed a good one and he used it for a week or more. Even after the snow had melted away The Great White Way continued to fit Broadway. The

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phrase caught the fancy of the vaudeville people and suddenly it passed into a general currency. Nobody knew quite how or why, but Broadway all at once had a new name. Years ago that little book by Mr. Paine went the way of all print. It left a title, however, that seems likely to outlast many novels of much greater importance.

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Strindberg

The new volume of the *Plays* of August Strindberg includes *Comrades, Facing Death, Pariah,* and *Easter*. *Comrades* was written in Denmark, where Strindberg, after finishing *The Father* in Switzerland in 1887, went with his family to live for two years, and was published March 21, 1888. Although the scene of the play is laid in Paris, all the characters are Swedish. That Paris was chosen as a background was probably reminiscent of the time, the early eighties, when Strindberg, with his wife and children, left Sweden and, after spending some time with a colony of artists not far from Fontainebleau, went to Paris and established themselves in Passy. In writing the one-act play *Facing Death,* Strindberg made use of his Swiss experiences, taking the Lake of Geneva as a background. The three years from 1884 to 1887 in which Strindberg lived in Switzerland were exceedingly important years in the evolution of the man's character and work. Ibsen had hailed women and the labourer as the two rising ranks of the nobility, and Strindberg, who had different views, decided to write a book about women. Regarding the mother as downtrodden, he wanted to think out a means for her deliverance. To obtain a clear vision he selected as a method the delineation of as many marriage cases as he had seen. Of these he chose the most characteristic twelve, and went to work. When about half the number had been written, he stopped and reviewed the collection and found an unexpected result.

Then chance came to his aid, for in the pension where he was living, thirty women were stopping. He saw them at meals, between meals, and all about, idle, gossiping, pretentious, longing for pleasure. "There were learned ladies who left the *Saturday Review* behind them on the chairs; there were literary ladies, young ladies, beautiful ladies." When he saw their care-free, idle life, with concern he asked himself: "Whom do those parasites and their children live on?" Then he discovered the bread-winners. "The husband sat in his dark office far away in London; the husband was far away with a detachment in Tonkin; the husband was at work in his bureau in Paris; the husband had gone on a business trip to Australia." And the three men who were there gave him occasion to reflect about the so-called female slave. "There was a husband who had a fiercely hot attic room, while the wife and daughter had a room with a balcony on the first floor. An elderly man passed by who, although himself a brisk walker, was now leading his sickly wife step by step, his hand supporting her back when making an assent; he carried her shawls, chair, and other little necessities, reverently, lovingly, as if he had become her son when she had ceased to become his wife. And there sat King Lear with his daughter,—it was terrible to see. He was over sixty, had had eight children, six of whom were daughters, and who, in his days of affluence, he had allowed to manage his house and, no doubt, the economy thereof. Now he was poor, had nothing, and they had all deserted him except one daughter, who had inherited a small income from an aunt. And the former giant, who had been able to work for a household of twelve, crushed by the disgrace of bankruptcy, was forced to feel the humiliation of accepting support from his daughter, who went about with her twenty-nine women friends, receiving their comfort and condolence, weeping over her fate, and sometimes actually wishing the life out of her father."

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The three plays presented for the first time in English through the medium of the translation of Edwin Björkman in *Plays by Björnstjerne Björnson,* recently issued by Messrs. Charles Scrib-

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ner's Sons, are *The Gauntlet, Beyond Our Power,* and *The New System.* Of these *The New System* was the earliest, having been written in 1879, while *The Gauntlet* and *Beyond Our Power* both belong to the year 1883. Of *The New System,* Björnson said himself that its interest was psychological rather than dramatic. The cry uttered by Ibsen in *Brand* as the utmost wisdom to be distilled out of life was: "Be yourself!" The cry of Björnson, uttered first in an address to the students of Christiania University, and later made the ever-present undercurrent in *The New System,* was "Live in Truth." What he meant was that appearances do not matter in the end; that nothing really counts but what we are; and that, in consequence, the road to perfection lies through frank acknowledgment of our innermost natures. The year in which *The New System* was completed was one of the most important in Björnson's life. It marked the electoral campaign which placed the Radical Party in control of the government, which was one of the first definite steps toward the dissolution of the union with Sweden. Björnson's was the soul of the movement which carried that campaign to victory, and his leadership was so powerful that he received the nickname of "Norway's uncrowned king."

Björnson

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There seems something paradoxical in speaking of the "latest" doings of the Futurists, but the history of even the most progressive movements lies wholly in the past, and that of the turbulent band of Italian iconoclasts is no exception. To destroy Venice—to purge the peninsular of that ramshackle, rotting, ruin of a city—that has been announced as a feature of their programme and propaganda. Recently they scattered handbills in the Piazza di San Marco from the balconies above, urging the immediate demolition of the crumbling churches and palaces, and the substitution for them of the strong, spare, beauties of modern steel construction. For the Futurists have no use for the picturesque, and they deplore the fate which has opposed to progress in Italy the invincible barrier of the past. They regard the present condition of their country as something between a vast sepulchre and a colossal museum, and they are for placing a few sticks of dynamite under the whole edifice and blasting their way through to freedom.

The Futurists and Venice

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Everybody remembers the first astonishing circular which the Futurists sent forth a few years ago—just five to be exact—announcing their intentions and making an appeal to the world for co-operation in creating a new art—the art of the future. Since then they have been busy adding fuel to the bonfire they thus started. They started a magazine, *Poesia,* which was published in Milan (the movement is confined principally to the north of Italy, where the conditions are very different from those in the south), and which was edited by Signor Marinetti, the best-known writer of the movement. That there is a Futurist ethical, as well as a Futurist æsthetic, theory, is indicated by the fact that a charge of immorality was brought against one of his novels, and he had to defend himself in a suit that recalls those of Flaubert and Baudelaire for similar infractions of the bourgeois code. So the Futurist movement may feel that it has at last justified itself before the bar of public opinion. What a pity for our ambitious authors that there does not exist on the statute books laws that would give them a similar opportunity for legal exploitation! Think of the audacity that is doubtless suppressed through lack of a sufficient object to make its indulgence worth while! It is only when there is a well-defined law to break that there is any adequate inducement for law-breakers in literature, and hence art languishes in too entire a freedom.

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"POESIA," THE MAGAZINE OF THE FUTURISTS

Of course, the Futurists have devised a mode of pictorial, as well as literary, art, and we had been in hopes of seeing some examples in the recent exhibition of the International Society of Painters and Sculptors. But we were disappointed. No Futurist pictures appeared then on the line, or above it. It would seem as if the Society, so liberal in most respects, extended no sympathy to this school, for in the schedule of modern movements which its President, Mr. Arthur B. Davies, drew up in his official capacity, he described the Futurist painters as "feeble realists." Still, certain of the Futurist tendencies or heresies were exhibited in paintings that combined the influences of other contemporary schools, as in the case of M. Marcel Duchamps, with his now celebrated *Nu descendant l'escalier*.

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It is now perhaps rather late for even anecdotal echoes of the Exhibition which, after it left New York, went to Chicago. But one witticism evoked from a visitor,

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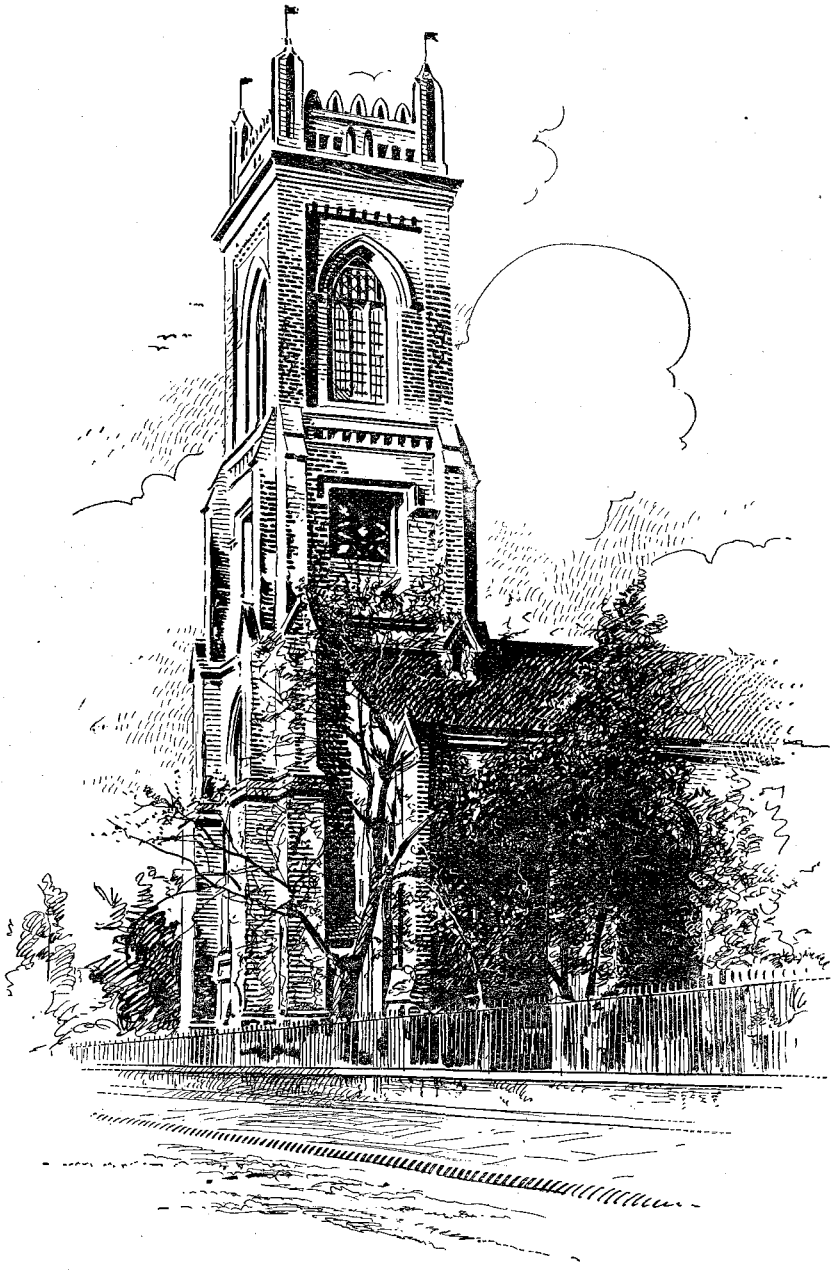

DR. GILMAN'S CHURCH IN CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

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a well-known architect of New York and Boston, by the extraordinary oviform portrait bust in marble of Mlle. Pogany, is worth recording. His wife had written a glowing account of the new movement in art, but he refused to be convinced by it or even to take it seriously. As he stood before the work in question he remarked: "The trouble with these artists is that they have no proper respect for their medium. Now the man who made that head should have modelled it out of an ostrich egg." Another bystander pointed out that this portrait of Mlle. Pogany was nothing more or less than the classic caricature type of Queen Victoria as evolved by some generations of caricaturists.

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"Fair Harvard"

The only possible criticism of the movement of the Harvard Alumni of the South to erect a memorial to the Rev. Samuel Gilman, the author of the words of "Fair Harvard," is that it has been delayed so long. For just one hundred and two years have elapsed since Sam Gilman was graduated. A few years after graduation Dr. Gilman, then a member of the Faculty at Cambridge, was called to the pulpit of the Unitarian Church at Charleston, South Carolina, and there served for forty years until his death in 1858. Although his contributions to literature were many, he is best known by his hymns. The "Union Ode" was composed for the Union Party of South Carolina and first sung on July 4, 1831. "Fair Harvard" was sung at the Bicentennial celebration in 1836. The projected tribute is to take the form of a Memorial Room in the tower of the church which was the scene of Dr. Gilman's life work.

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"A Literary Insurgent"

In a spirit neither of endorsement nor of hostility we take up John Albert Macy's *The Spirit of American Literature*. We are simply interested in what he has to say. He tells us that "American literature is English literature made in this country"; that "the American, deluded by a falsely idealised image which he calls America, can say that the purity of Longfellow represents the purity of American home life"; that "Dickens, who wrote of London, influenced Bret Harte, who wrote of California, and Bret Harte influenced Kipling, who wrote of India"; consequently that California did not produce Bret Harte; that the power of Dickens was greater than that of the Sierras and the Golden Gate; that Bret Harte created a California that never existed, while Indian gentlemen, Caucasian and Hindu, tell us that Kipling invented an army and an empire unknown to geographers and war officers. In a word what Mr. Macy apparently starts out to do is to prove that the dominant note in American literature is its lack of American quality.

Fiction written by inhabitants of New York, Ohio, and Massachusetts does tell us something of the ways of life in those mighty commonwealths, just as English fiction written by Lancashire men about Lancashire people is saturated with dialect, the local habits and scenery of that county. But wherever an English-speaking man of imagination may dwell, in Dorset or Calcutta or Indianapolis, he is subject to the strong arm of the empire of English literature; he cannot escape it; it tears him out of his obscure bed and makes a happy slave of him. He is assigned to the department of the service for which his gifts qualify him, and his special education is undertaken by drill-masters and captains who hail from provinces far from his birthplace.

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We have an idea that Mr. Macy likes to startle readers. "Some American writers are parochial," he says. "Whittier, for example; while others, like Henry James, are provincial in outlook, but cosmopolitan in experience, and reveal their provinciality by a self-conscious internationalism." Mr. Macy refers to General Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur* as a doubly abominable book, "Because it is not badly written and it shows a lively

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imagination." Fit work for a country clergyman with a pretty literary gift, he contends that it is ridiculously inane coming from a man who had seen the things that General Wallace saw as a soldier in the War of Secession. The physique of most of our books from Irving's first romance to Mr. Howells's latest unromantic novel is feminine. "The Jason of western exploration writes as if he had passed his life in a library. The Ulysses of great rivers and perilous seas is a connoisseur of Japanese prints. The warrior of 'Sixty-one rivals Miss Marie Corelli. The mining engineer carves cherry stones. He who is figured as gaunt, hardy and aggressive, conquering the desert with the steam locomotive, sings of a pretty little rose in a pretty little garden. The judge, haggard with experience, who presides over the most tragi-comic divorce court ever devised by man, writes love stories that would have made Jane Austen smile." Finally, with the air of a man flinging a bomb, Mr. Macy imparts the information that O. Henry was in some respects a better story teller than Bret Harte.

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Mr. Macy, who has been a teacher of English at Harvard and elsewhere, was for seven years on the editorial staff of the *Youth's Companion,* and more recently has conducted the literary page of the *Boston Herald,* is a professed literary insurgent. He has always been in revolt against the pedagogical attitude toward literature. Before the volume under discussion he had written a life of Poe and a *Child's Guide to Literature.* In speaking of the latter book he once said:

> It is not becoming or necessary to disparage other books about literature, but I have gently hinted that many of them range literature like dried specimens in a glass case. A writer worth reading is alive. Critical talk about literature ought to be alive too; the function of such talk is to stimulate people to go and get the classics and read them. I have tried to show the contemporaneous interest, or rather, interestingness, of the acknowledged masters of American thought. I believe in getting next to them, not in keeping them at a distance by a schoolmasterly attitude of reverential awe. Emerson, Thoreau, Holmes are absorbing, vital, to-day. They are To-morrow. Is there a current taste for detective stories? Well, Poe is the father of them all, and is the unsurpassed, if not the unequalled master of the tale of mystery. You have, both as reader and publisher, an interest in "O. Henry." In my book I had not space to discuss him at length, but I slipped in the proposition that in some ways he is a better story teller than Bret Harte. I believe that literature is literature, no matter when it is made or who makes it. I believe that we should open the romances of Hawthorne and the romances published this spring in just the same spirit—to find out what is in them, to see if they please us, and then perhaps to explain to ourselves what the quality of the pleasure is or why there is no pleasure.

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The Mystery of Meyerling

We do not know how much confidence is to be placed in the testimony of the Countess Marie Larisch, but perhaps the question of reliability is, after all, merely of secondary importance. For to the average reader *My Past* is likely to appeal, not so much as historical evidence, but as a volume of decidedly entertaining romance. The atmosphere of the book is the atmosphere of Anthony Hope's *Prisoner of Zenda,* of Egerton Castle's *The Pride of Jennico.* Austria is Ruritania, Vienna is Strelsau, and Meyerling the hunting box where the Red Elphberg drank the drugged wine sent by Black Michael. If *My Past* be fact, fiction cannot be more dramatic. Take the principal characters of the tragedy, the Empress Elizabeth, strangely devoid of maternal love, with sentiments toward her eldest son which almost approximate hatred; the Crown Prince Rudolph, with his excesses, his hypocrisies, and his mad amours; the Crown Princess Stephanie, daughter of King Leopold, of unsavoury memory,

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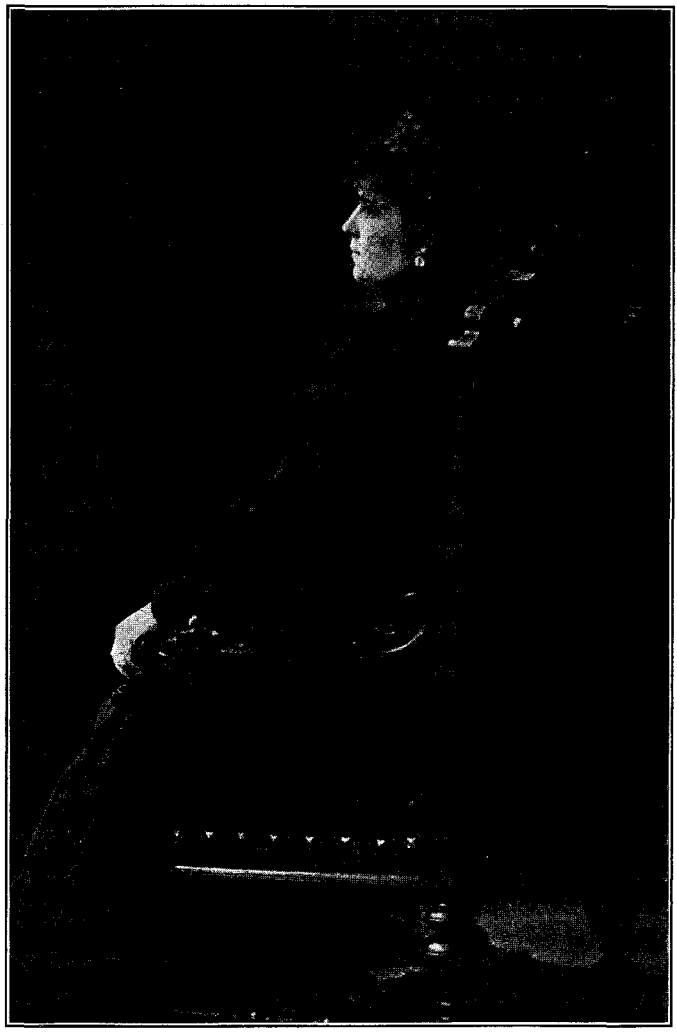
painfully plain, and dubbed by her rivals in the affections of the Crown Prince, "the Belgian peasant"; the Court physician, Dr. Wiederhofer, discreet and adroit, and finally the ardent, vain, foolish, unfortunate little heroine of it all, this confidence of Crown Prince Rudolph to the Countess Marie Larisch, who was his first cousin through the medium of a morganatic marriage? He would escape what he terms "the mire of court intrigue"



THE COUNTESS MARIE LARISCH

Mary Vetsera. Nor are there lacking in the story the secret doors and the mysterious steel caskets of conventional court romance. Could anything read more like a speech out of fiction than

You know the baseness of it all; you have been behind the scenes, and you know what despicable puppets we are. We are dressed up to please the people; we dance to the tune of others; we dare not be natural.

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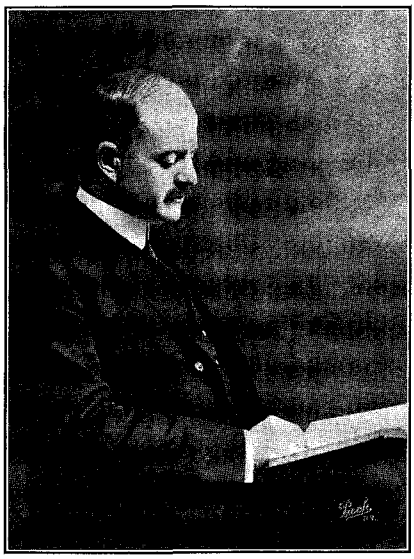

GEORGE LEE BURTON, AUTHOR OF "TACKLING MATRIMONY"

Oh, my God, why was I born? At best what am I? A poor creature cursed with the sins of my progenitors.

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Then the grim recital of the facts of the tragedy at Meyerling, the drunken orgy in the great hall below, the oaths and the crashing of glass, and above, in the Crown Prince's private apartments, Rudolph and Mary Vetsera spending their last night on earth. In the morning the valet Loschek went to awaken his master, but he was beyond awakening. They came and broke open the door. . . . In Vienna at the palace that day the Empress consented to receive the mother of Mary Vetsera, who had come for news of her missing daughter. The Baroness was brought into the Imperial presence. Silently the two mothers looked at each other, then Madame Vetsera fell on her knees with a despairing cry, "Mary—my daughter—" The Empress shrank back. She examined the visitor with pitiless curiosity, and then said coldly and cruelly, *"C'est trop tard. Ils sont morts tous les deux."* Madame Vetsera fainted. The Empress looked at her unmoved and walked away without a word.

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All kinds of stories were told about the tragedy of Meyerling. One tale had it that Rudolph was Mary's brother, and that, driven mad by the discovery, he murdered her and afterward committed suicide. Wider credence was given to the version that Rudolph fell a victim to Mary's uncle, who avenged his niece's dishonour. The shattered condition of the Crown Prince's head gave rise to the rumour that it was smashed in by the butt end of a gun. According to the Countess Marie Larisch, based on the narrative of Dr. Wiederhofer, Rudolph was mixed up in a political intrigue, and fearing that his plans were discovered, he killed Mary and himself when inflamed by brandy. Ghastly indeed is the account of the removal and burial of the girl's body. Her uncles were summoned and told that the corpse was to be fully dressed and taken to a waiting carriage. "And," said the member of the secret police in charge of the affair, "you are to support the body between you in such a way as to make it appear that the Baroness still lives." As the awful last toilette of Mary was finished, and her uncles were preparing to put on her coat, her head drooped heavily on her breast. The ingenious police officer slipped a walking-stick down the girl's back, and bound her neck to the stick with a handkerchief. Thus forced into a horrible mockery of life, the corpse was taken through the night to the burial ground of the Cistercian Abbey of Heiligenkreuz, and, without a religious service of any description, consigned to a rough box and the kindly earth. For a few seconds her uncles knelt beside the grave in prayer. Then the policeman tapped them on the shoulder and told them they must not linger.

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There is one adventure in Max Rittenberg's *The Mind Reader,* a series of strung together episodes based on the un-

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usual mental powers of Dr. Xavier Wycherly, that introduces an ingenious, novel, and yet singularly obvious method of secret communication. That is the use of the roulette table. The scene of the story is Monte Carlo. Dr. Wycherly meets an old acquaintance, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, who confides to him that French naval secrets are being transmitted to a foreign power. The object of his suspicions is a certain fascinating and notorious Countess, to whom several naval officers have been paying marked attention. The problem is to discover not from whom she is obtaining the information, but how she is passing it on. Her letters have been opened, her telegrams changed in wording, she is surrounded by clever spies. Dr. Wycherly watches her play at the tables and guesses the riddle. The thirty-seven numbers marked on the green cloth from 0 to 36 inclusive give in code the twenty letters of the alphabet, the ten numerals, and one number in excess. The number to be eliminated is the unlucky 13, which is to be used with especial significance. Thus the Countess, under the full glare of the light, is able to convey her messages to some one in the cosmopolitan crowd about the tables. Dr. Wycherly takes a seat opposite her, and by his placing of stakes gives the message in her own code that drives her in panic from Monaca.

Roulette

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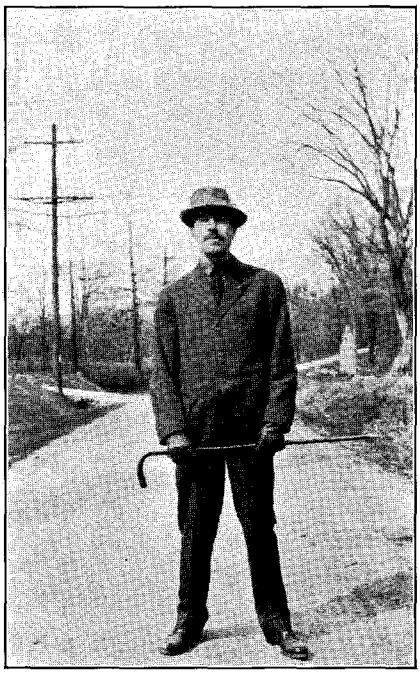
There is a curious little touch in a publicity note sent out by the publishers for the purpose of exploiting *The Port of Adventure,* by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. We are assured that "many of the well wishers of these American writers have expressed delight that they should have returned to their native land for the setting of their stories." This is news indeed. While we should be very glad to claim Mr. and Mrs. Williamson for this side of the Atlantic, we have an idea that Mr. Williamson was born a British subject and has persistently remained one, and that Mrs. Williamson, though born on the Hudson River near Poughkeepsie, has lived so long away from her native land that she has become, for all practical purposes, an Englishwoman. If it were a case of Mrs. Williamson alone, we should maintain any claim, no matter how slight, just as we insist on regarding the self-expatriated Henry James as an American author. But in that claim we could not possibly include Mr. Williamson.

"Their Native Land"



HAROLD KELLOCK, AUTHOR OF "MR. HOBBY"

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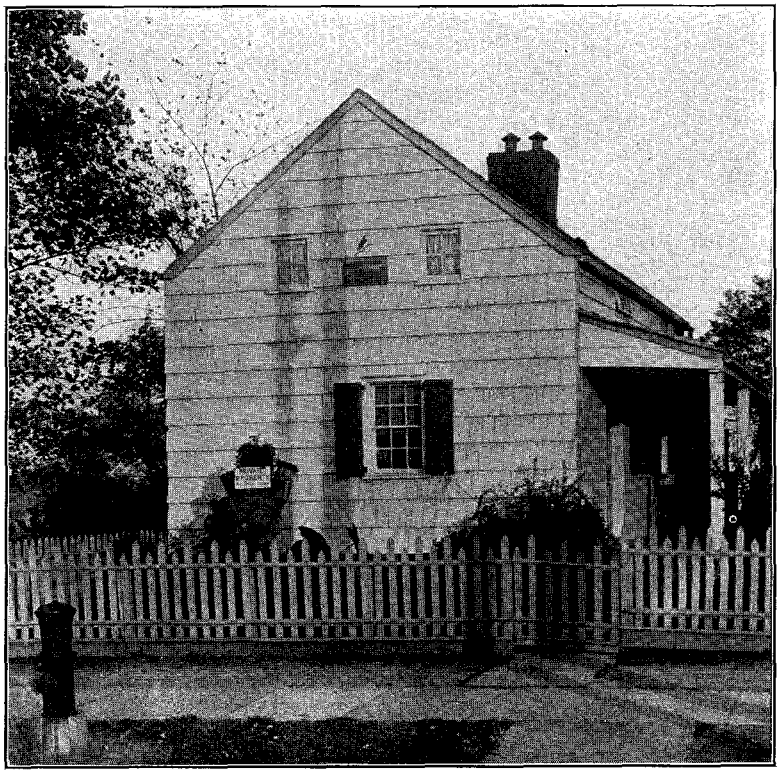

(Last year plans were filed for an apartment house on the lot adjoining the Poe Cottage in Kingsbridge Road, Fordham. The public became suddenly sensitive to its existence; the press cried "Vandalism"; the City of New York appropriated five thousand dollars for its purchase and removal to a site in Poe Park. At the present time it is still in its old position and endangered by blasting and the falling of bricks and débris on the old shingle roof. From this little cottage issued "Annabel Lee," "Ulalume," "The Bells," "Eureka," "For Annie," "The Cask of Amontillado," and "The Domain of Arnheim." In it died the poet's wife, Virginia Clemm Poe.)

THE HUSK

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

THERE is no trace of wisdom in our scheme
Of honouring the great: we grudge them bread
When living, stint our praise; yet load them, dead,
With costly stone inscribed with loud esteem.
More justly fare the soldiers, for they seem
Our saviours for a day; but those who bled
For art are shunned until their fame has spread
Our own—then watch our jostling plaudits stream!

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Beauty and song have welled and love has kneeled
Within the compass of this threatened husk;
Here Poe, "the genius"—empty epithet!
We boast Aladdin's lamp, and cannot shield
One little roof from gain's encroaching dusk:
We clamour for an hour and then forget.

THE HALLS' HOUSE IN A "SOMEWHAT SOMNOLENT SOUTHERN TOWN"

LITTLE PICTURES OF O. HENRY

BY ARTHUR W. PAGE

I—Born and "Raised" in No'th Ca'llina

"The hero of the story will be a man born and 'raised' in a somnolent little Southern town. His education is about a common school, but he learns afterward from reading and life. I'm going to try to give him a style in narrative and speech—the best I've got in the shop."

These words are O. Henry's own.

I

In Greensboro, North Carolina, at the time of Will Porter's youth there were four classes of people: decent white folks, mean white folks, decent "niggers" and mean "niggers." Will Porter and his people belonged to the first class. During the time that he was growing up there were about twenty-five hundred people in Greensboro. It was a simple democratic little place with rather more intellectual ambitions than most places

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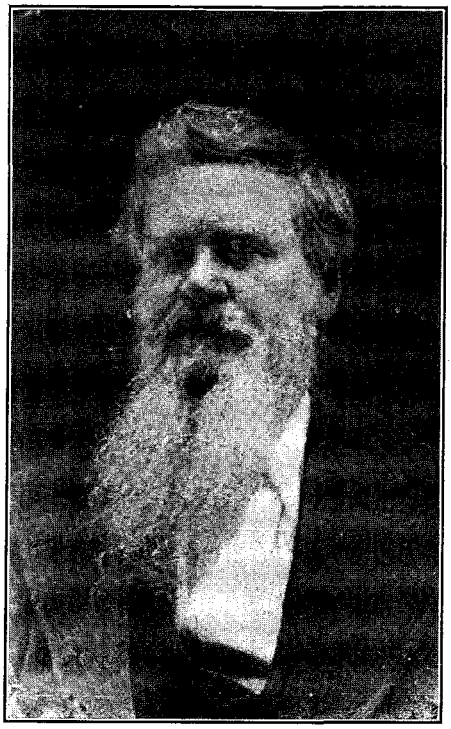
of its size, but without the hum of modern industry which the cotton mills have latterly brought to it or the great swarm of eager students that now flock to the State Normal School.

In this quiet and pleasant community William Sydney Porter grew up. He narrowly escaped being "raised" in Indiana, in which case he probably would have turned into a successful author in early youth and never had the opportunity to see the many sides of life that he later put into his stories. The prenatal escape from Indiana was in this wise: Governor Jonathan Worth, of North Carolina, had four sisters. Three of the four went to Indiana. The fourth, who remained in North Carolina, Will Porter chose as his grandmother. Algernon Sidney Porter, his father, was a doctor of skill and distinction, who in late life practised his profession little,

THE GRANDMOTHER WHO ESCAPED INDIANA



O. HENRY'S FATHER

but worked upon many inventions. His mother is said to have written poetry and her father was at one time editor of the *Greensboro Patriot*. A President, a planter, a banker, a blacksmith, a short-story writer or a sailor might any of them have such forbears as these.

If any dependence can be laid upon early "influences" that affect an author's work, in O. Henry's case we must certainly consider Aunt "Lina" Porter. She attended to his bringing up at home and he attended her instruction at school. His mother died when Will Porter was very young, and his aunt, Miss Evelena Porter, ran the Porter household as well as the school next door, and a most remarkable school it was.

Porter's desk-mate in that school, Tom Tate, not long ago wrote the following account, for his niece to read:

"Miss Porter was a maiden lady and conducted a private school of West

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Market Street, in Greensboro, adjoining the Porter residence. Will was educated there, and this was his whole school education (with the exception of a term or two at graded school). There was a great deal more learned in this little one-story, one-roomed school-house than the three R's. It was the custom of 'Miss Lina,' as every one called her, during the recess hour to read aloud to those of her scholars who cared to hear her, and there was always a little group around her chair listening. She selected good books, and a great many of her old scholars showed the impress of these little readings in after life. One Friday night there was a gathering of the scholars at her home, and those were good times, too. They ate roasted chestnuts, popped corn or barbecued quail and rabbits before the big open wood fire in her room. There was always a book to read or a story to be told. Then there was a game of story-telling, one of the gathering would start the story and each one of the others were called on in turn to add their quota until the end. Miss Lina's and Will's were always interesting. In the summer time there were picnics and fishing expeditions; in the autumn chinquapin and hickory gatherings; and in the spring wild-flower hunts, all personally conducted by Miss Lina.

"During these days Will showed decided artistic talent, and it was predicted that he would follow in the footsteps of his kinsman, Tom Worth, the cartoonist, but the literary instinct was there, too, and the quaint dry humour and the keen insight into the peculiarities of human nature.

"The boys of the school were divided in two clubs, the Brickbats and the Union Jacks. The members of the Union Jacks were Percy Gray, Will Porter, Jim Doak and Tom Tate, three of whom died before reaching middle age. Tom Tate is the sole survivor of this little party of four.

"This club had headquarters in an outbuilding on the grounds of the old Edgeworth Female College, which some years previously had been destroyed by fire. In this house they kept their arms and accoutrements, consisting of wooden battle-axes, shields and old cavalry sabres, and on Friday nights it was their custom to sally forth armed and equipped in search of adventure, like knights of old from their castle, carefully avoiding the dark nooks where the moon-

O. HENRY'S FIRST ARTISTIC EFFORT

light did not fall. Will was the leading spirit in these daring pursuits, and many was the hair-raising adventure these ten-year-old heroes encountered, and the shields and battle-axes were ofttimes thrown aside so as not to impede the free action of the nether limbs when safety lay only in flight. Ghosts were of common occurrence in those days, or rather nights, and arms were useless to cope with the supernatural; it took good sturdy legs.

"In the summer an occasional banquet was spread on the moss and grass under

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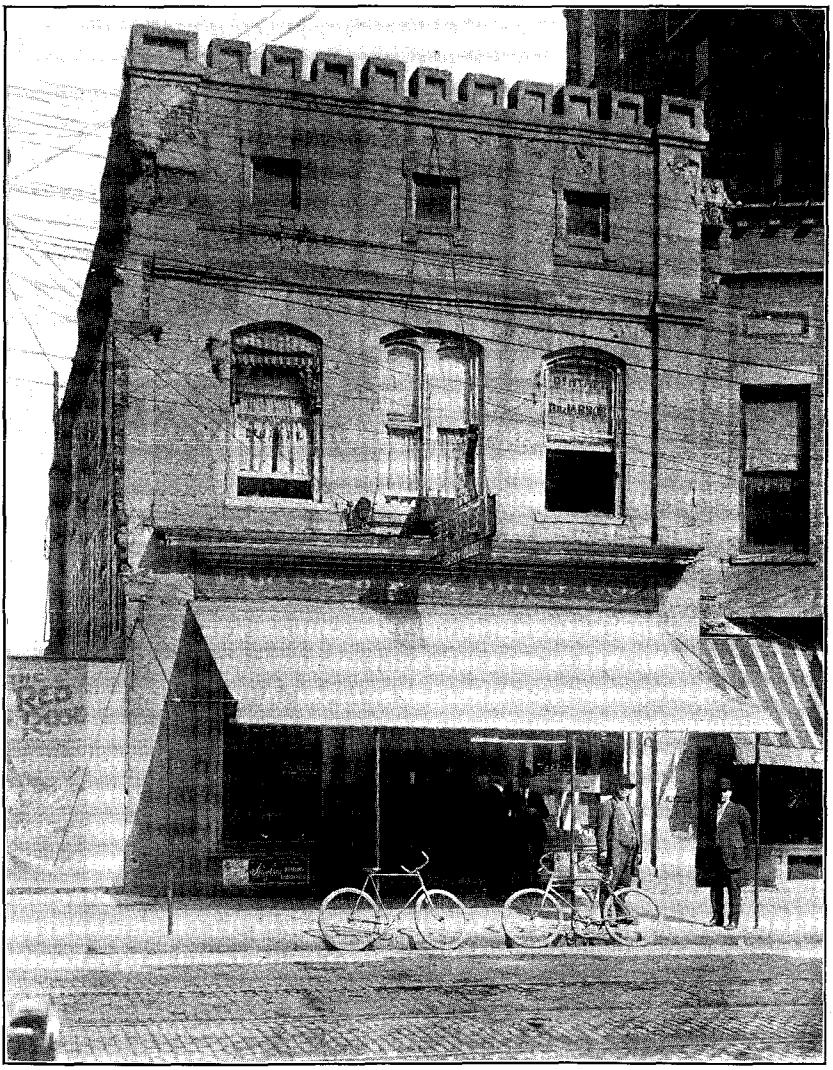
the spreading branches of the old oaks that surrounded the club house. On one such festal gathering ginger cakes and lemonade constituted the refreshments. The lemonade was made in a tub furnished by Percy Gray, and during the after-dinner talks one of the Sir Knights imprudently asked if the tub was a new one, and Percy replied in an injured tone: 'Why, of course it is; papa has only bathed in it three times.' To use an old quotation, 'Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro and blanching of red lips and so forth.' . . .

"After the short school-days Porter found employment as prescription clerk



CLARKE PORTER'S DRUG-STORE AS IT IS TO-DAY. "THE OLD PORTER DRUG-STORE WAS THE SOCIAL CLUB OF THE TOWN IN THOSE DAYS. AROUND THE OLD STORE BEHIND THE PRESCRIPTION COUNTER THE JUDGE, THE COLONEL, THE DOCTOR AND OTHER LOCAL CELEBRITIES GATHERED AND DISCUSSED AFFAIRS OF STATE AND INCIDENTALLY HELPED THEMSELVES TO CLARKE'S CIGARS."

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in the drug-store of his uncle, Clarke Porter, and it was there that his genius as an artist and writer budded forth and gave the first promise of the work of after years. The old Porter drug-store was the social club of the town in those days. A game of chess went on in the back room always, and around the old stove behind the prescription counter the judge, the colonel, the doctor and other local celebrities gathered and discussed affairs of state, the fate of nations and other things and incidentally helped themselves to liberal portions of Clarke's Vini Gallaci or smoked his cigars without money and without price. There were some rare characters who gathered around that old stove, some queer personalities, and Porter caught them and transferred them to paper by both pen and pencil in an illustrated comedy satire that was his first public literary and artistic effort.

"When this was read and shown around the stove the picture was so true to life and caught the peculiarities of the dramatis personæ so aptly it was some time before the young playwright was on speaking terms with some of his old friends. 'Alias Jimmy Valentine's' hit is history now, but I doubt if at any time there was a more genuine tribute to Porter's ability than from the audience around the old stove, behind the prescription counter nearly thirty years ago.

"In those days Sunday was a day of rest, and Porter with a friend would spend the long afternoons out on some sunny hillside sheltered from the wind by the thick brown broom sedge, lying on their backs gazing up into the blue sky dreaming, planning, talking or turning to their books reading. He was an ardent lover of God's great out-of-doors, a dreamer, a thinker and a constant reader. He was such a man—true-hearted and steadfast to those he cared for, as gentle and sensitive as a woman, retiring to a fault, pure, clean and honourable."

In these characteristics Will Porter followed in his father's footsteps. It was a saying in Greensboro that if there were cushioned seats in Heaven old Dr. Porter would have one, because of his charity and goodness to the poor. And there was an active sympathy between the old man and his son. The old gentleman on cold stormy nights when his boy was late getting home from the drug-store always had a roaring wood fire for him, and a pot of coffee and potatoes and eggs warming in the fire for his midnight supper.

At sixteen, Will Porter's short school-days over, he went into his Uncle Clark Porter's drug-store as prescription clerk. This timid, quiet lad, who would slip around to the back door of Miss "Lina's," if there was company in the front of the house, held a little court of his own at the drug-store. He was the delight and pride of men two and three times his age. They still talk of the pictures he drew, the quiet pranks he played; but their greatest pride in him is as a playwright. If you find one of that group now, and speak of O. Henry he will ask: "Did you ever hear of the play Will wrote when he was sixteen?" and then he will launch into a laughing description of the little play written thirty-five years ago.

His pencil was busy most of the time, if not with writing, with drawing. He was a famous cartoonist. There are several versions of the story about him and an important customer at his uncle's store. Young Porter did not remember the customer's name, but when the man asked him to charge some articles he did not wish to admit his ignorance. So he put down the items and drew a picture of the customer. His uncle had no difficulty in recognising the likeness. Perhaps one of the other versions of this story is the true one, but as they all unite upon the fact that he made a likeness that was accurate enough for his uncle to base his accounts upon, we may be certain that during his drug-store-club days young Porter was an adept at pencil mimicry as well as personal playwriting. It is as certain, too, that he dearly loved practical jokes. According to Mr. Charles Benbow, of Greensboro,

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"there was an old darkey by the name of Pink Lindsay who swept out the drug-store, made fires and so forth. He was very fond of whiskey, and it took great care on the part of Will Porter and Ed Michaux, clerks, to keep Pink away from the whiskey used in prescriptions. They had a barrel of whiskey in the cellar and used a rubber tube to syphon the whiskey out of the barrel into a big bottle which was kept at the prescription counter. Notwithstanding the fact that the rubber tube was kept under lock and key old Pink or somebody was getting the whiskey. One day Will was in the cellar having Pink clean up the rubbish, and while sweeping down cobwebs he discovered two long straws hid on the wall of earth near the whiskey barrel. He said nothing. When Pink was out he examined the barrel and discovered a small hole bored into the top near the end of the cask. Immediately he divined how and where the whiskey went. He quietly took the straws up stairs and filled them with capsicum. He put them back exactly where he had found them. In those days we did not need pure food laws—capsicum was red pepper genuine. Pink was kept out of the cellar all day. The next morning being a cold one, Pink was both dry and cold. When Will sent him down cellar he was more than ready to comply. The cellar door opened out on the sidewalk and was one of those folding doors that when closed down act as a part of the sidewalk. It is usually closed as one goes down cellar. This time Pink happened to leave it open, and it was well for him. A few minutes elapsed and he let out a howl that would have done credit to a Comanche Indian. Yelling that he was poisoned, he made a bee line for the pump out in the street. Will pumped water for him until he could talk, and then he pumped the truth out of Pink about the straws. He was 'pizened,' and he was afire, and he promised never to use the straws again. All the while Will was as sober as a judge. He never once smiled, and Pink did not suspect him."

In 1881 Dr. and Mrs. J. K. Hall went to Texas to visit their sons Richard and Lee Hall, of Texas-ranger fame, and Will Porter was sent with them, because it was thought that the close confinement in the drug-store was undermining his health. He never again lived in Greensboro, but Greensboro was never altogether out of his mind. Many years later, when he was living in New York, he wrote this account of himself —an account which gives an inkling of the whimsical charm of the man and his fondness for the old life in the old land of his birth.

"I take my pen in hand to say that I am from the South and have been a stranger in New York for four years. I am sometimes full of sunshine and at other times about as cross and disagreeable as you ever see 'em. But I know a restaurant where you can get real Corn Bread, clean, respectable, cozy, and draw the line at two things. I will not go to Coney Island and will not take walks on Sunday afternoons.

"It's a hard task to tell about one's self, for if you say too much you get turned down for an egoist, and if you don't say enough the man with the black mustache and side-bar buggy gets ahead of you.

"Now for something very personal and thrilling. It's about me."

(The next paragraph was cut from a newspaper and pasted on the letter.)

"He is a true soldier of fortune. He is still a very young man, but he has lived a varied life. He has been a cowboy, sheepherder, merchant, salesman, miner and a great many other nameless things in the course of a number of very full years spent doing our West, Southwest, Mexico, South and Central America. He went about with a keen eye and supplemented it with a ready notebook, into which he jotted down his impressions and things that happened his way."

"There are a few misstatements in the excerpt. I am not a 'very young man.' Wish I was. I have never been a cowboy, sheepherder, merchant, salesman, or

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miner. But I lived 'on the ground' with cowboys for two years. I never carried a note-book in my life. But here I plead guilty."

(Then followed another newspaper clipping.)

"He carried an abundant good fellowship and humour with him and saw the bright and amusing side of things."

"Don't forget that I am the only original dispenser of sunshine.

"You may notice that I suppress my pen name in the quotations. I do that because I have been trying to keep my personality separate from my *nom de guerre* except from my intimate friends and publishers.

"I was born and raised in 'No'th Ca'lina' and at eighteen went to Texas and ran wild on the prairies. Wild yet, but not so wild. Can't get to loving New Yorkers. Live all alone in a great big two rooms on quiet old Irving Place three doors from Wash. Irving's old home. Kind of lonesome. Was thinking lately (since the April moon commenced to shine) how I'd like to be down South, where I could happen over to Miss Ethel's or Miss Sallie's and sit on the porch—not on a chair—on the edge of the porch, and lay my straw hat on the steps and lay my head back against the honeysuckle on the post—and just talk. And Miss Ethel would go in directly (they say presently up here) and bring out the guitar. She would complain that the E string was broken, but no one would believe her; and pretty soon all of us would be singing the 'Swanee River' and 'In the Evening by the Moonlight' and—oh, gol darn it, what's the use of wishing."

THE GRUB STREET PROBLEM

BEING A CONSIDERATION OF THE SCRIBE AND THE COST OF LIVING IN VARIOUS PERIODS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART IV—DR. JOHNSON'S DAY

"LET you and I, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "go together and eat a beefsteak in Grub Street." Theoretically, that beefsteak cost him 35% more than it would have cost Dryden, for Arthur Young estimates that this was the rise of the eighteenth century over its predecessor in the price of beef, mutton, pork, butter, and cheese. Chalmers states that £1 had as much power over the necessaries of life in 1689 as £2 9s. 8¾d. in 1800; and in 1760 £1 would command as many of the necessaries of life as £1 12s. 10d. in 1800. The second calculation doubtless takes account of rent, fuel, and clothes; but still the discrepancy seems bewildering to a layman.

Side by side with these over-all calculations, however, he may place facts more suited to his comprehension. In 1677 the common subsistence of working people in rural districts, taking old and young together, had been placed at 4d. a day; in 1768 the general allowance for such a labourer's dinner was 6d. and for his day's complete board 10d. His wages had been 10¼d. a day in the seventeenth century and were 15d. in the last years of the eighteenth. The rise in the cost of living thus doubly indicated, is confirmed by the records of the Victualing Office. The prices paid for beef from 1740-1795 vary from 2½d. minus and show only slight fluctuations until 1773, when the price reaches 3d. and remains there with fluctuations throughout the century; mutton is generally about a tenth dearer than beef; pork beginning at 3d. goes to 4½d. with fluctuations; butter fluctuates from 4d. to 8d.,

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but stays generally at 5d. and 6d.; cheese rises progressively from 2½d. to 5d. All these prices, of course, are considerably lower than those paid by the consumer —in 1795, for instance, beef was costing him 7d. a pound, over twice what it was in the wholesale market.

To all these impersonal records may be added testimony of a more human kind—to be appreciated by housewives who daily find themselves unable to match in the markets the quotations in the morning's paper. In 1765 M. Grosley found everything in London exceedingly dear to one used to Paris prices; though if he had come twenty-five years later he would have told a different story, since French prices had in the interval soared high above the English ones. He thought all English meats excessively flabby and fat, although the price might have biased him a little; and the few vegetables were not only proportionately dearer, but were disagreeable in the bargain. He paid 2½ or 3d. for bread, 4½d. for coarse meat, 8d. and 9d. for roasting beef, 10d. for bacon, 11d. for butter, and 7½d. for candles. But he must have had foreigner's luck in marketing, for the year before Arthur Young had found 2d. the price of bread in the London shops and 4d. of mutton and beef.

Well down to the middle of the century, the immense consumption of animal food by the common people distinguished England from the Continent. But as the century passed its meridian, the rise in prices, which had hitherto chiefly affected the landlord and the farmer, began to bear oppressively upon the labourer also. Toward the last third of it prices increased out of all proportion to his wages. Hume wrote that in the twenty-eight years between writing the sixth volume of his history and 1786, prices had risen perhaps more than in the preceding one hundred and fifty years. A pamphlet by George Dyer in 1793 stated that prior to 1756 cheese was almost the principal article of consumption among the poor, but now it had become a rare morsel, having more than doubled and sometimes trebled at retail; and as butcher's meat was nearly double also, many poor families had to live for months on bread alone; fuel had within a short while seen an immoderate advance —yet in spite of all this the price of labour had remained about the same. For the greater part of this advance the wars were responsible. "Lord North's American War," wrote Bishop Watson, "rendered it difficult for a man of £500 a year to support the station of a gentleman, and Mr. Pitt's French War has rendered it impossible." Though he doubtless wrote with much exaggeration, during the Long War beef in the retail markets sometimes went to 9d. and everything was very dear.

"The station of a gentleman" is, of course, a term which varies with the man that uses it. But in 1786 the *London Advertiser* printed some estimates which must have been fairly accurate, since they did not arouse the usual storm of protest which follows any jaunty handling in the press of so grievous a subject as the cost of living. The first estimate is for a family of £200 income with on an average three joints of meat a week and fish and bacon besides. The weekly household expenditure over all is £88 10s. 2d. The man's clothes and pocket money are £8, and £4 for friends' entertainment. A desirable house can be had for £50, and a very good one for £150; while the taxes amount to about one-half the rent. Thus if this family contented itself with a house suitable to its income, there would still have been a good margin for incidentals and luxuries.

About twice as well lived the family in the second estimate, and so one may roughly set down their income at £400. This family consisted of a couple, four children, and two maids. Their weekly household expenses as follows—bread for eight persons, 8d. a week each; butter, one pound a day, 9d.; cheese, three and one-half pounds, at 5d.; meat, fish, or fowl, one pound for each person, 6d.; milk and cream, 2d. a day; eggs, 4d.; flour, 1s. 2d.; small beer at 14s. a barrel, twelve gallons consumed a week;

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tea, 2s.; sugar, 3s.; candles (summer and winter), four pounds at 9d.; roots, herbs, decoraments for table, soap, blue, starch, washing, thread, needles, tapes, etc., sand, fuller's earth, small coal, etc.; repairs of furniture—are estimated at £3 13s. 5½d. They devoted 8s. a week to entertaining their friends and say they lived well. It is interesting to note that they consumed only a quarter of a pound of tea a week, from which it may be gathered that the maids had not yet learned to guzzle it at the rate of the English servant in the succeeding century. Or perhaps these two maids furnished their own tea, for in 1765 the average wage of a serving maid was six guineas, with one guinea extra for tea. This beverage (except for servants) had made its way as a luxury very quickly, but as a necessity very slowly. In 1728 the average price was 32s. 6d. a pound; in 1786 it was 8s., though often it dropped to as little as half of that; in 1833 its steady price was from 2s. 6d. to 4s. 2d.

Here is an interesting comparative estimate of the ordinary expenses of housekeeping in the last quarter of the century.

	1773	1793	1799	1800
Chaldron of coals	£1.11.6	£2.0.6	£2.6.0	£2.11.0
Meat	.4	.5	.7	.9
Butter	.6	.11	.11	1.4
Loaf of sugar	.8	1.0	1.3	1.4
Soap	.6	.8	.9½	.10
Candles	.6	.8	.9½	.10½

Nevertheless, in spite of statisticians, it does not seem that Dr. Johnson paid more for that famous Grub Street beefsteak than he would have paid at the beginning of the century. For the cost of eating at ordinaries appears to have increased very little. In the early years a man could get a sausage at a "farthing-fry" or at the cheaper dining-rooms have as much meat as he wanted for 6d.; and for 1½d. he could buy enough bread to last a whole day. This condition of affairs seems to have gone on throughout the century. A 3d. ordinary had been mentioned as low-water mark in Pepys's time, but Chatterton wrote to his mother of a 2d. ordinary. "Many a pretty gentleman with a laced waistcoat," said the Scotch chandler who was Roderick Random's landlord, "dines very comfortably for three pence half-penny, and then goes afterward to the coffee-house, where he makes a figure with the best lord in the land." At this ordinary Roderick dined off a shin of beef with hackney coachmen and chairmen (who were all doubtless proclaiming loudly how this new-fangled umbrella was taking the bread out of their mouths), draymen, and a few footmen out of place; and then he betook his waistcoat to swagger it at the coffee-house. "The ordinaries between 1730 and 1735," says *Charles Macklin's Memoirs,* "were from 6d. to 1s. a head; at the latter there were two courses and a great deal of what the world calls mixed company in a mixed way." A magazine refers to a very good ordinary of two dishes and pastry at 10d. a head, including a penny to the waiter, at which the company generally consisted of literary characters. Macklin himself started an aristocratic 3s. ordinary in 1753; but although the town flocked for awhile to see the celebrated actor presiding at table and carving, he had no head for business and had to give it up. In 1754 the *Connoisseur* said there was a shop behind the 'Change where a man could order a 2d. mess of broth with a boiled chop in it; and a person habitually dined there off the broth and bread which he brought with him, and placing the chop between the two crusts of a penny loaf, he would wrap it in his check handkerchief and carry it away for the morrow's dinner. An eating-house where broth with chop was provided for 3d. (though possibly along with other food) had been mentioned a hundred years before. In 1793 the *European Magazine* described "a shoemakers' holiday," which Goldsmith liked to take in his less extravagant days. "Breakfast at one place, dinner at another, tea, and then supper—the whole expenses of the day's fête never exceeded a crown and oftener was four shillings or

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less, for which the party obtained good air, good exercise, and good living." All this sounds very much like seventeenth century prices.

The progressive rise in prices shown by the minutes of London clubs during the century may be largely due to increasing luxury. The Royal Society Club had certainly changed very much in standard of living since its founding in 1743. The club had formed out of the habit of some literary people to meet for conversation at table where food and drink usually came to half a crown. The founder, relying upon the authority of his office, had tried to confine the dinner to fish and pudding—having no teeth himself, he naturally felt keenly the extravagance of other dishes. But the rest of the Philosophers insisted upon admitting meat. Their early menus include turkey and oysters, calve's head hashed, chine of mutton, two dishes of herrings, tongue and udder, leg of pork and pease, sirloin of beef, apple pie and pudding—all for the sum of 1s. 6d. In 1756 the charge was raised to 3s.; in 1775, to 4s., including wine, and 2d. for the waiter; in 1801, 5s. without wine. This last raise decidedly suggests that the increase all along had been occasioned by enlarging demands rather than by market prices.

It has always been a cause for general remark that scientific statistics compiled as an average for a whole period so little correspond with the individual experience. In spite of statistics as to the rising cost of food, two estimates from actual experience—one in 1731 and the other in 1766—show a singular agreement in housekeeping expenses. The city family of the first has two children and five servants, the country family of the second has four children and five servants; yet the second estimate is a trifle less—showing that what increased cost of living exists has been more than counterbalanced by the difference between city and country prices. The first is from a tract published in 1731, the full title of which is *An account of what a Wholesale Dealer of the City of London who lives in what they call a genteel and reputable way may reasonably be supposed to spend in a year, though he keeps no coach or chariot nor lives in a grand manner.* "House rent on a high street, per annum, £60; furnishing stands him in per annum £30; charges of housekeeping for nine in family at 1s. per head per day—the master and mistress, two children, two maids, a journeyman, apprentice, and footman—£164; tea, coffee, chocolate suppose 1s. a day, £30; Master's expenses at the tavern and at his several clubs at 2s. 6d. a day, £45; His and Madam's Pocket Expenses for plays, operas, balls, assemblies, Whisks, Quadrille, toys, fruit, sweetmeats, money given to servants, coach hire, at 3s. a day, £54; His apparel and linen, viz. two suits per ann. one wig, three suits of linen, one hat, two pair of stockings, and four pair of shoes, £27; Fine clothes and common wear for Madam and her two children, £60; wages to two maids per ann., £10; Journeyman's wages per ann., £6. Total £486."

The second estimate is from *My Grandfather's Pocket Book 1701-1796,* and gives the expense of a country gentleman in 1766:

House rent and taxes suppose to be	£50
Pin money for wife and children	50
Her chariot and horses	50
Two daughters' board and cloaths	60
Two sons ditto ditto	60
Man and boy's wages and livery	30
Three maids	20
Housekeeping, say Victuals and Beer, 39 shillings per week	160
Wine suppose 36s., coals 30s.	60
Doctors, Apothecaries, etc.	20
	£560

The third estimate has a date midway between the two, 1744. Besides the great value of its detailed account, it is of much importance in showing that not yet had the standard of eating become greatly different with different incomes. Spending about £100 a year less than the wholesale dealer and almost £200 less than the country gentleman, his house-

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keeping allowance is proportionately almost the same. This deduction is confirmed in the case of servants at least, by Eden's *Enquiry into the Causes and Production of Poverty*. He estimates the board and lodging about the year 1788 of men residing in the families of their employers whether they be noblemen, professional persons, or tradesmen, at £15 3s. 4d. a year; of servants, boarding and lodging and clothes, £26; of women servants, board and lodging, £13. The name of this rather remarkable document is *An Apology for the Business of Pawnbroking,* with the quotation *Can anything good come out of Nazareth?* The pawnbroker who writes it is an equally remarkable man, and he says that taking one day with another he does not make above 9% profit. This, he says, is the lowest return he can get and acquit respectably the necessary charge of a family in the middling station of life, consisting of a man, his wife, four children, and one maid servant. This charge is as follows: "Bread for 7 persons daily 5¼d.; butter, 5¼d.; cheese, 1¾d.; fish and flesh meat, 1s. 5½d.; roots, herbs, salt, vinegar, mustard, pickles, spices, grocery except tea and sugar, 3½d.; tea and sugar, 7d.; soap for all kinds, 10½d.; thread, etc., and all sorts of haberdashery, 3½d.; milk one day with another, ¾d.—all this coming to 6s. 2d. weekly equals £112, 10s. a year. Candles a week, 1s. 3d.; sand, fuller's earth, whiting, etc., 2s.; ten shilling small beer, 3s. 1½d. a week; ale for family and friends, 2s. 6d.; coals between 4 and 5 chaldron per year, 2s. 6d. a week; repairs of household goods, 1s. 6d. a week. Cloaths for the master, £16 a year. Cloaths for wife, who can't wear much nor very fine laces with £16. Extraordinary expense for lying-in, £10, supposed to be about once in two years, £5 a year. Cloaths for four children at £7 each, £28. Schooling for four children at least 10s. per quarter for each, £8. The maids' wages may be £4 10s. Pocket expenses for master supposed to be about 4s. per week, £10 8s. For mistress and children to buy fruit and toys, etc., at 2s. a week, £5 4s. Entertainments in return for such and such favours from friends and relations, £4. Physic one year with another may exceed £6. A country lodging sometimes, for the health and recreation of the family, £8. Shaving, 7s. 6d. per quarter, cleaning shoes, 2s. 6d. per quarter, £2. Rent and taxes may be somewhat more than £50. Expenses of trade with customers travelling charges, Christmas-box money, postage of letters, etc., £19 8s. Bad debts, £20. Total £315. There must be laid up for twenty years to leave each child and a widow if there should be one £75. Total £390."

RENTS AND LODGINGS

Perhaps as good an index as any of the rise in rent during the century is supplied by the Covent Garden Theatre. In 1732 the land had brought a yearly rental of £100; in 1761 of £300; in 1792 of £940. For the first half of the century London was showing a reaction from the phenomenal growth of the seventeenth, and only the most profitable business localities could have duplicated such an increase as this. In 1700 the city contained 550,000 people, and by 1750 only 50,000 more. Then it increased rapidly until by 1800 it neared the million mark. In 1765 M. Grosley had complained that house rent in London was extremely dear. "I lodged near Leicester Fields at one Mr. Martin's, belonging to the king's kitchens. He lets out to strangers apartments which are very slightly furnished, and consist of two or three little rooms in the first story at the rate of a guinea a week, and in the second of about half a guinea. The house in which I lived, of but three stories, was rented at 38 guineas a year and 6 guineas taxes." Whereat it is to be seen that the landlord, for all his high rent, made an excellent living out of his lodgings. So did landlords in less respectable parts of town. "A slum in 1788," says Percy's *London,* "possessed houses of fifty beds each. The usual price was 6d. for a whole bed or 4d. for a half one. In cribs littered with straw

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the very wretched could sleep for 3d." This, according to Sir Gilbert Elliot, would have been the wildest extravagance. "Men of all ages drink abominably," he wrote, "and painted boards suspended from the door of every seventh house invite the poor to get intoxicated for a penny and dead drunk for two, straw whereon to lie until they had slept off one bout and are ready for another being furnished for nothing." "The common lodging house in 1788," goes on Percy, "had but one bed to a room, but sometimes four people in it." These four, it is hoped, rented the room out of a common purse rather than divided the bed into four halves at 16d.

DISSIPATIONS

"Yet amid so great wretchedness there is much of wanton extravagance," says he, "and those who have traversed the purlieus of the 'Holy Land' on a Saturday night must feel convinced that the money squandered in dissipation would have procured much daily comfort both in bed and board." The eighteenth century was quite living up to its predecessor in the matter of drink. In 1760 Maitland estimated 47 gallons of beer was produced for every London citizen; and allowing for infants and children 70 gallons a head; or 100 for men and 40 for women—which made for each man over a quart a day. Strong beer was 2d. a quart and 3d. at the tavern. All the writers of the century, in and out of Grub Street, did their duty by bottle and mug manfully. Dr. Johnson said that he drank three bottles of port at a sitting when at college and was none the worse for it, and he remembered the time when all the decent people of Lichfield got drunk every night and forfeited nobody's good opinion. But he lived to see both public and domestic drinking dwindle, and a tavern chair cease to be the throne of human felicity. One of the chief reasons for this was that the increased comfort of home living sent fewer men to the tavern for their social life, and better cooking drove fewer men to drink deeply of forgetfulness at their own tables. Mrs. Rundell, in her *Art of Cookery,* had complained that no private kitchen in England knew how to melt butter or even to make toast. The accusation was probably correct, for she reaped a fortune on her book. People were now beginning, thanks to her, to eat much better at home. But there, as formerly at the tavern, they habitually overate, and the dinner of those who could afford it still consisted of everything there was in the market, and particularly in the butcher's shop. The cook-book of Mrs. Glass (she who said "first catch your hare") marshals a fear-inspiring phalanx of heavy dishes at the very contemplation of which the feebler modern stomach sinks. Smoking as well as drinking was decreasing in Johnson's time, and he said that it seemed to be going out of fashion. But gambling had never reached, even in England, such a pitch as toward the end of the century. That Cowper should write "conversation is now almost annihilated by universal card playing, and our people of quality scarcely ever meet but to game," is not particularly convincing, for the same lament had been made before he was born, and conversation, like the theatre, seems to elderly people always going to the dogs; but the vast fortunes staked in the clubs are a reliable index. Fox and Sheridan were monumental gamesters, and Horace Walpole is forever telling of staggering sums lost in a night.

THE GARDENS

In the early days of the pleasure gardens of London there was no charge for admission. The entertainment provided was supposed to loosen the purse-strings at the refreshment booths. Pepys had spent 20s. on three ladies and some other company at Spring Garden, where he heard "a fellow that imitated all manner of birds and dogs and hogs with his voice." The musical entertainments which later became such a feature of the gardens—like the burletta which Chatterton wrote for performance there—

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were at first made very little of. The Spring Garden became in the last thirty years of the seventeenth century a notorious rendezvous for fashionable gallantry, says Mr. Warwick Wroth in his book *London Pleasure Gardens.* A correspondent of the *St. James Chronicle* was much shocked at the frequency of the request from unknown young ladies, 'Pray, sir, will you treat me with a dish of tea?' " Whether as a consequence of this custom or not, the charge for admission grew in the next century to be a shilling. But evidently it was thought that such *al fresco* urbanities should not become too great a tax upon the gentleman, for he was given a metal check at the gate which enabled him to recover in refreshments part and at first even all of his initial outlay. So slowly does change come about in England, even in pleasure gardens. In 1780 admission into Vauxhall was raised from 1s. to 2s. and even went to 3s. Ranelagh was half a crown, including beverages. These were high prices at a time when middle class people always went to the one and two shilling galleries at the theatre. Thus, either the attractions at the gardens were of a very appealing nature or only free-spenders were desired. Certainly a man must have spent very freely if he transported as many ladies thither as the reckless Pepys or was more amiable to those he found there than was the *Chronicle* correspondent. London was always poking fun at the thinness of the slices of meat served there, and a journal of 1762 complained you could read a newspaper through them, and that the chickens were miraculously diminutive. An "Old Citizen," in the *Connoisseur,* exclaimed at every mouthful, "There goes two pence!" Here is a Bill of Provisions in Vauxhall, 1762. "Bottle of Burgundy, 6s.; of claret, 5s.; of cyder, 1s.; two pounds of ice, 6d.; table beer, quart mug, 4d.; a chicken, 2s. 6d.; a dish of ham or beef, 1s.; salad, 6d.; a cruet of oil, 4d.; orange or lemon, 3d.; a slice of bread, 1d.; ditto of butter or of cheese, 2d.; a tart, 1s.; a cheese cake, 4d.; a quart of arrack, 8s."

CHATTERTON

The three most famous Grub Streeters of the second half of the eighteenth century are Chatterton, Goldsmith, and Johnson. Tradition has it that Chatterton took with him to London in 1771 five guineas, and on his arrival lodged at the house of a plasterer in Shoreditch. Within ten days he wrote to his mother that he was getting four guineas a month from one magazine and would more than double it by odd jobs; and that he was already familiar at the Chapter Coffee House (where they were serving at that time a famous supper for a shilling). He soon made good his brave bragging letters and found rather steady employment for his pen. It was then that he moved to the house of Mrs. Angell, a dressmaker in Holborn—a much more respectable neighbourhood. Here he had a bed-sitting room at the top of the house, with a front window. "I employ my money now," he wrote, "in fitting myself fashionably and getting into good company." During his two months there, he sought unflaggingly to form connections at newspaper and magazine offices, coffee-houses and theatres. He even paid half a crown for Ranelagh and Marylebone gardens. These last investments decidedly paid him, for he picked up some jobs of writing lyrics for music and even sold a burletta for five guineas. Eleven contributions of his to magazines have been discovered, and he probably about doubled that number. All the time, too, he was writing for newspapers in and out of town. When Beckford, the Lord Mayor, died suddenly, Chatterton sent the following statement to his friend: "Lost by his death on this essay £1 11s. 6d.; Gained in elegies £2 2s.; Gained in essays £3 3s. Am glad he is dead by £3 13s. 6d." Another time he wrote: "I have not had five patriotic essays this fortnight; all must be ministerial or entertaining." In all, says Dr. Masson, he could not have made less than £10 or £12 in this plucky, industrious two months. Modern New

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York, with its twenty literary markets for one of old London, could scarcely have done better for a friendless boy not yet eighteen. Any country lad would call this extraordinary success to-day.

Dr. Masson says his very conservative estimate would have provided but the barest livelihood. Listen to Dr. Johnson, who describes just such a life as Chatterton was leading, and who surely ought to have known. "Thirty pounds a year was enough to enable a man to live in London without being contemptible. A man might live in a garret for 18 pence a week. Few people would enquire where he lodged, and if they did, it was easy to say, 'Sir, I am to be found at such a place.' By spending 3 pence in a coffee-house he might be for some hours every day in good company; he might dine for 6 pence, breakfast on bread and butter for a penny, and do without supper." Chatterton was to the last degree abstemious, drank only water, and rarely ate meat. It could not have cost him more than 5s. a week to live, and at this rate his £12 should have lasted him many months. But flushed with his success and feeling sure of steady work, he had generously laid out his earnings on rather costly presents to his mother and sister and the rest (including pipes and tobacco for his grandmother). Suddenly he found himself penniless in the slack summer season. Mrs. Angell said she knew he had not eaten for two or three days, but she offended him when she asked him to dinner. At last, in what must have been a panic, the poor, proud youngster swallowed arsenic and died—a piteous and wholly needless end. But it was certainly not one that could be laid to Grub Street.

It is good to remember that it was brought about by his generosity and not by his self-indulgence. He affords a grateful contrast with the brilliant and courted Sheridan, whose colossal prodigality did not scruple to batten upon even the salaries of his actors at Drury Lane and whose final distresses scarcely deserve one drop of the bucketfuls of sentimentality poured out upon them. A little pleasanter is it to contemplate the budget of the charming and irresponsible Goldsmith. Generous was he beyond bounds, and his poor pensioners were plentiful, but he inherited the callousness of his age as to the necessities of tradesmen and the confidence of his tribe in their divine right to nourish their heaven-born gifts with unpaid-for luxuries. Also he inherited in his own right a happy-go-lucky temperament which allowed him to dissipate three purses which his relatives had made up to assist him to a profession, one of them of £50 he gambled away overnight.

GOLDSMITH IN LONDON

When he first came to town in 1756 he found employment as apothecaries' assistant and paid 3s. a week for his lodging. Then he became an usher, and went from there to board and lodge with a bookseller under a small regular salary to get out the *Monthly Review*. He stayed here five months, feeling himself bound to a grindstone by a hard taskmaster (to relieve whose distresses at a later date he was quite willing to pawn a suit of clothes) and then he committed himself to the tender mercies of Grub Street. How he lived for a few months in this locality is unknown, but one payment of ten guineas for a translation is certain—which should have been sufficient to keep him from straits. "The name of an author naturally reminds you of a garret," he wrote. "Here I am writing for bread and expecting to be dunned for a milk-score."

At the close of 1762 his publisher, Newbery, agreed to pay Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming of Islington £50 a year for his board and lodging—a more prudent proceeding than continually advancing small sums of money, as he did later. Mrs. Fleming seems the typical kind-hearted long-suffering landlady (even though she did have her portrait painted by Hogarth) and her methodical account books are interesting. Three months' lodging she entered at £1 17s.

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6d. Once she served four gentlemen friends of Goldsmith with tea for 18d., and wine and cakes for a similar sum. She fetched him ten sheets of paper for 5d. The moment he felt he could afford to do so, he moved to larger chambers and set up a man-servant; but in a while he was back with Mrs. Fleming again, who had apparently not learned much by her first experience. Once he hurriedly sent for Johnson to get him out of the hands of a bailiff. Johnson dispatched him a guinea and followed immediately, but not before Goldsmith had changed it and purchased a bottle of Madeira.

Mrs. Fleming washed and mended for him at the following rates:

3 shirts, 3 neckcloths, 4 pair stockings	0.1.5½
3 shirts, 3 neckcloths, 1 pair stockings	1.2½
4 shirts, 4 neckcloths, 3 pair stockings	1.9
To mending 3 pair stockings	.3

Three months' washing cost him 18s. ½d.—or rather cost her, for he never paid it. Her other accounts were finally settled by Newbery, but this remained. The three nights of *The Good Natured Man* produced him nearly £400, and Griffin paid him £100 more. With precisely these sums he at once purchased chambers in the Middle Temple, and furnished them, and inaugurated a period of prodigality and feasting his friends. "An author has a literary reputation," said he to Dr. Johnson, "when he can get 100 guineas for anything whatever he writes." Thus, according to his own estimate, his reputation flourished for some while. His ascertained gains from *She Stoops* in 68 are over £3000, which is probably below his actual receipts; and for the last six years of his life Mr. Austin Dobson calculates he must have lived at the rate of at least £800. Yet in the years 67 and 68 Mr. William Filby, his tailor, had many large unpaid accounts on his ledger.

Even when he was a physician he had dressed more conspicuously than was the custom, in purple small-clothes; and when he began to make money he spread the tail of a peacock. Sir Joshua found him one morning kicking round his chambers like a football a masquerade dress he had bought the night before, which he now felt he could ill afford. Many gorgeous suits of Tyrian bloom satin and blue velvet with gold buttons has Mr. William Filby down in his ledger. At his death he owed that personage a seven months' bill. This, of course, might happen to any gentleman in a world where early arose the tradition that a tailor would rather wait for his money than not. But the two Miss Gunns, poor milliners who were so "sure that he will pay us if he can," found their confidence misplaced. Such testimony as theirs, says Mr. Dobson, outweighs unsettled bills. It would be interesting to know with whom; and how far even those persons can praise the generous warm-heartedness of a man who leaves his landlady's three months washing bill unpaid while he indulges himself in clothes and lavish entertainment to his friends. Reynolds thought his debts came to not less than £2000. "Was ever poet so trusted before!" wrote Johnson to Boswell.

DR. JOHNSON

Eight hundred pounds must have seemed a fortune indeed to Dr. Johnson. As he placed against it his own modest income; Goldy's resplendent raiment against his own invariable brown coat, waistcoat, and breeches, metal buttons and buckles, lace tie and ruffles; the Temple Chambers against the "garret" in which he had kept on living even after he became "the great Cham of literature;" and finally against Goldy's £2000 in debts his own £2000 in savings—he might well have pondered with some amusement on the vanity of human wishes and reflected upon the time in 1764 when he and Sir Joshua had formed the Literary Club at the Turks Head and had made Goldsmith one of its original members in spite of Sir John Hawkins's objection to him as a mere literary drudge.

"I came to London," the Doctor was

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fond of saying, "with two pence half penny in my pocket; and thou Davy, with three half pence in thine." And it must not be forgotten that when he came he had an adored wife at home to support. His first lodgings were at the house of a staymaker in the Strand. "I dined very well for 8d., and with very good company at the Pine Apple. It used to cost the rest a shilling, for they drank wine; but I had a cut of meat for 6d. and bread for 1d. and gave the waiter 1d. I was quite well served—nay, better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing." For the work of seven years on the Dictionary he received 1,500 guineas, and out of this had his assistants to pay. Twice in the next year he was arrested for debt. But even when he was in the full flush of his fame he was unable to drive a good bargain—for all his common sense, and even if he could demand and get for Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* £60, which he told Sir Joshua was more than he thought it was worth. The publishers who asked him to write the *Lives of the Poets* told him to name his own terms. He named 200 guineas. "They would," said Malone, "have given him 1000 or even 1500."

There had never been a time when the government was giving so few pensions to literary men, nobodies or somebodies. The patronage of the great had ceased, as Macaulay puts it, and the patronage of the public had not yet begun. The average middle-class citizen did not possess such a thing as a book. He read only the newspaper and the magazine. Of these, however, there were plenty. Every week saw a new one start into a brief existence. By 1791 there were 14 assured dailies, 11 thrice a week, 2 twice a week, and 13 weeklies in London. But one could see how this world went without eyes, for everything that happened was still bawled by balladists in the street. With the largest part of the public thus easily satisfied, letters languished. In spite of the general prudence of ministers, however, Johnson was offered a pension of £300. He demurred at taking it, perhaps thinking it a humourless proceeding after having defined a pension as "pay given to a state hireling to betray his country." But when it was explained to him that the stipend was for services rendered rather than for those expected, he allowed himself to be won over. Possibly it was for this reason he afterward did much less writing. At any rate, he devoted most of his remaining days to proving that the tongue is mightier than the pen.

TRAVEL

When Johnson took his journey to the Hebrides, all Londoners thought he was foolhardy to risk his life in so barbarous and remote a country. In spite of the coaches established almost a century before, there had been little general travel in England on account of the discomfort of the roads. The inns on the whole were excellent, but the business of travelling, even as late as the time of Charles II, was exposed to the greatest hardship and danger. Posting on horseback cost 1d. a mile, coach fares averaged 2½d. to 3d. a mile. Pepys, in 1667, had found travelling with his party very expensive, although he took his own wine with him and didn't seem to mind what he paid. He seemed, indeed, to have learned Touchstone's lesson that travellers must be content. When in one little town he was charged 7s. 6d. for just bread and beer, however, he rebelled. At another little inn they had to rouse up a pedler, whose bed he and his wife took while the others had a truckle bed in the same room. Yet the reckoning at this place ("where the bed was good though lousy," records this droll creature) came to 9s. 6d. Private travellers in Pepys's day had to employ a guide in each district.

He seemed to have been robbed right and left—possibly on account of the state in which he travelled—for generally the country inns were cheap. Apparently in the earlier days the hosts of the smaller towns, usually the post-

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masters, threw in the bed with the victuals; for travellers like Sir W. Brereton, who jot down their table expenses often say nothing of lodging. Even in 1720, passengers who took the Flying Coach for Exeter, doing 60 miles a day, slept at inns for a penny a night. The tariff of the new coaches in 1673 from London to Exeter, Chester, or York, was 40s. in summer and 45s. in winter, and about 4s. in tips to the coachmen, who were changed four times, and 3s. for their drink-money. In summer, then, the round trip cost £4 11s., and in the winter £5. To Northampton was 16s.; to Bristol 25s.; to Salisbury 20s.; to Bath 20s.; to Reading 7s.

The road to Bath began in the next century to be well travelled. Nevertheless, in spite of its intimate connection with London, it took three days to get there even in Johnson's time. Little by little, as the city of pleasure became prominent in eighteenth century annals, it ceased to be a toilsome and even dangerous expedition to be afforded only by the well-padded and well-guarded rich. But, like so many other places, no sooner had Bath become easily accessible than it began to decline. In the rough travel of Fanny Burney's day it was at its zenith, in the smoother-going days of Jane Austen its decline as a social and literary centre was approaching. Yet living at Bath and other watering places was not expensive, and society disported itself in a fashion as idyllic as it was arduous. Dr. Carlyle, in May, 1763, found that breakfast at the Dragon Inn, Harrogate, much frequented for its springs, cost the gentlemen 2d. for muffins, while the ladies furnished the tea and the sugar. Dinner cost 1s., supper 6d., chambers nothing at all, wine and other extras at the usual prices; and the company was served two haunches of venison a week.

M. Grosley, who visited England in 1765, went 28 leagues in one day from Dover to London by a coach carrying 7 passengers for one guinea, servants half price. The inns on the road were somewhat dear, but he "never met on the road from Paris to Boulogne more than one inn which could come into competition with the English." As the increasing patronage of the coaches began to raise the ideals of comfort along the road, it began to raise also the ideas of the landlords—in a way which has been fully demonstrated by the present automobile tourist. Soon there arose complaints that hosts gave cold hospitality to all but good spenders. London, too, began to extend octopus arms. Arthur Young, about 1770, found that the excellent meals throughout the country at 8d. and 1s. became dearer as he approached the metropolis. Butter, which 170 miles away was 5½d. a pound was 6d. at 110 and 8d. at 20, which was the London price. His testimony is confirmed by George Colman the younger, who in 1775 took a journey with his father. He says that the charges progressively lowered as they got farther from London. Articles at first cheap not only grew cheaper but were finally not listed on the bill at all. The items were consolidated under the head "Eating One Shilling;" and this for plenty of everything, fish, flesh, and fowl, and all excellent. The *Annual Register* for this year says that stage coaches had eight places inside and ten outside, and there were 400 of them running.

Moritz, the German pedestrian, excited ridicule, pity, or vilification when he walked through a country where walking for pleasure or observation was yet unknown. Good inns refused to harbour so disreputable a person. "Good cheap quarters" cost him only 1s. for supper, bed, and breakfast, and 4d. for service. The average price of bread he found was 2d., butter 6d., beef and mutton 4d., cheese 3½d. In 1798 a Mr. Richard Twining congratulates himself on travelling 90 miles in 17 hours, with breakafst, dinner, and tea, for the small sum of £4 9s. 6d. There were now 19 mail coaches leaving London every night, each under a guard armed with a blunderbuss, and carrying with the mail

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a limited number of passengers at 4d. a mile. In the city 104 inns sent out daily conveyances all over the country. Each posting house on the road became an inn of the first class, with horses and beds always ready. And so with most roads opened at last and most of the highwaymen doing business on a large scale gibbeted, all aboard for the nineteenth century!

SOME MODERN DUTCH ETCHERS

BY CLEVELAND PALMER

THE famous French writer Diderot once referred with contempt to certain of Rembrandt's etchings as *gribouillages,* that is, scrawls or scribbles—a critical dictum that deserves to stand side by side with Voltaire's comments on Shakespeare, and with Dr. Johnson's curt dismissal of Milton's sonnets as mere trifles carved out of cherry stones. To-day, it is scarcely necessary to say, this rude dweller among the dikes, as Diderot and his contemporaries clearly regarded him, is recognised as the greatest of all etchers, and the seventeenth century Dutch school, to which he belonged, as the most important in the history of the art until its modern French revival in the first half of the nineteenth century. Even the Barbizon artists, as we have seen, derived their inspiration and their technical method from these Dutch masters of the needle.

Indeed, Holland may truthfully be termed the cradle of etching. This does not mean that her artists were the actual inventors of a process which had been widely employed in the fifteenth century and perhaps still earlier, by goldsmiths and metal-workers, for the decoration of arms and armour, or were even the first to practise it for the purpose of making prints. Lucas van Leyden was preceded by Dürer, although the latter worked only on iron; and even in the field of pure landscape, in which the Dutch genius was to find its fullest and most characteristic expression on the copper as on the canvas, Germany led the way with Albrecht Altdorfer, followed by Augustin Hirschvogel, Hans Sebald Lautensack, and the Flemish Lucas van Uden. But on the other hand, while etching did not have its origin in Holland, it enjoyed there its widest popularity, and attained the highest point in its technical and artistic development. For the first time it achieved complete freedom from its sister art of line-engraving, became as thoroughly conscious of its peculiar opportunities as it had been previously of its limitations, and struck out boldly to realise itself in hitherto unreclaimed regions of nature and art. Till then etching had remained more or less tentative and experimental. The Dutch landscape etchers gave it a scope and variety of subject, a skill and certainty of method, and an ability to seize and assimilate detail without weakness or confusion of line—as well as to suggest subtleties of light and shade, tone and texture—that were wholly new and upon which no advance was made until our own time.

The charms of early Dutch etching are those of Dutch painting of the same period: a simple and uncomplicated approach to nature, and the attempt to render realistically, though by no means without a sense of their inherent poetry or a care for style, the scenes associated with the secular life of the race. Indeed, both painting and etching are to a very large extent the work of the same men. Nearly every Dutch painter of importance was also an etcher, and as Dr. Friederich Lippmann, late Keeper of the Print Room in the Royal Museum, Berlin, points out in his book on *Engraving and Etching,* some of the greatest masters found in the black and white medium

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their principal means of artistic expression.

In an article planned to deal primarily with the modern etchers of this little country which has contributed so much to art, it is impossible to linger over this early period or mention more than a few names among the many which suggest themselves. Two of the most notable are those of Allardt van Everdingen (1621-1675) and Jacob van Ruisdael (1628-1682), who are bound together by a singular set of circumstances. Everdingen was once cast ashore in a shipwreck on the coast of Norway, where he remained some time and made many sketches. When he returned home to Harlem, he began to paint and etch those scenes whose wild and rugged aspect gave them an immense and immediate popularity among the home-abiding inhabitants of flat, tame, and domesticated Holland.

Meanwhile, the much greater artist, Ruisdael, was struggling without success in the same city to win fame and fortune—even a bare livelihood—by his faithful representations of the familiar spirit of Dutch landscape. Having nothing sensational to recommend them, his pictures attracted little attention until, yielding to temptation, he began to imitate the rocks and waterfalls of his rival which he himself had never seen. The result was a long series of ideal inventions which have slight artistic value. Fortunately, his etchings show no trace of this artificial manner. They are the intimate records of his absorbed mood, serious poetic nature, and penetrating powers of observation, and as such are among the products of Dutch art that have had most marked effect upon the work of later foreign artists.

As for Everdingen's little plates which, in spite of their unusually small size, are massively composed, and vigorously executed, they, too, are masterpieces, though of a totally different order. What was merely theatrical and meretricious in their scenic elements when transferred to Ruisdael's canvases, and there reduced to a formula, has, on the copper of the artists who had received first-hand impressions of a landscape so unlike that of the Low Countries, freshness of romantic suggestion combined with a satisfying appearance of reality.

Except for a few men like Berchem and Jan Both, who had visited Italy and come under the empire of Claude Lorrain's "classic landscape," Everdingen remained a rather rare example of the exotic among Dutch etchers of the period. For the most part, as has been said, they kept pretty closely to the subjects suggested by their immediate environment. Thus Roghman, Hercules Seghers, Antonie Waterloo, Naiwynx, and many others devoted themselves, like Ruisdael, largely to landscape. Some excelled in the suggestion of its larger and more commonly characteristic Dutch aspects of distance and atmosphere; others, in the representation of quiet and sequestered villages and of woodland scenes, with or without figures, that gave an opportunity for the treatment of tree forms and foliage—always a favourite theme with these Dutch etchers, and one in which they are pre-eminently successful. Another set of artists, which included men like Cupp and Paul Potter, used the copper as a kind of notebook for studies of those animals with which they were principally preoccupied as painters. Still a third carried their interest in *genre* over into etching, and achieved vivid black and white evocations of that rude and often repellent life of the kitchen, of the tavern, and of the farmyard, for which Dutch art is so famous. Here van Ostade and Bega stand supreme; while in all that pertains to the sea and to ships at a time when Holland was at the zenith of her maritime power, Reynier Nooms, who was called Zeeman, and was admired and copied by Meryon, is the accepted master.

But admirable artists as all these men are, they tend to sink into insignificance when compared with Rembrandt. Scarcely one of them has a specialty in which he has not been surpassed by this genius who absorbs into himself all the

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pictorial interests and activities of the period, and identifies himself, not with any particular branch exclusively, but with the entire range of art. Says Dr. Lippmann: "Almost every aspect of Dutch art, every quality that helped to form its character, is displayed in the work of that master-artist, Rembrandt Harmensz van Rijn (born Leyden 1606, died at Amsterdam 1669). The technical ability and the imaginative power of the school from which he sprang were widened and deepened by him to the limits which only a few select masters of painting had reached before his day, and to which none have since attained. He recognised no divisions in art; everything pictorial he claimed as his own; but he investigated everything in the clear light of truth, and on its reproduction he placed the firm stamp of his own personality, creating masterpieces by sheer power of mighty genius."

One quality, however, Rembrandt possessed that places him apart from the other artists of his school. What Dr. Lippmann calls the "imaginative power" of seventeenth century Dutch art is mainly a superior power of visualisation. Dutch artists have always been realists. They have rendered with extraordinary truth and intensity what they have actually seen. But when they have attempted to picture what they have merely imagined, they have failed, not as is so often the case with idealistic German art, through sheer inventive exuberance which weakens the hold of reality, but rather through the reverse, namely, an over-reliance upon the facts of sensual experience.

Indeed, it may be said that imagination as vision is almost altogether lacking in the Dutch artist. Not so, however, with Rembrandt. In him it is precisely this intellectual element that is the strongest, and dominates all the rest. Without being any less realistic, or even literal, than his contemporaries—see the way in which he peoples his Biblical pictures with figures studied directly from the streets of Amsterdam—he moves in a world that is remote from them—a world of dreams, of visions, and of reveries.

While this ideally imaginative element pervades all Rembrandt's work, its presence is, of course, most immediately felt in those plates where it becomes actually creative, as in the famous "Hundred Guilder" print—so called because of the price originally paid for the plate—of "Christ Healing the Sick." Other Dutch etchers attempted this same style of subject in the seventeenth century, but Rembrandt alone was able to infuse any real life into it, to make it vital with dramatic interest, and with profound symbolic truth for humanity. Here, however, even he was only following a tradition of his art kept alive by a continuing demand for pictures of a religious, and specifically Christian, character. Perhaps, therefore, it is above all in such a plate as the "Doctor Faustus," with its mystical revelation and strange occult atmosphere, where the subject could have been chosen for no other reason than its intrinsic interest for the artist himself, that we come closest to a naked revelation of the brooding, restless, eternally questioning, mind which was the magician, Rembrandt.

II

Etching died away almost entirely in Holland during the eighteenth century, and was not revived there until about the middle of the nineteenth as a phase of the general European movement. Philip Zilcken, himself a distinguished Dutch etcher of to-day, writes as follows in his introduction to the Dutch section of The International Studio's valuable special publication* reviewing recent progress in etching and the allied arts: "Storm van's Gravesande, who was born at Breda in 1841, was our first etcher to meet with success both at home and abroad, and he did so long before any other Dutch etcher attained any reputation."

*Modern Etchings, Mezzotints, and Drypoints. Edited by Charles Holme. The International Studio. New York: John Lane Company. 1913.

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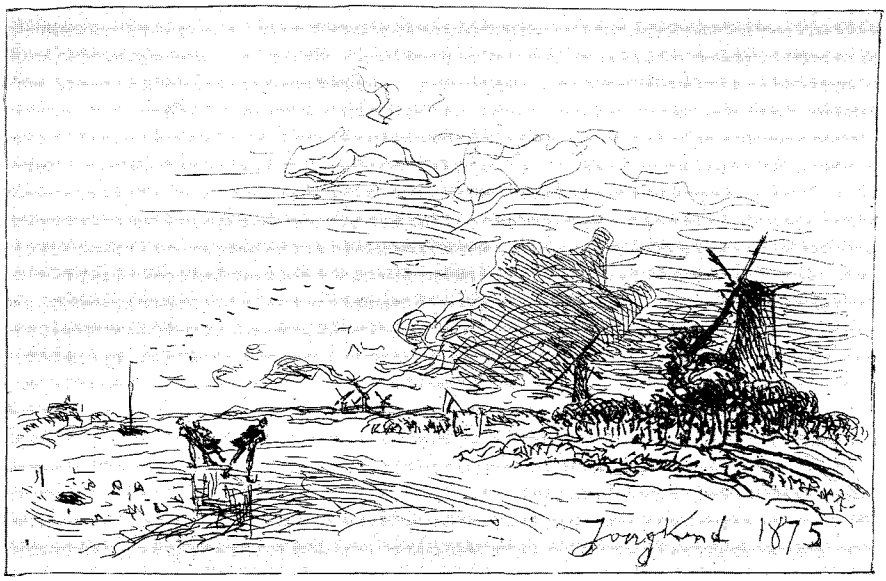
It is difficult to account for this statement in view of the reputation Johann Barthold Jongkind had already achieved in Paris at a time, around 1860, when van's Gravesande could scarcely have begun to make even his humble début at home in Holland. Perhaps the fact that Jongkind, having received his artistic education in Paris, was more than half a Frenchman in his tastes and sympathies, explains Zilcken's failure to mention him in his brief historical résumé of the native school. Yet there is as much reason for Holland to claim him as there is for us to claim Whistler, the circumstances of whose expatriation and exile are precisely the same. At all events, Jongkind's talent, temperament, and particular vision of art were entirely Dutch. Charles Baudelaire, who groups him with Legros and Manet in his *Peintres et Aqua-fortistes,* as "men of a profound and mature talent," calls Jongkind "the charming and candid Dutch painter," and says that his plates "to which he has confided the secret of his memories and of his day-dreams," are as "calm as the banks of the great rivers and the horizons of his noble fatherland."

Moreover, the execution of these plates is quite in the traditional Dutch manner, though perhaps somewhat exaggerated through a certain excess of modern artistic consciousness. If Diderot called Rembrandt's etchings *griboui-llages,* what would he have thought of these loosely scrawled sketches that are yet so full of character and truthful suggestion? Much of Rembrandt's work is elaborated very fully and with complete pictorial intention. But Jongkind always drew a sharp line of demarcation between his paintings and his etchings. The latter, as Philip Gilbert Hamerton observes, he kept exclusively as a medium for his memoranda. Where other artists make these upon a bit of paper, Jongkind committed them to the copper and printed them. "This is the whole explanation of his work as an etcher."

Naturally, such work is very limited in its appeal. As Mr. Hamerton puts it, "the person living outside of art, when he sees one of these etchings first feels



Courtesy of George Busse

CANAL IN HOLLAND, NEAR ROTTERDAM. (WINTER.) BY JOHANN BARTHOLD JONGKIND

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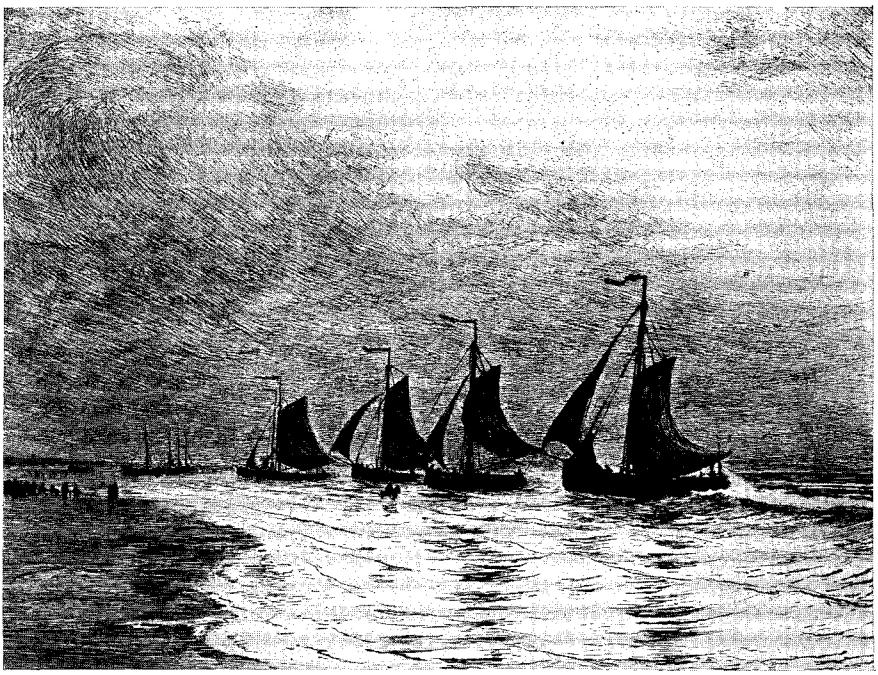
puzzled, and then offended, and thinks that both artist and laudatory critic must be making fun of him. 'Could not any child of ten years do as well?' The true answer to this question (it is not an imaginary question) is, that rude as this sketching looks, and imperfect in many respects as it really is, the qualities which belong to it are never attained in art without the combination of talent approaching to genius, and study of a very observant and earnest kind, quite beyond any possible experience of infancy. The right way to estimate work of this nature is to look upon it as the artist's manner of noting down an impression in all its freshness. Jongkind succeeds in this, either by an unconsciousness which is itself a great gift, or else by an effort of will strong enough to set himself entirely above criticism of ignorance."

In short, while etching can do considerably more than Jongkind demands of it as a medium, not merely of expression, but of representation, it seldom does just what the artist intends—so much and no more—with such absolute and instinctive certainty. At least in Jongkind's work there is no sense of strain, of seeking to overcome difficulties, to distract the mind and to interfere with that pleasurable impression, to produce which is, or ought to be, the end of a work of art. The little skating scene here reproduced is slight, but how full it is of brisk movement and of crisp winter atmosphere! One can almost hear the ring of the skates, and feel the force of the wind that buffets the skaters, waves the long gaunt arms of the windmill, sets the leafless tops of trees astream like the hair of mænads and furies, and sweeps torn strips of cloud across the sky. Here, then, is the whole essence of "painter-etching," and it would be difficult to select a better example than one of these small prints to serve as a touchstone throughout the whole range of the art of etching.

Jongkind's life was an unhappy one,



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

THE LANDING OF THE HERRING FLEET. BY CHARLES STORM VAN'S GRAVESANDE

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and it was only the earlier part that was in any important sense productive. It presents a marked contrast, therefore, with that of Charles Storm van's Gravesande, who, past seventy, is still, according to Zilcken, as active as ever—though not, apparently, at present, with the needle: "In ten years I shall start again to etch," he is reported to have said recently to his fellow-artist, who comments on the "charming and almost 'Hokusai-like' irony" of this remark. It may be remembered that the great Japanese artist, when he had reached about the same age as Gravesande, said—we quote from the late John LaFarge: "From the time that I was six years old I had the mania of drawing the forms of objects. As I came to be fifty I had published an infinity of designs; but all that I have produced before the age of seventy is not worth being counted. It is at the age of seventy-three that I have begun somewhat to understand the structure of true nature, of animals and grasses, and trees and birds and fishes and insects; consequently at eighty years of age I shall have made still more progress; at ninety I hope to have penetrated into the mystery of things; at one hundred years of age I should have reached a decidedly marvellous degree, and when I shall be one hundred and ten, all that I do, every point and every line, shall be instinct with life—and I shall ask all those who shall live as long as I do to see if I have not kept my word."

To tell the truth, Gravesande resembles Hokusaï more closely in his irony than in his art. Both have in common the "mania" for fixing the forms of things, and there is an affinity to the Japanese artist's intellectual attitude in the Dutchman's "subtly intelligent observation" of nature, as Hamerton expresses it. But where in Hokusaï's most minute renderings there is the strength of style, there is, in much of Gravesande's sentitive response to impressions, a "tender and delicate beauty," if we will, but also a certain tendency toward diffusion and weakness. He attempts to render too much of what he sees, or to render it with too great elaboration in the line. Here is all the Dutch quality of realism, with the Dutch appreciation of the poetry that inheres in subtle passages of light and shade. But there is little of that Dutch feeling for salient character which lifts realism from the range of sentimental nature-worship, to the level of forceful imaginative art.

It is only fair to add that in much of his early work his failure to realise the finest forms of expression in etching, together with a fatal tendency to repeat himself when he hit upon a popular subject or formula, was doubtless due to the necessity of executing commercial work for a livelihood; and that later, when freed from this *besogne*, a new element of breadth and simplicity enters into his work, and particularly into his dry-points. His subjects, however, have at all periods remained much the same. "It is easy to see," says one writer, "that he is fond of water and boats, that all the aspects of shore life and fishing villages have a fascination for him, that he is none the less impressed by the barren wastes of moorland, and the sullen terror of lonely cliffs, that the weirdness and mystery of nature take strong hold of his imagination, but his real power lies in the rendering of sun-glinted waters, over which freshening breezes speed, of luminous expanses of tranquil lake and sky, soft shadows of evening, that hang over town and river, of boats drifting lazily with the stream, or tugging at their anchors while their sails flap in the wind." He has done other things, too, notably forest scenes and glimpses of the cathedral architecture of his Dutch cities. But these views of sea and shore remain the characteristic exuression of his genius.

"After Storm van's Gravesande," writes Zilcken, "comes a generation of etchers, who first achieved prominence after 1880. We find these artists mentioned as exhibitors at the Paris "Exposition Universelle" of 1889. They include Miss Barbara van Houten, William Witsen, and myself. Miss van

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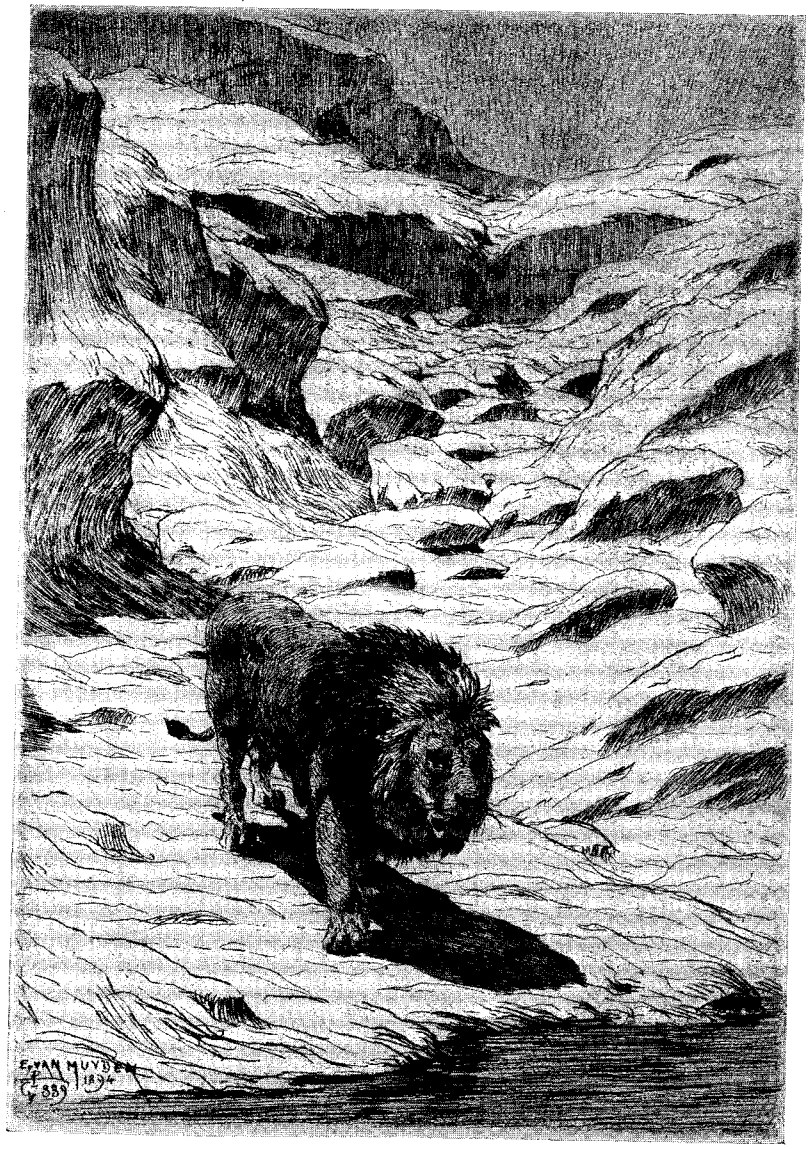
Houten commenced her career mostly with reproductive work. She interpreted freely the masterpieces of Millet, Daubigny, Jules Dupré, and others. At the same time she often etched plates of still-life and figure-subjects, all direct from nature, treating them in a very individual and robust style. She succeeded in expressing extreme delicacy of touch and texture with lines strongly bitten."

Zilcken has himself done reproductive as well as original work, and one of the features of the representative collection of his prints in the New York Public Library is a series of plates very delicately etched after paintings by Corot.



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

LION DESCENDING THE ROCKS. BY EVERT VAN MUYDEN

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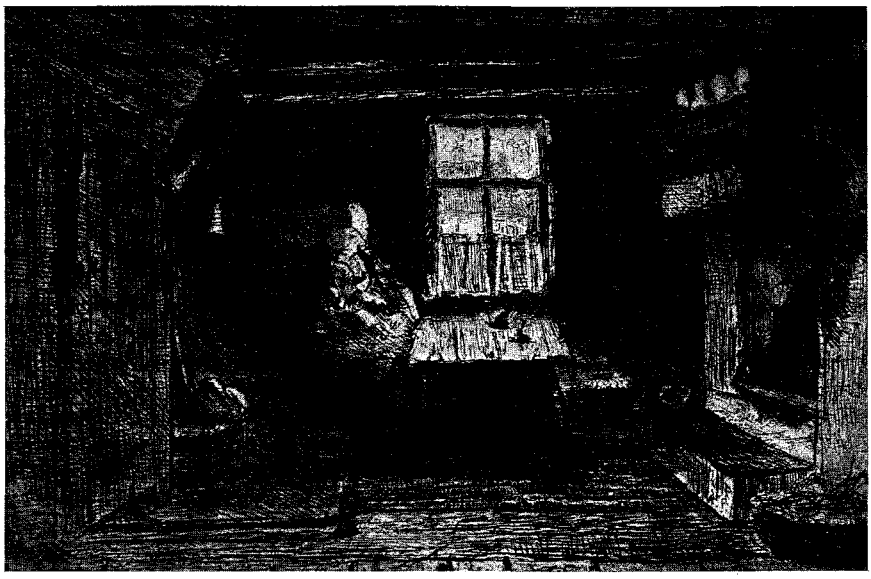
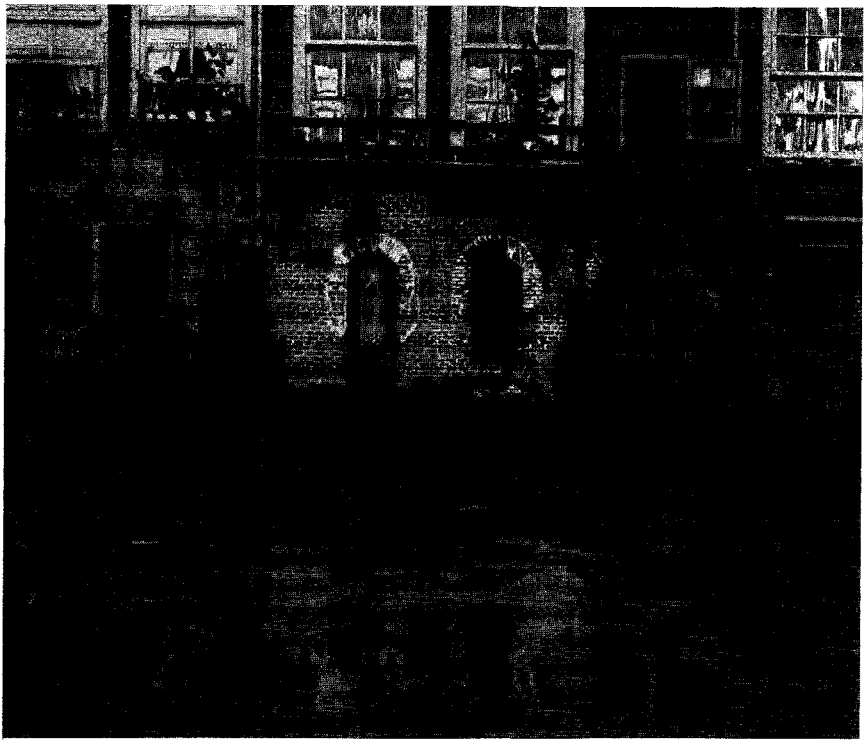


Courtesy of George Busse

THE SLEEPING CHILD. BY JOSEF ISRAELS



Courtesy of George Busse

DORDRECHT. BY WILLIAM WITSEN

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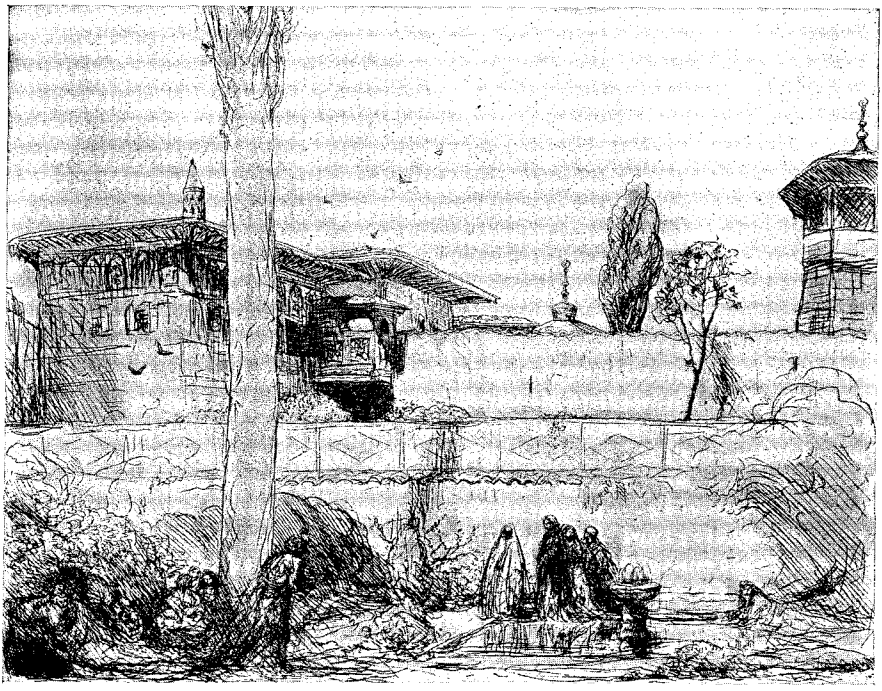
As for Witsen, he is chiefly notable for his studies of Dutch towns, of which a typical example is reproduced. It will be seen that he achieves his effect largely by the inking of his plate, a method that was much employed by Whistler at one period (as in the celebrated "Nocturnes"), and that enables the artist to secure a high degree of painting quality in impressions from his plates. It represents, however, a long step away from the orthodox practice of the art, and one is not surprised to learn that "of late years he (Witsen) has executed many aqua-tints and sulphur-tints, and has done very little in pure line-etching."

More important as well as considerably earlier than these artists, were three men in whom the prestige of Dutch painting mainly centred in the second half of the nineteenth century; Israëls, Mauve, and Maris. Although by no means adepts in an art of which they made merely a subsidiary use as a medium for studies, their etched work has all the value that work of any sort has when, however crude in execution, or even mistaken in principle, it expresses the sincere and serious vision of men who have something individual to say. Thus Israël's etchings, while they are little more than attempts to suggest the values, or the general scheme, of a composition, manage to absorb no small amount of that profoundly spiritual sentiment with which he surrounded the domestic aspects of lowly Dutch life, and, in particular, irradiated the relation between mother and child in the dark and dingy cottage interior. Mauve's extraordinary refinements of colour vision and of feeling for atmospheric effect, leave him less outlet for characteristic expression in a black and white medium, though the part which skilful draughtsmanship plays in even his most vaporous canvases becomes strikingly apparent when these are reduced to the skeleton of their elemental construction in his etchings.

Another etcher whom Zilcken omits,



Courtesy of Kennedy and Company

BACHI HAREM. BY J. A. MARIUS BAUER

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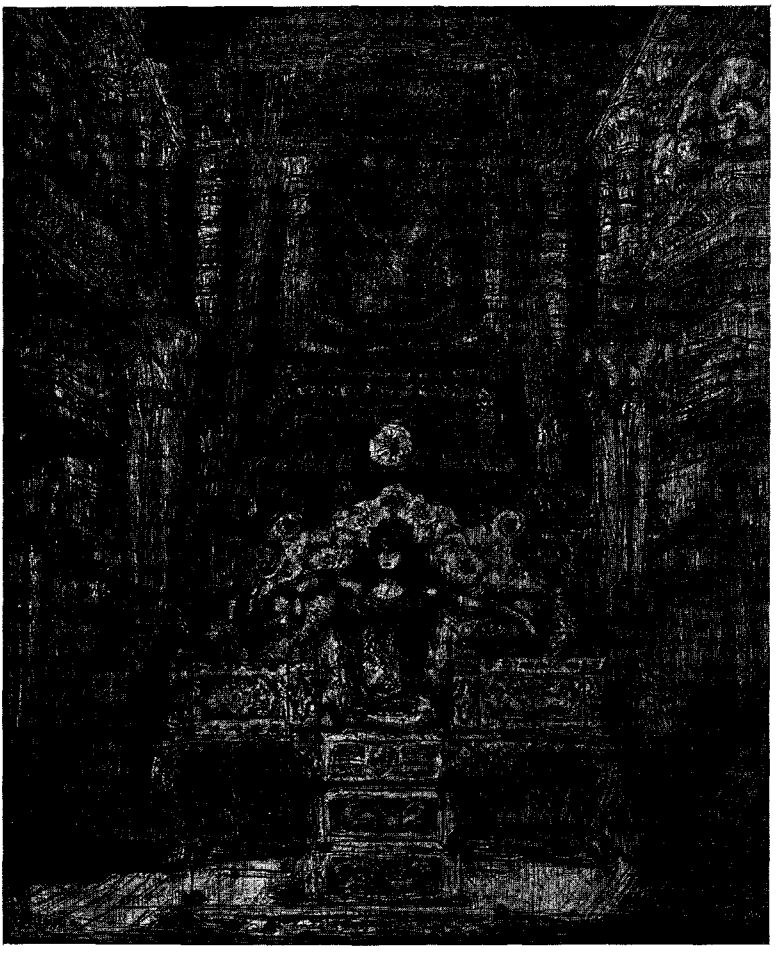
but who has achieved considerable reputation abroad, if not in his own country, is Evert van Muyden. The French critic, Octave Uzanne, has written appreciatively of this artist's impressions of travel off the beaten track, and of his studies of animals—particularly the wild animals, tigers and lions, of the jungle and the desert—which are well known to American collectors. Nor do we find any notice of Roggen, like Witsen, an etcher of the architecture of Dutch cities. On the other hand, Zilcken includes one artist, Anton Derkzen van Angeren, whose work somewhat suggesting that of Gravesande, has, so far as we know, never been seen in this country, but who is said to be regarded in Holland as one of the most accomplished of modern etchers. Certainly the reproductions of his prints that we have seen indicate a high degree of talent and charm.

III

Beyond question, however, the most interesting Dutch etcher of to-day is Marius A. J. Bauer, an artist the realis-



Courtesy of Kennedy and Company

ON THE THRONE. ONE OF THE SERIES OF ILLUSTRATIONS FOR VILLIERS DE L'ISLE-ADAM'S SYMBOLIC STORY, AKËDYSSÉRIL, BY J. A. MARIUS BAUER

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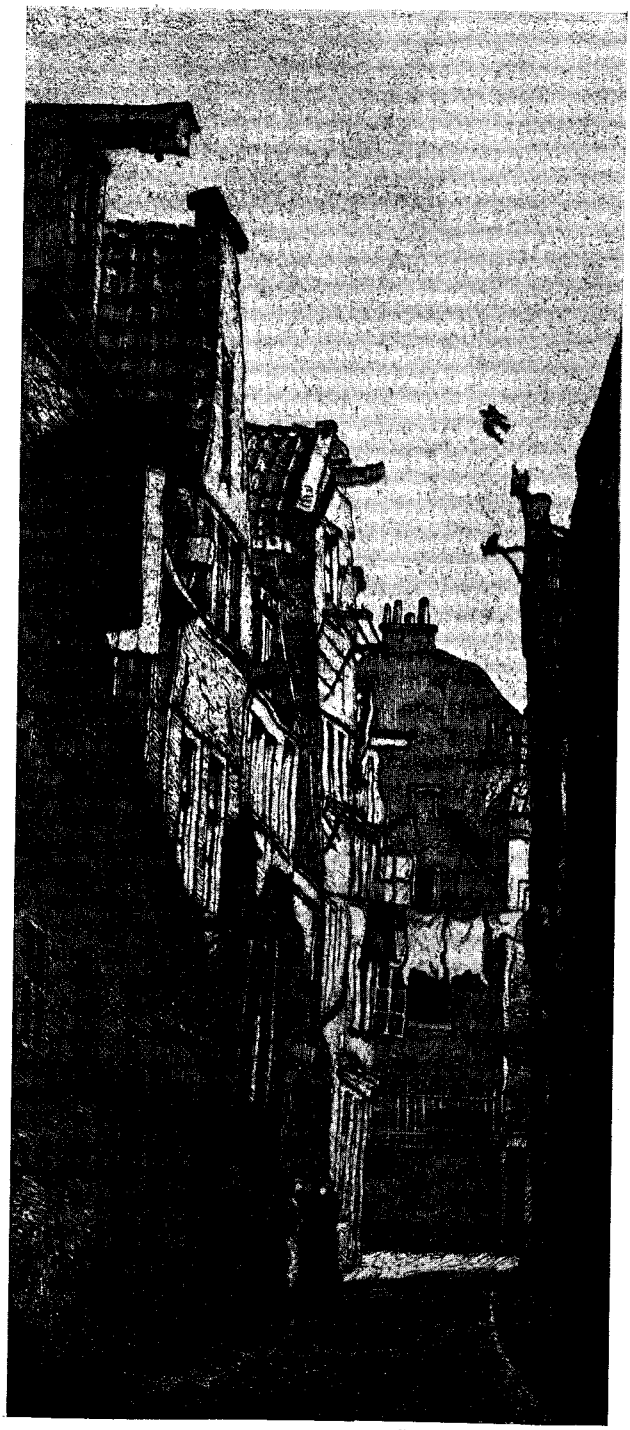

Courtesy of George Busse

A STREET IN AMSTERDAM. BY J. M. GRADH VAN ROGGEN

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tic force of whose imaginative vision, no less than the character of that vision itself and the technical terms through which it is interpreted, often reminds us strongly of his master, Rembrandt. Of course, Bauer's realism, in clothing his evocations of the religious spirit of the East, takes quite another form from that found in the scriptural representations of Rembrandt. The modern artist is attracted to the Orient by considerations of "local colour" and truth of ethnic detail, that were unknown to the seventeenth century. But unlike so many other "local colourists," whose travels tend to stultify their imagination rather than to augment it, Bauer is by no means merely the slave of his visual perceptions. He once wrote: "To enjoy rightly Constantinople, one must have some imagination and think what this place was like two centuries ago." "So," adds Zilcken, "he sees Turkey, Egypt, India, and Tunis, making each subject a reconstruction of former glory."

Nor is there anything cold, archæological and abstract in these reconstructions. They are, as we have called them, evocations, rather. The past in them is wrought out of a profound passion for the present, and is suffused with a glamorous sense of its magic and mystery. And yet, behind the purely sensuous appeal of brilliant light, glowing colour, strange architectural effect in mosque and minaret, and the turbaned hordes of Islam and India, we feel an intellectual and emotional preoccupation with the spiritual forces that produced these alien and, in some respects, monstrous, civilisations of the East. As Sir Frederick Wedmore says rightly, it is "the faiths of Egypt and India, the hold of Mahomedanism or Brahminism on these Eastern peoples, and the people's daily lives, and, in India especially, their constant concern with great religious spectacle and service—with the sense of pageantry, the sense of awe," that are really the material of Bauer's plates.

His attitude toward this material is more external and objective than is Rembrandt's toward Christianity. It is the believer rather than the belief itself in which he is principally interested. But otherwise their mood of drama and essential mystery is much the same. It was a mere accident due to circumstances that Rembrandt's expression was cast in a Christian mould. Yet it was a distinct advantage for him, artistically, to have a single, concentrated, and familiar material for his imagination to work upon. There is danger of diffiusion and some sign of spiritual strain in Bauer's attempt to identify himself emotionally with each of the religions of the Orient in turn. And just as into the poetry of Southey and of Leconte de Lisle, so also for the same reason into his pictures, there enters a certain element of mechanism and melodrama, where too much of the pictorial effect is made to depend upon the mere physical accessories of ritual and worship.

Hence his inspiration tends to express itself upon a rather lower—that is, illustrative, or historical—level than is demanded by really great art. Indeed, many of Bauer's etchings are frankly conceived as illustrations. We reproduce one of a series he has made for *Akëdysséril,* that singular tale which Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, the troubled genius who claimed to be hereditary Grand Master of the Knights Templar, and who introduced so many exotic and esoteric elements into modern French thought and art, wrought out of the legends of Hindoo literature.

Akëdysséril is the daughter of the herdsman Gwalior. Finding her one day beside a spring, Sinjab, son of Seur the Clement, who rules over the immense country of Habad, marries her and makes her his queen. Then Sinjab dies, and Akëdysséril is left to reign alone as regent for his younger brother, Sedjnour. But she is ambitious, and, fearful of the caprices of a new prince, she has him seized and imprisoned in a vast palace on the shore of the Ganges, while his fiancée is placed in another palace on the opposite shore. Then she leaves her capital to wage war with the neighbouring princes of Nepal, whom she conquers.

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On her return to Benares she finds that a rival faction has been formed in favour of the young prince, and to assure her throne, she is advised by her viziers to have the royal children put to death. But she has visited them; and having heard their love for each other, the tender-hearted usurper, still warm with the memories of her own romantic wooing, cannot bring herself to the point of ordaining so cruel a deed. Finally, however, she goes to the priest of Siva, whose temple, scene of human sacrifices, is situated at the end of a long avenue of shuddering shade. She tells him of the ecstasy of her nuptial kiss, which she scarcely thought to survive, and asks him whether, with the aid of the god, some way might not be found whereby the children should expire of a love so intense, so thrilling, so far beyond any previous experience of mortals, that this death should seem to them more desirable than life itself.

The priest answers that this may be done, and Akëdysséril goes away to another war, consoled in advance "by the beauty of her crime." But even while on the route, she learns through her spies and emissaries, that the priest has taken quite another means to rid her of the children—a way so harsh and so bitter that, hurrying home at the conclusion of the campaign, she seeks once more the temple of Siva, and there, standing before the colossal statue of the god, denounces to him the perfidy of his priest. Instead of heightening in these two children the bliss of love until their souls left their bodies on the wings of endless ecstasy and desire, she tells Siva that he so depressed them in their solitude with insidious words of despair, hints of sorrow and separation, that both, at the same moment, threw themselves into the waters of the Ganges and were drowned. She calls on Siva for justice, and ends her long declamation by turning to the priest who stands silent at the altar, with the menace that, if her prayer is not answered immediately, she will bring her warriors into the temple and bid them destroy it.

The priest smiles at this threat. Then he reminds Akëdysséril that she had survived not only the bliss of her lover's embraces, but the very death of that lover himself. It is not through any such disturbance and exaltation of the senses, therefore, that love achieves the power to destroy life. No, "it is only in nights of despair, nights dark and full of desolation, stirred by fitful breezes inspiring thoughts of death . . . that Love can enter freely into hearts and thoughts and senses to the point of dissolving them in a single and mortal commotion." This is why, he says, "I accumulated so much darkness in the being of these two infants." Then, as Akëdysséril is about to smite him with her scimitar, the great veil of the altar of Siva is drawn aside, and on a bed of black marble are seen the children lying side by side and incarnating the "dream of a delight accessible only to immortal hearts."

Of course, the metaphysical and sublime essence of such a symbolic work of art must necessarily escape the graphic artist in any medium (as it has escaped in this brief summary of a story where the language is all, or nearly all). But what the illustrator can give in richness of decorative spacing and texture and in force of imaginative suggestion, Bauer has given in these plates, which constitute one of the notable illustrative achievements of our time. They are so recognised. For certainly this artist has suffered from no lack of appreciation either at home or abroad. Since the Paris Exhibition of 1900, Zilcken tells us, he has won the highest awards at most of the international exhibitions. Here in America alone his work remains for the most part unrecognised, and it was by the merest good luck that we secured the accompanying illustrations, which are doubtless the first examples of Bauer's art to appear in any American magazine.

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THE LITERARY BAEDEKER

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

PART I—LONDON AND RURAL ENGLAND

IN no spirit of hostile criticism, and with a full sense of appreciation, it may be said that the red-bound books which have made the name of Herr Karl Baedeker a world-wide institution might, for the benefit of the traveller with literary tastes, be improved by considerable annotation. For example, you have crossed the Atlantic by one of the lines which make Plymouth the first port of call. A tender deposits you and your luggage on the dock, and after the most superficial of custom-house examinations, you take your seat in the carriage for the seven-hour railway journey to London. At a certain point in that journey you take out the particular red-bound book devoted to Great Britain, and thence derive a vast amount of more or less useful information. You learn that near by are the ruins of a fine abbey church of the twelfth century; that one mile from the junction is a new town, a creation of the Great Western Railway, with engineering works occupying an area of two hundred acres, and employing twelve thousand workmen, and that a town of 5,074 inhabitants, a few miles farther on, is well known for its corn and cheese markets, and possesses manufactures of cloth, churns and condensed milk.

Now it happens that in one of Rudyard Kipling's earlier stories, "My Sunday at Home," there was emphasised the very scene to which allusion is made in the above quotation from Baedeker. An American physician is making the journey. He is essentially a practical man, and yet it is neither the cheese market nor the churn manufactory that stirs his interest. "So this is the Tess country," he says. "And over there, somewhere to the north, is Stonehenge, where she died. I don't wonder that people write novels about a place like this." So on the journey from Plymouth to London it is worth while to take along as companion the spirit of the American physician of "My Sunday at Home." He will point out on the way much that is not to be found in the conventional guide-book. Devon to him will be the land of Mr. Eden Phillpotts, and if he has a taste for lighter fiction he will peer out the window over the Tors for a glimpse of Conan Doyle's spectral Hound of the Baskervilles. Miles to the left and north, he will tell you, lies the Doone Valley, the scenes of the struggles between John Ridd and the sinister Carver. The fact that Bath lies in a certain direction will remind him of the wanderings of Henry Fielding's Tom Jones, and perhaps prompt him to inquire whether you are addicted to light fiction, and if so do you happen to have read *Monsieur Beaucaire*. Finally, as he takes leave of you as the train comes to a stop in Paddington Station, London, he may flippantly remark that it was from this very station that Sherlock Holmes and Watson started to make their investigations of the mysterious disappearance of the favourite for the Wessex Cup as narrated in the story of the "Silver Blaze."

Now Mr. Kipling's American physician will be content merely to outline, and the writer of these pages will go little farther. To treat with any degree of adequacy of the England of the English novelists would require not one magazine article nor a series, but twenty heavy volumes. There are at least a dozen books dealing with the subject of Charles Dickens and the scenes of his romances. Mr. Lewis Melville and Mr.

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J. M. BARRIE'S COUNTRY. "AULD LICHT IDYLLS"

William H. Rideing have both written about the London and the rural England of Thackeray. Similar works have been devoted to Sir Walter Scott's, George Eliot's, and Thomas Hardy's novels, and the late William Sharp left behid him a sturdy volume, entitled *Literary Geography*, which dealt with the country of George Meredith, the country of Stevenson, Dickens-land, Scott-land, the country of George Eliot, Thackeray-land, the Brontë country, Aylwin-land, the Carlyle country, the literary geography of the English lakes, the literary geography of the Thames, and the literary geography of the Lake of Geneva. Supplement this with the England of the later novelists, of Maurice Hewlett, Anthony Hope, Arnold Bennett, Conan Doyle, George du Maurier, Robert Hichens, J. M. Barrie, and twenty or thirty more, and the amount of material at hand is obviously immense.

In his chapter on Stevenson, William Sharp made the natural but singularly inaccurate remark that "the literary geography of Rudyard Kipling would be everywhere save where that distinguished writer's forebears dwelt." At first glance Kipling's domain would seem to be India, the East in general and the Seven Seas. In thinking of his men and women we build mental pictures of the Road to Mandalay, of a remote corner in Afganistan penetrated by the Man Who Would Be King, of the Simla of the Gadsbys. From India we travel with him to streakéd waters of the Borneo Archipelago, to South Atlantic Seas, where strange eruptions bring to the surface sub-marine monsters, "blind, white, and smelling of musk," to South Africa, to the South American forests, where the naturalist discovered the German flag and died of the discovery, to boom towns in Colorado and quiet villages in Vermont. So much has his range been world-wide that at first sight we are inclined to agree with Mr. Sharp's statement. But second thought reveals a Kipling's England, which might be made into a magazine article of very respectable proportions.

To begin with, *The Light that Failed* is compact of London. We might follow the trail of Dick Helder, point out that in this square he met Maisie, that in that corner of Fleet Street was the illustrated newspaper office for which he drew war pictures, that here was the lodging house in which he shared rooms with Torpenhow, the rooms where he went blind, where Bessie Broke mutilated the great picture, and where the war correspondents gathered to talk of "trouble in the Balkans" and to sing the "Battle Hymn

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~Where BABBIE *met the* SOLDIERS~

J. M. BARRIE'S COUNTRY. "THE LITTLE MINISTER"

of the Republic." In the story of "The Redemption of Bedalia Herodsfoot" there is much mention of a certain Gunnisson Street, fascinating by reason of its very squalour and degradation. It was naturally in the East End not far from the docks. The present writer confesses that some months ago he spent a morning in quest of that thoroughfare, but could not find it by that name. But whatever it may be called the Gunnisson Street of Bedalia's heroism and death is as vital as, let us say, the Bleeding Heart Yard of *Little Dorrit*. Also before condemning Kipling's London as non-existent, think of the peregrinations of the unfortunate companion of Brugglesmith from the moment when he slips over the side of the ship in the Thames until he finally rids himself of the society of his terrible old man of the sea. Following Kipling into rural England, there is the watering place of the opening chapters of *The Light that Failed,* the watering place of "Baa Baa Black Sheep," the scenes of "An Habitation Enforced," and rising somewhere above the Yorkshire moors, Greenhow Hill, where Lleroyd buried forever his first youth and took the "Widow's" uniform upon his shoulders. Nor can one overlook Holt Hangars, the residence of the American millionaire Wilton Sargent, who had almost become an Englishman when, over the question of a scarab, he made the mistake of flagging the Induna. If you would find Holt Hangars, all that is necessary is to find the line of the Great Buchonian Railway, for it is very definitely stated that Holt Hangars was just forty miles from London on that line. No, the man who was once the Man from Nowhere can never be regarded as quite the Man Without a Country.

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There is a little-known letter of his, written to a motoring friend, in which he confided that the chief end of his car was the discovery of England.

To me it is a land of stupefying marvels and mysteries; and a day in the car in an English county is a day in some fairy museum where all the exhibits are alive and real and yet none the less delightfully mixed up with books. For instance, in six hours, I

JOHN BUNYAN'S COUNTRY. THE INSPIRATION OF BEELZEBUB'S CASTLE

can go from the land of the *Ingoldsby Legends* by way of the Norman Conquest and the Baron's War into Richard Jefferies's country, and so through the Regency, one of Arthur Young's less known tours, and *Celia's Arbour,* into Gilbert White's territory. On a morning I have seen the Assizes, javelin-men and all, come into a cathedral town; by noon I was skirting a new built convent for expelled French nuns; before sundown I was watching the Channel Fleet off Selsea Bill, and after dark I nearly broke a fox's back on a Roman road. You who were born and bred in the land naturally take such trifles for granted, but to me it is still miraculous that if I want petrol in a hurry I must either pass the place where Sir John Lade lived, or the garden where Jack Cade was killed. In Africa one has only to put the miles under and go on; but in England the dead, twelve coffin deep, clutch hold of my wheels at every turn, till I sometimes wonder that the very road does not bleed. *That* is the real joy of motoring—the exploration of this amazing England.

II

Where there is so much from which to select, and so little space for selection, perhaps it is wiser to take what is the more accessible and easiest to hand. There comes the memory of one discriminating reader who offered as his idea of the most dramatic of all situations in fiction the moment in *Ivanhoe* when the Disinherited Knight, riding down the lists, strikes the shield of the Templar with the sharp end of his lance, an amazingly unexpected challenge to mortal combat. It is easy enough for the imagination to reconstruct the gorgeous setting of Scott's novel, the mass of colour, the waving pennants, the warriors in shining armour, the bright eyes of the ladies, the richly attired courtiers around Prince John. But it would hardly be worth while to visit Ashby de la Zouche as it is to-day. Sherwood Forest is no more, and it would be hard to find a stone from the castle which Front-de-Bœuf, the Templar, Maurice de Bracy and their retainers were besieged by the Saxon yeoman under Cedric, Locksley, and the Black Knight. Take another of the great scenes of fiction, one, to the mind of the present writer, infinitely greater than that in *Ivanhoe,* the scene where Rachel Esmond tells the Duke of Hamilton, the betrothed of Beatrix, that Henry Esmond is his

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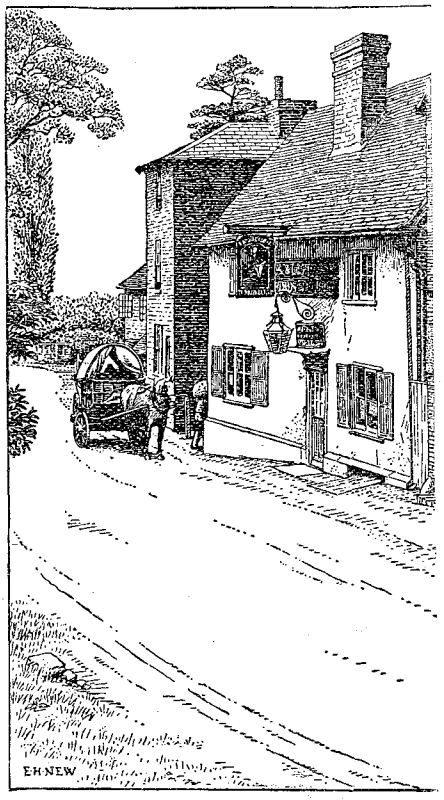
father's lawful son and true heir, Marquis of Esmond and Viscount of Castlewood. That scene took place in the town house of the Esmonds, which was in Kensington, and may be seen in an accompanying illustration, while if one finds it convenient to visit Clevedon Court, in Somersetshire, the beautiful original of Castlewood, one need only reconstruct mentally the earlier chapters of the history of Henry Esmond, or else those thrilling episodes near the end of the book when Henry and Frank, after finding the letter of Beatrix in the copy of the *Eikon Basileke,* ride down from London to rescue her from the Prince. Then there is a third scene, dear to the heart of the Thackerayan, which the American in London can find without going so far afield. In Curzon Street, just back of Park Lane, within a stone throw of Dorchester House, the residence of the late American Ambassador to the Court at St. James, there is a little narrow dark grey house which may be quickly identified. It was there that Mr. and Mrs. Rawdon Crawley lived on "nothing a year," and there that Rawdon, returning unexpectedly after his imprisonment in the sponging house, found Becky and Lord Steyne, and hurled that nobleman to the ground while the little adventuress looked on and admired her husband, "strong, brave, and victorious."

Unlike the London of Dickens, the London of Thackeray is not a London of quaint alleys and remote corners. Consciously or unconsciously the American seeing the city from the top of motor omnibuses in the course of a three days' stay will have passed dozens of structures associated with Thackeray's men and women. In Pall Mall are the ghosts of Arthur Pendennis and Sir Barnes Newcome. Travelling the Strand and Fleet Street from Trafalgar Square to St. Paul's you are in the footsteps of Arthur Pendennis and George Warrington, and a brief step aside at the Inns of Court would take you to Lamb Court—the Pump Court of the novel—where the two shared the lodging visited by the impressionable Fanny and sometime later by Colonel Thomas Newcome. If you happen to be staying in one of the new hotels in the vicinity of Russell Square you are in the heart of urban Thackeray-land. Over to the west of the square still stands the house of the Osbornes. A third of a mile away to west and north is Fitzroy Square, where is the hotel frequented by "Tom" Newcome and his Scotch friend James Binney. It was there, it will be remembered, that took



THE TRAIL OF MR. PICKWICK. THE LEATHER BOTTLE AT IPSWICH

place the famous dinner where the Colonel sang his last song and young Clive threw the wine in his cousin Barnes's face. A short walk from Russell Square to the east will take one to the Charter House, the "Slaughter House" of Pendennis's school-boy days, and the "Gray Friars" of the author's kindlier, later years, where the old Colonel said "Ad-

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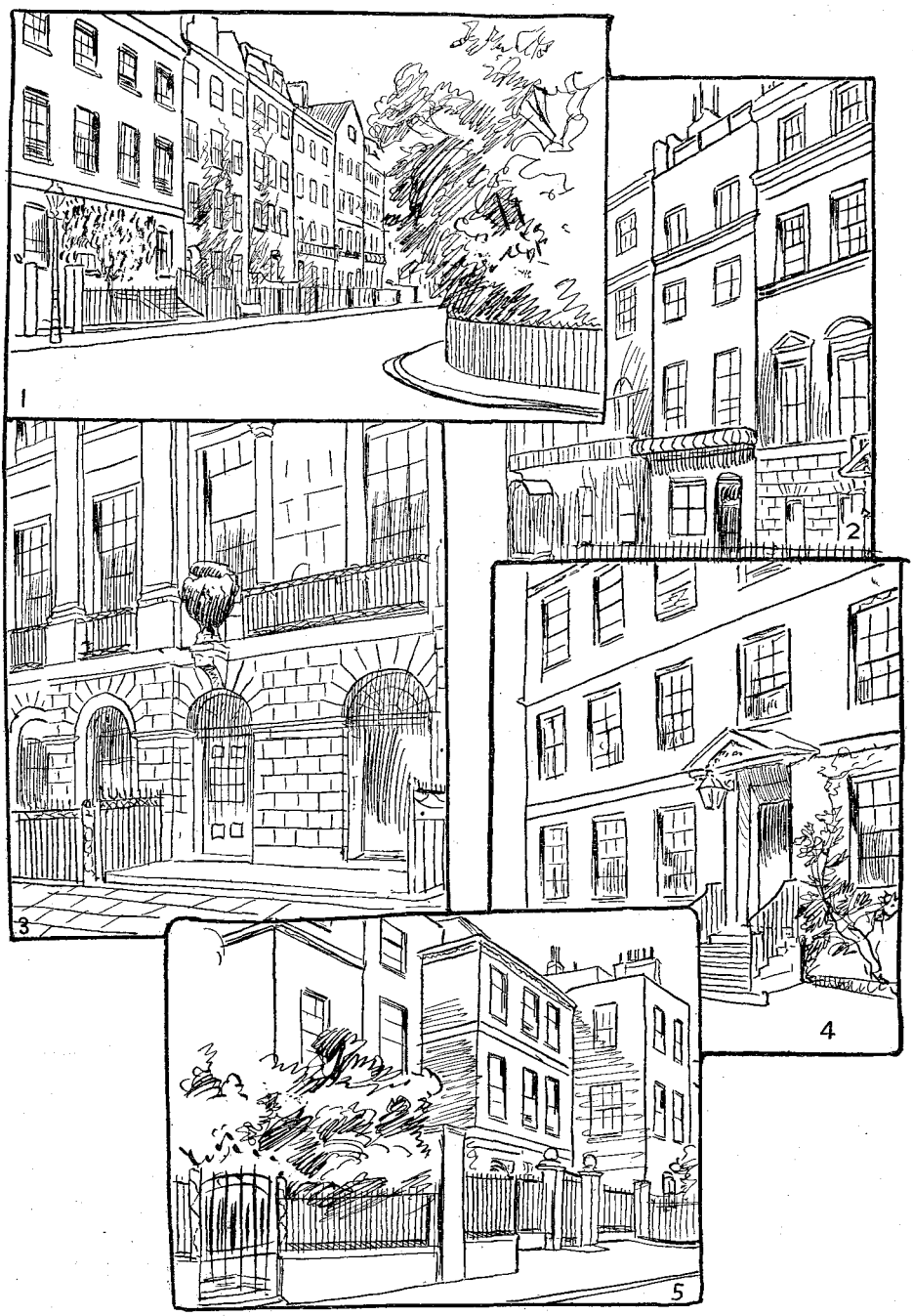

THACKERAY LAND. 1. KENSINGTON SQUARE, WHERE LADY CASTLEWOOD LIVED. 2. BECKY SHARP'S HOUSE IN CURZON STREET. 3. COLONEL NEWCOME'S HOTEL IN FITZROY SQUARE. 4. LAMB COURT, MIDDLE TEMPLE. THE CHAMBERS OF PENDENNIS AND WARRINGTON. 5. WALPOLE HOUSE, CHISWICK HALL, THE ORIGINAL OF MISS PINKERTON'S ACADEMY

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sum" when his name was called, and stood in the presence of his Master.

It is a far cry from the early eighteenth century to the music halls of Leicester Square by night. But it was of a night and not many yards away from where the glittering lights of the Empire and the Alhambra, that took place the famous duel in which Francis Esmond met his death by the sword of the ill-omened Mohun. All about this familiar theatre centre of London are ghosts of other authors than Thackeray and other characters than Thackeray's. The present writer finds it hard to look at one of the quaint continental restaurants of the Soho section without conjuring up mentally that dinner given by George du Maurier's Little Billee to Taffy and the Laird, in memory of the old Paris days in the studio in the Place St. Anatole des Arts. *Trilby* is remembered almost exclusively as a story of Paris; yet very nearly half of the scenes

THE HEART OF ENGLISH CLUBLAND. HERE THE PILGRIM MAY CONJURE UP THE GHOST OF MAJOR ARTHUR PENDENNIS BOWING TO A DUKE

Thackerayan associations. You note Bury Street, and remember that Major Pendennis once had lodgings there. You stumble on a little narrow thoroughfare called Air Street, and recall that one of these ill-lighted doorways opened into the gambling hell to which the Vicomte de Florac used to run for diversion at such times as he had money in his pocket. You turn off slightly in another direction into the purlieus of Soho and you are still on the trail of the amiable French gentleman. But all about here are the of the book are laid on the other side of the channel. Reverting to the Thackeray trail—but it would take too long. All over rural England, Scotland and Ireland are scattered Thackerayan backgrounds, and William Sharp contended that it would be rash indeed to assert of almost any fairly well-known place that it is unmentioned in Thackeray's writings. Some years ago, in an article about Thackeray's wide range, a writer said that Florence was perhaps the only English frequented town, and Rome the only

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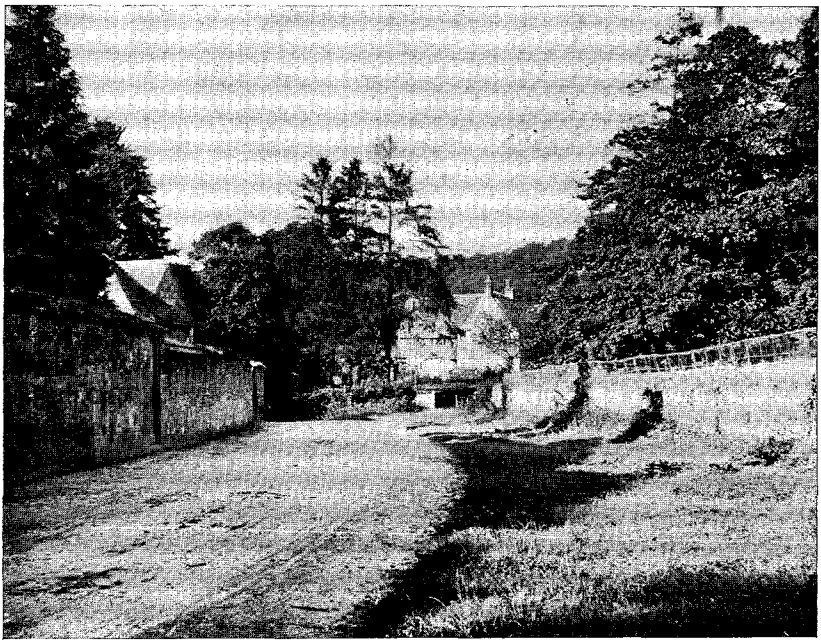

"SO THIS IS THE TESS COUNTRY? I DON'T WONDER PEOPLE WRITE NOVELS." KIPLING'S "MY SUNDAY AT HOME"

capitol, with which Thackeray had no literary dealings in his fiction—evidently oblivious, for one thing, of a certain famous heroine who in Florence kept house for a while with the unattached Madame de Cruchecassée or, at a later date, as Madame de Rawdon, met at the Polonia Ball in Rome, and for the last time, George Gaunt, Marquis of Steyne.

If mention of the trail of Thackeray is so difficult to abridge, what of the London and England of his great contemporary? For one odd corner definitely associated with the author of *Vanity Fair,* there are probably a dozen linked with the name of the author of *David Copperfield.* Yet the very quaintness which Dickens sought in his backgrounds made them in many cases necessarily ephemeral. Most of his slums have either vanished or have been transformed beyond recognition. Oliver Twist, coming to London in company with the Artful Dodger, was taken to Fagan's den hard by Saffron Hill. All that sinister part of the London underworld was swept away years ago in the building of the Holborn Viaduct. Later chapters in the story tell of the pursuit of Bill Sykes and his death in a corner of London on the south bank of the Thames, known as Jacob's Island. When the present writer first went to hunt for Jacob's Island some fourteen years ago it had become a neighbourhood of conventional and utterly unromantic warehouses. There is to be found to-day in London a blind alley bearing the name of Bleeding Heart Yard, but it is difficult to recognise it as the place dominated by the Patriarch of *Little Dorrit.* Again following the *Little Dorrit* trail, it is the easiest matter in the world to stroll over London Bridge, down the Borough High Street, and find St. George's Church. But of the famous Marshalsea Prison, which used to be just behind it, and which was the scene of so much that was vital in the tale, hardly a stone remains. Even the much tableted Old Curiosity Shop, just off Lincoln's Inn Field, has probably now disappeared

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STONEHENGE, WHERE TESS WAS FOUND BY THE OFFICERS OF THE LAW

before the new wide thoroughfare that is being opened up northward from the Strand.

But if much of Dickens land has disappeared, much of it has remained. Walk round Lincoln's Inn Fields until you are facing number 58, which was the home of John Forster, and you will see the abode of Lawyer Tulkinghorn, of *Bleak House,* and the windows behind which he met violent death. Adjacent to Lamb's Court in the Temple, the Pump Court of Pendennis and Warrington, is Fountain Court, associated with Tom Pinch and Ruth of *Martin Chuzzlewit.* There is a legend of a Dickens enthusiast who yearly repeats the Pickwickian pilgrimage. He drives in a four-wheeler (as did Mr. Pickwick) from Coswell Street; he has an argument with the cabman on arrival at the Golden Cross Hotel on the Strand, which is too conspicuous to be missed by the most unobserving of travellers, and though he cannot now travel by coach from that hostelry, he continues his journey by local trains from Charing Cross. Those local trains enable the literary pilgrim to follow not only the trail of Mr. Pickwick but also the trails of numberless other Dickens characters. He can go to the northeast through scenes associated with *Oliver Twist, A Tale of Two Cities,* and *Bleak House,* finally reaching the Yarmouth of *David Copperfield;* to the north, to Yorkshire, in quest of the Dotheboys Hall of *Nicholas Nickleby;* to the northwest into Warwickshire for the country of *Dombey and Son;* to the southwest, toward Salisbury, for the scenes of *Martin Chuzzlewit;* or to the south, over the Downs, to Portsmouth—the road traversed by Nicholas Nickleby and Smike on their journey from London to where fate and the Crummles family awaited them.

III

As has been said, many books and magazine articles without number have been devoted to the London and rural

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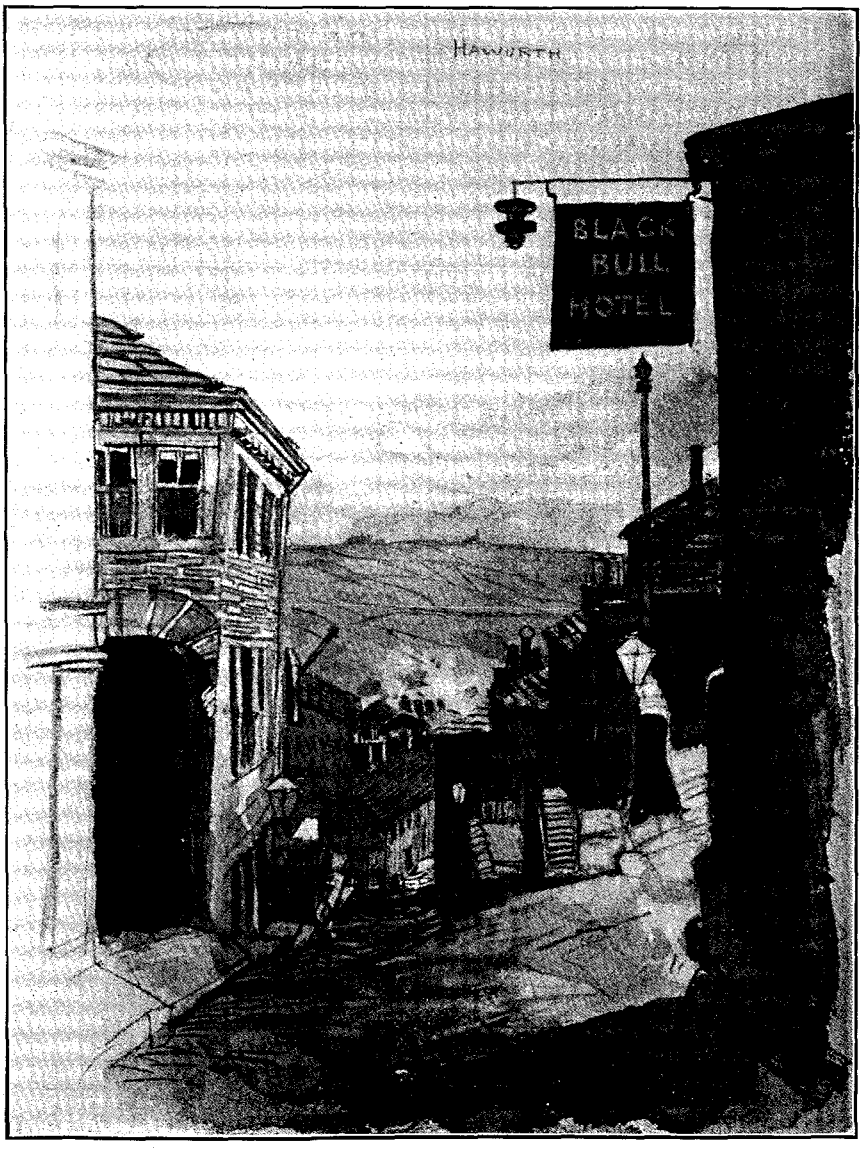
England of the older writers, but so far very little seems to have been written about the scenes of the novelists of our own time. For example, there have been chapters about the Stevenson country which have dealt with the Scottish lowlands, the west highlands, with Flanders and the Dutch Netherlands, with Fontainebleau and the Cevennes, with the Adirondacks, San Francisco, and the South Sea Islands. But has any one ever thought it worth while to ferret out the London scenes of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde? The present writer has that book before him at the moment. In skimming over its pages he notes that the house of Dr. Lanyon was in Cavendish Square, that Mr. Hyde, offering his ad-



IN THE BRONTÉ COUNTRY

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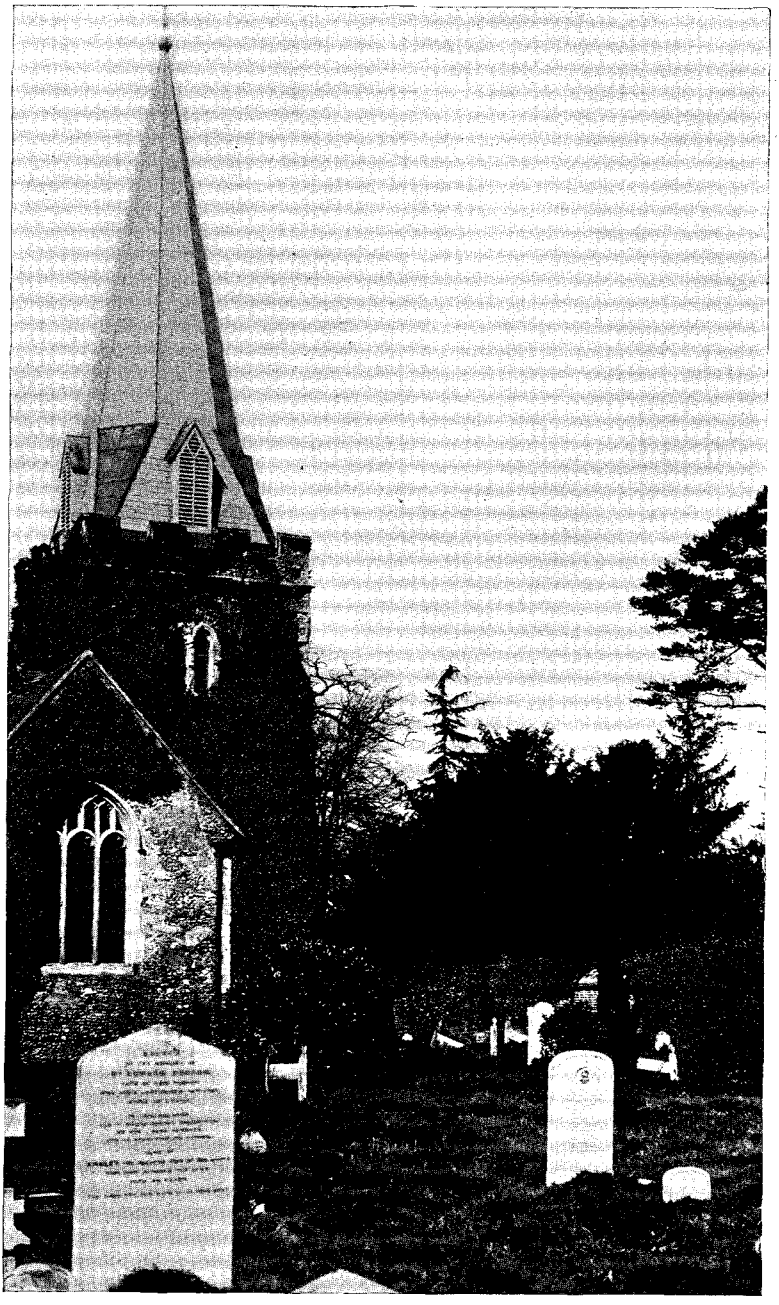

THE CHURCHYARD OF GREY'S ELEGY

"The pride of chivalry, the pomp of power
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

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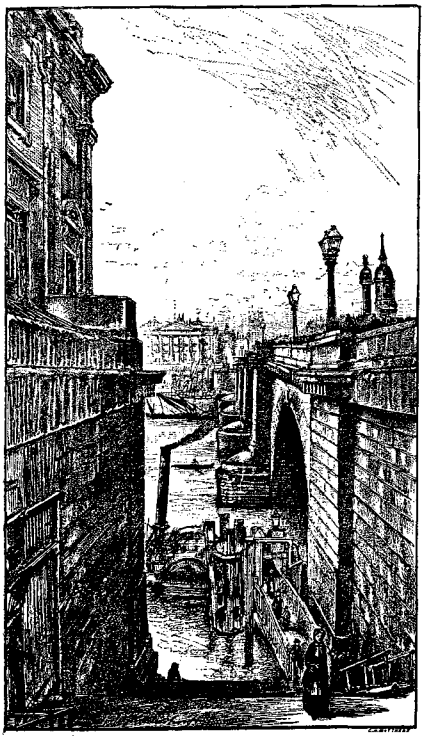

THE STAIRS OF LONDON BRIDGE. "OLIVER TWIST"

dress to Mr. Utterson, gave a number of a street in Soho which might be identified by the later information that it adjoined a gin palace, a French eating-house, and a shop for the retail of penny numbers and two-penny salads, that Harry Jekyll's home was the second house from the corner on a certain square which from the elaborate detail of description should not be hard to find, that the house from which the maid witnessed the murder of Sir Danvers Carew was close by the river. Perhaps none of these clues is particularly definite, but the literary pilgrim is a privileged character in the matter of latitude. The trail of *The New Arabian Nights* would be far more specific. Turn into Rupert Street, off Leicester Square, and if you find a tobacconist shop it was unquestionably the one kept by the delightful Prince Florizel of Bohemia, nor would it be hard to find the restaurant associated with the Young Man with the Cream Tarts, and the sinister structure with the long garden behind frequented by the members of the Suicide Club.

Far more trivial, and perhaps of no real importance whatever, would be a glance at the London associated with the exploits of Sherlock Holmes. Yet Holmes is unquestionably the most widely known character in all fiction, he has afforded entertainment to hundreds of thousands of readers, and his London is exceedingly rich in detail and easy to follow. The American traveller visiting Madame Tussaud's Wax Works in Upper Baker Street can afford to spare five minutes more to glance up at the windows of the rooms occupied jointly by Holmes and Dr. Watson. Only the number, 221, given in the stories, is somewhat misleading. In "The Adventure of the Red Headed League" the most minute directions are given as to the

"TO THE NORTH, TO YORKSHIRE, IN QUEST OF THE DOTHEBOYS HALL OF 'NICHOLAS NICKLEBY'"

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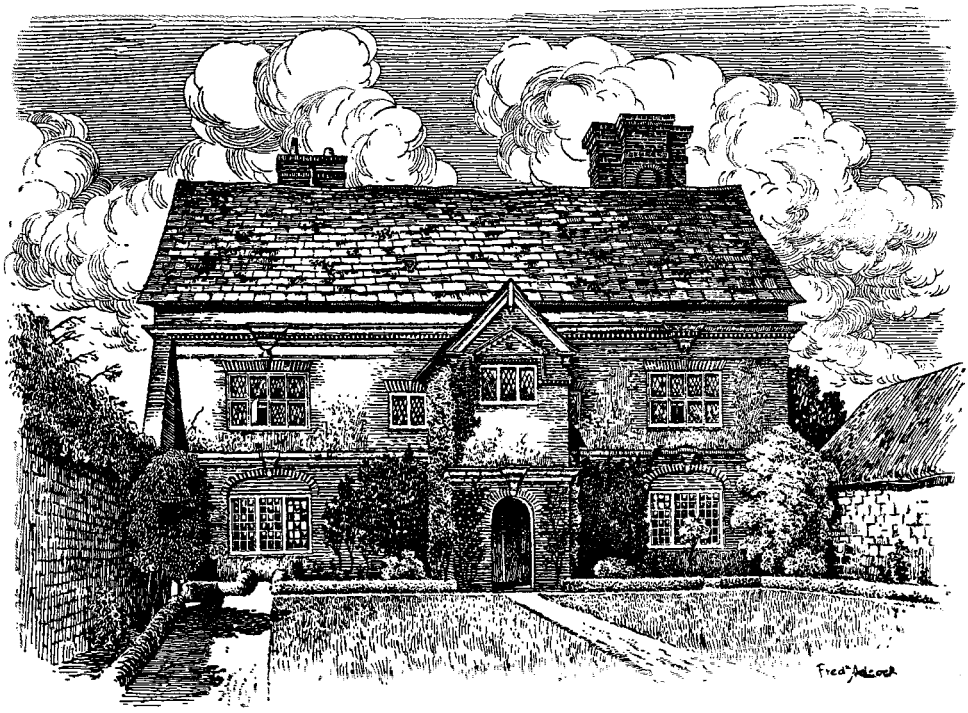
exact location of the pawnbroker's shop in Aldgate from the cellar of which the tunnel was run into the vaults of the adjacent bank. The opium joint which plays a part in "The Man With the Twisted Lip" was in Upper Swandom Lane, near the river. Near St. John's wood was Briony Lodge, the villa of Irene Adler, the heroine of "A Scandal in Bohemia," and the hurried nuptials of Irene and Godfrey Norton took place in the Church of St. Monica on the Edgeware Road. Any poulterer's shop in Covent Garden Market will do as the one to which Holmes traced the goose as told in "The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle." The Government offices in Downing Street were the scene of the theft of the document of international importance of "The Adventure of the Naval Treaty." From the deck of the little river boat running down the Thames you can picture the exciting chase which ended the strange narrative of *The Sign of Four;* and walking along Regent Street any hansom will serve the imagination as containing the mysterious man with a black beard who outwitted the pursuit of Sherlock Holmes.

No. 3 Lauriston Gardens, just off the Buxton Road, was the scene of the murder of Enoch Drebber in *A Study in Scarlet.* Lauriston Gardens may be invention or disguise, but the Buxton Road is decidedly material. Drebber was driven to the deserted house from the boarding-house of Madame Charpentier, which was in Torquay Terrace, Camberwell, and Joseph Stangerson met his death in Halliday's Private Hotel, in Little George Street.



GEORGE MEREDITH'S COUNTRY. THE FARM OF "DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS"

Of far finer calibre than the Sherlock Holmes stories is Doyle's *Rodney Stone,* which among the author's works is so far the best that there is no second. With all due appreciation of Maurice Hewlett's *The Stooping Lady, Rodney Stone,* to the mind of the present writer, is the

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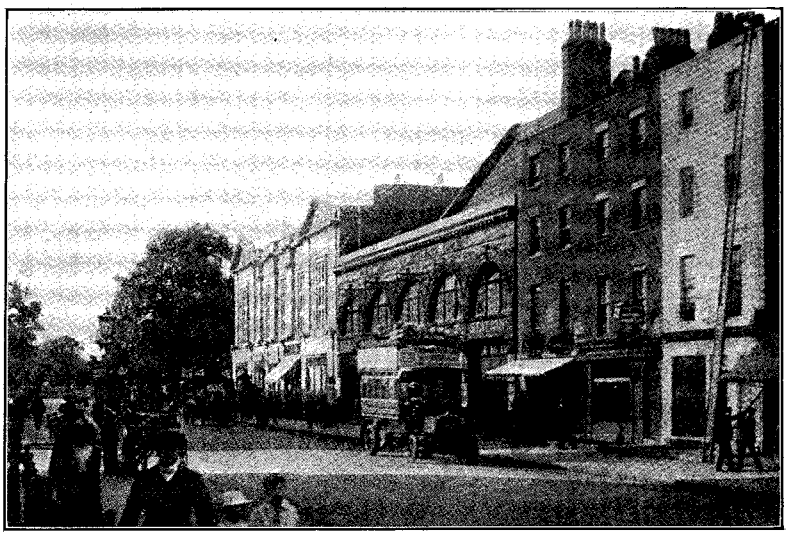
most spirited picture of Corinthian England that has yet been written. And it tells of a London that may be more readily followed than the London of many books dealing with later years. Look into the windows of White's, that famous club at the head of St. James Street, where the old betting book with its entries of eccentric wagers is still to be seen, and remember the verbal passage at arms between Rodney's uncle, the great Sir Charles Tregellis, and Beau Brummel, an encounter in which the exquisite of history did not come off best. Pause here and recall that at White's

veteran Jack Harrison kept the blacksmith shop, that "Boy Jim" grew to manhood, that the "Play Actress" found a new life and inspiration, and Lord Avon finally stood forth, cleared of the crime of which he had been so long guilty in the eyes of the world.

It is all a matter of individual taste. The literary trails of London and rural England are so many and so tangled. There is no hard and fast convention that forces the pilgrim to follow the paths of Dickens or Thackeray, Scott or George Eliot, Meredith or Charlotte Brontë. There is more novelty to be found in the



"THE AMERICAN TRAVELLER CAN AFFORD TO SPEND FIVE MINUTES TO GLANCE UP AT THE WINDOWS OF THE APARTMENT OCCUPIED BY DR. WATSON AND SHERLOCK HOLMES

took place the card game related by Mr. Egerton Castle in *The Pride of Jennico* that led to the murderous duel between Basil and the Chevalier de Ville Rouge. Reverting to *Rodney Stone,* you can follow the hero to his uncle's domicile, to the gatherings of the naval officers, to the home of Lord Nelson, and to the haunts of the men of the ring, and if you should happen to take the more or less conventional coaching journey from London to Brighton do not fail to give more than a brief glance at the little village of Friar's Oak, for it was there that the

footsteps of the lesser men and women of the story-spinning craft. Perhaps during the past year or two, it is the work of Mr. W. J. Locke, or of Mr. Leonard Merrick, or Mr. William de Morgan that has been of particular interest to you. It is not necessary to cross to the Continent for scenes associated with the Beloved Vagabond, a short walk from your hotel in Northumberland Avenue and a little imagination will find the quaint, delightful proprietory club, where he was first introduced to the reader. *Idols, The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne,*

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Septimus, Simon the Jester, all offer plenty of clues to the observant visitor with a taste for definite backgrounds. As for Leonard Merrick, well, Conrad Warriner stayed at the Carlton, haunted the doorstep of 42, his Great Titchfield Street, and invited ladies to take luncheon with him at the Café Anonyme in Soho. In *The Position of Peggy Harper,* Peggy and her friend Naomi Knight live in lodgings in Great Queen Street, over a little shop that described itself as "Dairy and Refreshment Rooms." Later migrations take the little actress to Liverpool Road, and when prosperity comes, to Keppel Street. In *The Actor Manager* Royce Oliphant first had rooms in Burton Crescent, then in Brunswick Square, and after his marriage with Blanche Ellerton, the young couple made their home in an apartment in Maddox Street, while there is a very distinct picture of the home of the Ellerton family near Earl's Court. Nor are these allusions to neighbourhoods and thoroughfares merely casual, for it is obvious that in most cases Mr. Merrick has had definite structures in mind. The reader who happens to have a preference for Anthony Hope may amuse himself by picking out the particular aristocratic house of *The Dolly Dialogues,* or the club from which Rudolph Rassendyl started on his journey to the kingdom of Ruritania; the pleasant banks of the upper Thames may take on an added interest to the man who conjures up memories of Mr. Jerome's amusing *Three Men in a Boat;* while the narrow, dark, little streets about the East India Docks and Wapping Old Stairs brighten when repeopled in imagination with the quaint sailormen of the tales of Mr. W. W. Jacobs. For what is true of the exalted in the world of invention—the Serene Highnesses and the Captains—is also true of the vassals and the privates in the ranks, that the heroes and heroines of fiction are living, while those of conventional history are not.

THE PLAYS OF YESTERYEAR

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

In the eleventh chapter of *Other Days,* by Mr. William Winter,—a wistfully pathetic volume in which the author eloquently recollects the high delight he used to take in going to the theatre half a century ago,—the following statements may be found: "It is undeniable that the condition of the American Stage, at present, is unsatisfactory to persons who possess judgment, knowledge, and taste. . . . The pendulum,—which is always swinging,—has swung backward. The character of the Theatre has deteriorated, and there has been a corresponding deterioration in the character of its followers. . . . The immediate point is that the present day happens to be a day of theatrical decline. There has not been a time in the history of the American Stage when the Theatre received so much attention as it receives now, from the Public and the Press, and there has not been a time when the quality of its average presentments so little deserved the respect of intellect and judicious taste. . . . The theatrical audience of this period is largely composed of vulgarians, who know nothing about art or literature and who care for nothing but the solace of their common tastes and animal appetites: on that point observation of the faces and manners of the multitude would satisfy any thoughtful observer. . . . The stage has 'fallen on evil days.' The pendulum may swing forward again, by and by, and the tide may rise again, but no indications are now visible that a change for the better is near at hand."

If these statements were true, no consideration in the world could tempt the present commentator to continue to criti-

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cise the current drama, month by month, in the pages of this magazine. He could not afford to waste his evenings in so degenerate a theatre, nor to waste his mind in the analysis of such insignificant material. But Mr. Winter's statements are not true. The truth of the matter is that there has never been another time within its century of history when the American Theatre has been patronised by so many "persons who possess judgment, knowledge, and taste," nor when so many new plays have been presented every year which "deserved the respect of intellect and judicious taste." The pendulum is swinging forward with a tidal chant; and the quality of our dramatic art and the judgment of our audiences have risen steadily for fifty years and now are rising more rapidly than heretofore.

Mr. Winter's disparagement of the contemporary theatre-going public is sufficiently disproved by the civic success of Mr. Richard Bennett's recent production of *Damaged Goods,* a translation by John Pollock of the famous work of Eugène Brieux entitled *Les Avariés.* This piece was not intended as an entertainment: it is a clinical disquisition upon one of the most terrible of civic sores by the greatest living Professor of Social Hygiene. The purpose and the method of the preachment may best be indicated by the following words, which were composed by the author to be spoken as a prologue at the first and only presentation of the piece in Paris in 1902:—"The object of this play is a study of the disease of syphilis in its bearing on marriage. It contains no scene to provoke scandal or arouse disgust, nor is there in it any obscene word; and it may be witnessed by every one, unless we must believe that folly and ignorance are necessary conditions of female virtue."

The interest of this work is wholly intellectual; and since it offers no allurement to the prurient, and no entertainment to the idle-minded, one might have supposed that it would have appealed only to a small and special audience. It was first presented at two private matinées, held under the auspices of the Sociological Fund of the *Medical Review of Reviews;* but in response to a general and undeniable demand it has since been offered to the public as a regular attraction at the Fulton Theatre. This house had had a disastrous season; for several weeks it had been dark; and a superstition had arisen that the public would not patronise a play that was offered on its stage. Yet *Damaged Goods* has run six weeks, attracting audiences that have tested the capacity of the theatre; and, except for the setting-in of summer, it might, apparently, have run for many months. In six weeks, over fifty thousand people have witnessed the production: over fifty thousand people have paid their money to listen to a lecture by the most earnest-minded dramatist of contemporary France.

This phenomenon seemed of sufficient importance to the present commentator to induce him to look in at the performance of *Les Avariés* on four or five occasions. Could it be possible, one wondered, that so eager an audience could be—in Mr. William Winter's words—"largely composed of vulgarians?" . . . On each occasion, the first hasty "observation of the faces and the manners of the multitude" was completely reassuring. The theatre housed no smutty-minded idlers. Such spectators as admire the half-dressed chorus of the Ziegfeld *Follies* were conspicuously absent. The auditorium was filled to the final row with people who looked like those who habitually furnish audiences for the great Free Lecture System of the Board of Education. They were earnestly eager to inform themselves of "the best that is known and thought in the world." Perhaps the majority of the auditors were men,—the sort of men who toil in Social Settlements to ameliorate the lot of their less lucky fellow-citizens; but it was, upon the whole, more interesting to observe the women in the audience. They were the sort of women who teach school, or work in other worthy ways to support the society that supports them.

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The type of woman who meekly allows herself to be kept by her father or her husband and offers the world no intellectual return for the energy that is expended to maintain her in a desuetude that is at best innocuous seemed scarcely to figure in the audience. Many of the women auditors were young; and it was gratifying to observe that they listened to the lecture of the great Brieux without a simper or a blush. They would have denied indignantly that "folly and ignorance are necessary conditions of female virtue"; and they went away informed of many important facts which otherwise might not have been brought to their attention.

Would Mr. William Winter venture to maintain that such an audience as this could possibly have been assembled, for six weeks running, in any theatre of New York half a century ago?

Mr. Winter's other contention, that "there has not been a time in the history of the American Stage when the quality of its average presentments so little deserved the respect of intellect and judicious taste," can, fortunately, be disproved with equal ease. In recent years it has become the custom of many managers to devote the spring season to the revival of old plays; and several of the pieces that have thus been resurrected have cured us of any sentimental sighing for "the good old days." How lucky, on the contrary, we are, to have escaped the era of *The Lady of Lyons* and to have been born in an age when such writers as Pinero and Maeterlinck, Hauptmann and Barrie, Shaw and Sudermann, Galsworthy and Brieux, are devoting their mental energies simultaneously to the traffic of the stage!

It is surely not unfair to Mr. Winter to take the recent adequate revival of Lester Wallack's *Rosedale* as a text for considering what he has assumed as a "deterioration" in "the character of the Theatre" in America. *Rosedale* was by far the most successful play that was presented in America in the decade of the eighteen-sixties, and there seems no reason to doubt that it was one of the best plays of that epoch. In its first season, 1863, it ran for one hundred and twenty-five performances, thereby setting a new record for American theatres; and it played, at the same time, to receipts that averaged $900 a performance,—a sum looked upon, in that period, as unprecedented and likely never to be surpassed. The piece was received with scarcely less acclaim when it was revived in 1865, 1868, 1871, and 1874. Surely it seems not unfair to accept this enormously successful work as a representative example of the dramaturgy of its period.

Yet how does *Rosedale* look to-day "to persons who possess judgment, knowledge, and taste"? It seems, in comparison with only our second-best contemporary efforts, a mass of childish nonsense. This impression is not owing to the fact that its dramaturgic method is old-fashioned. Old fashions may be good fashions, in the theatre as in life; and a modern audience does not find it difficult to accept the immeasurably more antiquated technical devices of Molière or Shakespeare or even Sophocles. This fact was proved this recent winter by the deep impression made upon artistic minds by the production of *The Yellow Jacket*,—a play that easily conveyed its delicious blend of poetry and humour by the uncustomary and naïve conventions of the Chinese stage. If *Rosedale* seems unsatisfactory to-day, it is not because of its soliloquies and its asides, its alternation of front and back scenes, its symmetrical balancing of character against character and mood against mood, or its dialogue of laboured and artificial prose. These were merely technical conventions in Lester Wallack's day; and a reasonable mind will always accept any convention of expression for the sake of receiving the thought to be expressed. The play seems silly to us now for a deeper and a more important reason. It is silly because it consciously and deliberately tells lies about life.

And here we set our finger on the difference between the best plays of fifty years ago and the best efforts of our

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drama of to-day. When Mr. Winter was a young man, people went to the theatre to be told lies about life: nowadays they go to the theatre to be told some serious and searching truth. This may seem an extreme statement; but it may be verified by anybody who will take the trouble to compare *The Lady of Lyons*—which is probably the best English play of the eighteen-thirties—with such a piece as Mr. Galsworthy's *The Pigeon*—which is only one of a dozen of the best English plays that have been written in the last few years.

The purpose of every artistic endeavour is to tell the truth; and no effort that is not actuated by this aim is worthy of the name of art. Half a century ago the drama, in the English language, had ceased to be an art; and it has resumed the responsibility and the dignity of art only in the last twenty years. In *Rosedale,* for example, no effort whatsoever was made to hold the mirror up to nature. The characters are false to life, the incidents are false to life, the plot is impossible, and the dialogue is lacking in any suggestion of veracity. But if these accusations should be fairly made against a new contemporary play, it would speedily be derided to oblivion.

It is an interesting fact that no one thought of urging these objections in the period when *Rosedale* was produced. No one thought, at that time, that it was the duty of the drama to endeavour to fulfil the aim of art. Otherwise this childish composition could never have been so highly vaunted at a time when Thackeray and Dickens had already accomplished their great labours and when George Eliot and George Meredith were at the height of their powers. How—unless the theatre was similingly regarded as a realm of triviality—could any intelligent person of the eighteen-sixties read such a novel as *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* and subsequently sit through such a play as *Rosedale?*

It is only lately that the drama has caught up with the novel as a medium for expressing an artistic view of life,—that is to say, a vision of life that is actuated by the high endeavour to enlarge the horizon of our understanding. The sum-total of what we know of human character has been increased by Pinero, Jones, Barrie, Galsworthy, Barker, and many other English-writing playwrights of the present period; but it seems scarcely an exaggeration to say that it was, to all intents and purposes, decreased by the playwrights of half a century ago. For, though people must have known in 1863 that Lester Wallack was lying, his piece was so effective in the theatre as to woo them for the moment to forget that they knew better than to believe the lies he told them.

When our modern drama, in the hands of Henrik Ibsen, began anew to illuminate the world with the torch of truth, it was assailed on all sides as "immoral" by people whose minds had been drugged and drowsed by easy and amiable lies. This is the accusation that is always raised by the unilluminated multitude against the Teacher who causes the light to shine before them; and it is upon the basis of this accusation that, in every age, they crucify him. Doubtless, at the present time, there are many who would accuse Eugène Brieux of "immorality" because, in *Damaged Goods,* he has dared to wage war against that horrible conspiracy of silence which continues to submit thousands of the innocent ignorant to the infection of a devastating disease of whose nature they are unaware. But the only immorality of which art is really capable is the immorality of bearing false witness against life; and it is just as immoral to make life appear more easy than it is as to make it appear more difficult. We are learning at last that such a play as *Rosedale* is immoral, and that the most pernicious works of fiction are those that smilingly assume what may be called a girl's-boarding-school outlook upon life. *Rosedale* is immoral because it teaches the doctrine that virtue will inevitably be rewarded and villainy will always reap discomfiture. This is an easy doctrine, but it is not true. It is immoral, also, because it teaches that all people

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may be divided into sheep and goats—those who are very, very good and those who are very, very bad—whereas we know that human character is so complex that no final and sweeping judgment can be passed upon the infinite entanglement of motives that leads to the lifting of a little finger. There is no soul so pure that it does not succumb occasionally to error; there is no soul so black that it does not rise occasionally to the height of human heroism. Such plays as this teach also that women are lovable in proportion to their ignorance, that all good people are handsome, that self-sacrifice is always noble, and innumerable other doctrines that are devastating to the mind. God defend us from the "sweet and wholesome" plays of yesteryear!

"ROSEDALE"

A few notes of a more technical nature may be appended concerning the four most important plays of other years which have recently been set before the public of to-day.

If we consider Lester Wallack's *Rosedale* solely from the theatrical, and not at all from the artistic, point of view, we shall not find it difficult to understand its enormous popularity in a period when the theatre was not expected to hold the mirror up to nature. Its incidents show no reasonable reference to life, but each of them is interesting on the stage. Its characters are not related to humanity, but each of them affords the performer an opportunity to make a successful appeal to the emotions of the audience. The dialogue is stilted and unnatural, but it is studded with speeches that invite applause.

Rosedale differs from the dramas of to-day in the fact that it emphasises the personalities of the actors, whereas our contemporary pieces emphasise the message of the author. Fifty years ago the playwright contented himself with concocting a dozen effective acting parts; but nowadays the author endeavours to say something about life, and uses his actors merely as media for the expression of his meaning. This shift of attention from the interpretative to the creative artist, from the tricks of the performer to the thoughts of the writer, has been accomplished only recently in the history of the American theatre; but not until this revolution was accomplished did our drama begin to attain the dignity of art. *Richelieu*—though it was greatly played by our supreme actor, Edwin Booth—remained, because of its inflated artificiality, a travesty of life; but *Hindle Wakes*—though it be played by nobody in particular—conveys a criticism of life that convinces us of the acuteness of Mr. Stanley Houghton's mind. In fifty years we have risen from the suits and trappings of an artificial stage to a real region of ideas.

A great deal of nonsense has been said in favour of the old system of stock-companies. This system was certainly advantageous to the actors, but just as certainly it was disadvantageous to the dramatist. In writing such a play as *Rosedale,* the author's primary concern was necessarily to provide a striking part for each of a dozen performers who were expected by their special public to do over again, in the new play, the sort of work that they had already done appealingly in other parts. The story had to be stopped for three minutes to allow an admired actor, Charles Fisher, to deliver a set speech in praise of the physician's calling, though this monologue had nothing whatever to do with the story of the play; and Lester Wallack himself, in the part of the soldier-hero, could not deny himself the opportunity to halt the plot at still another point in order to tell the audience at length what a noble thing it is to be an actor. But nowadays, with no stock-company upon his hands, the author may more nearly ape the modesty of nature and project a picture of life in which the performers are not continually taking the centre of the stage. A playwright of the present day may draw a servant who behaves like a servant; but in "the good old days" of the stock-company, a popular actor who was sent on as a servant expected, at the

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very least, an opportunity to sing a song or to score with the audience by making impudent remarks to his employer. Every play had to contain a villain with a gruff voice, a handsome and athletic hero, a comic old man, a simpering and saccharine young lady (preferably an orphan), a self-sacrificing secondary hero, a female servant who was loudly boisterous, and (if possible) a regiment of soldiers. Every member of the stock-company had to be furnished with his special "line of business"; and life was beaten about until it surrendered to a formula. How grateful we should be for that "deterioration" of the drama in recent years that is made by Mr. Winter a theme for sentimental sighing!

"THE AMAZONS"

The Amazons, by Sir Arthur Pinero, although it was not produced until after *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,* belongs in spirit to the earlier period of his artistry; yet so nimble is its attitude toward life and so deft is its adjustment to the theatre that it scarcely seems old-fashioned at the present time. To be sure, it shows a few traces of that excessive balancing of character against character which was common in Victorian comedy: for instance, the contrasted parts of André de Grival and the Earl of Tweenwayes are of the stage stagey, and, in their continual duologues, get a little on the nerves. The language of the lines is a little more formal than that to which the author has ascended in the writing of his recent comedies; but the dialogue is still effective, both in its passages of wit and in its passages of charm.

The Amazons was produced a full year before the very first of Mr. Bernard Shaw's comedies was brought to light; and it is interesting to note that Pinero, in this whimsical extravaganza, antedated Mr. Shaw in the employment of that special method of satire which has since come to be considered the particular property of the latter,—the method, namely, of making life look ridiculous by turning it upside down. The "new woman" movement was current in the early nineties; and Pinero revealed the folly of attempting to subvert the natural distinction of the sexes by the simple expedient of imagining three girls brought up and educated to be boys and failing to sustain their acquired masculinity when cast into familiar intercourse with men. This is precisely the sort of pattern that Mr. Shaw habitually employs; but the Pinero comedy, though sharply witty, is more amiable in mood and more human in its implications than most of the satiric compositions of Mr. Shaw.

"ARIZONA"

Arizona is just as effective on the stage to-day as it was in 1900, when it ran for many months in both New York and London. It is the best play that Mr. Augustus Thomas wrote in the middle period of his productiveness, before he had grown to deem it his duty to preach his philosophy to the public on every possible occasion.

The most admirable phase of *Arizona* is the continuous *crescendo* of the action. The first act offers merely a reticent prevision of the plot; and each of the succeeding acts rises to a climax that easily o'ertops the interest of all that has preceded. The characters are human and ingratiating; and the dialogue is written with that great apparency of ease that is the essence of grace and charm.

The only point in this play that now strikes us as old-fashioned is the condolence, demanded from the audience, of the ethical attitude of the leading female character. When caught in a compromising situation by her husband, she allows the innocent hero to shield her by permitting himself to be regarded as her accomplice in guilt. Thereby she jeopardises his career and imperils the happiness of several other people who have faith in him. Even when her own sister becomes engaged to marry the self-sacrificing hero, the erring woman still neglects to speak the honest word that would clear his reputation. Her behaviour is true enough as an exhibition of a certain type of character; but the con-

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duct of the plot requires that the audience should sympathise with her in her refusal to play the game like a gentleman.

That this demand should now seem to us old-fashioned is an evidence of the great advance that has been made, in the short space of thirteen years, in our general attitude toward the moral responsibility of women. We no longer consider them as spoiled children who may be forgiven for their moral weaknesses upon the assumption of mental inferiority: we have grown to consider them as mentally upon a par with men, and therefore as equally responsible for the probity of their behaviour. We have grown to expect women to toe the mark like gentlemen; and the leading female character of *Arizona* falls short of this requirement.

"DAMAGED GOODS"

The astonishing success of *Damaged Goods* is very gratifying as a social phenomenon; but it is to be hoped that the emphasis thus cast upon this play will not lead a public not otherwise acquainted with the works of Eugène Brieux to accept it as a typical example of his dramaturgic method.

M. Brieux has nearly always taken as his subject some political or social or religious proposition of profound importance to the French nation of to-day, has built up a definite body of belief about this proposition, and has striven to inculcate this belief by means of his dramatic art. His passion for public service is even stronger than his passion for the theatre. It is not inexact to call him, as he is usually called, a thesis dramatist; but very rarely, except in *Les Avariés,* has he permitted his thesis to override his drama.

The first act of *Damaged Goods* is merely a lengthy conversation between a young man suffering from syphilis and the specialist he has gone to consult; and the third act is nothing but an illustrated lecture, in which the same physician exhibits a series of his syphilitic patients. The essential drama of the composition is compacted into the second act, which rises, to be sure, to a sudden and abhorrent climax. But the fabric as a whole is lacking in narrative coherence. It has, in the proper sense, no plot; and the requirement of action is sacrificed by the author for the sake of what has seemed to him, in this instance, the higher requirement of talk.

Yet the talk is very interesting; and it is instructive to observe that the attention of the audience is held at every point by the intellectual earnestness of the discussion. But in fairness to the great art of M. Brieux it is to be hoped that some such play as *La Robe Rouge* may shortly be exhibited to the American public,—a play in which his dramaturgic craftsmanship is unhampered by the excessive insistence of his social theme.

WHAT IS DECADENCE?

BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

WHO was it—Stevenson?—that defined man as an animal that does not subsist upon bread alone, but principally upon catchwords? "Let who will make the laws of a nation," might have said Sidney, had he been a "practical" politician, a social alarmist, a literary dictator, or a moral reformer, "so long as I may be allowed to coin its catchwords."

A catchword in the last analysis is an appeal to vague sentiment, which it clarifies and renders conscious of itself. To coin one, therefore, it is essential first to divine the sentiment that is obscurely stirring in the breasts of men at any period, and then to associate with it some sounding vocable.

We have had many examples of this

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government by catchwords in our time, and in particular we have been afforded the spectacle of one public man rising to the very apex of power almost exclusively through a peculiar aptitude in their employment. He has constructed a catchword for nearly every aspect of life, every problem, intellectual, moral, and economical, that confronts us, and a grateful people, or a very large party of it, flattered with the agreeable illusion of independent mental activity, proclaims him its leader.

For—to attempt a second definition—a catchword is a counter that passes current as an idea. A man who has his purse well lined with them can pass everywhere as possessing opinions, though he may never have formed one for himself in his life, and is, indeed, quite incapable of doing so. And as opinions are, of course, the most important things in the world, especially in a republic or under any constitutional form of government *à deux chambres,* as Stendhal insists,—what is public opinion but the latest contagious catchword? —no political activity can compare in importance with that engaged in their production. The increase of a country's income by a few million dollars per annum seems a petty thing side by side with the increment of our common stock of wisdom by a few score catchwords.

These constitute the true wealth of a country. Without them thought would be crippled, public discussion would be annihilated, and a crisis would be precipitated in the life of the nation. Think! Without catchwords there would be neither newspapers nor legislatures, campaign speeches nor popular forums, debating societies nor curtain lectures, vice commissions nor literary criticism! There would not, above all, be any Progressive Party, that organisation which more than anything else marks the triumphant rise of man from the bread, to the catchword, stage of civilisation.

For this reason we are on principle opposed to any analysis of catchwords that, by exposing possible fallacies involved in them, might tend to impair their authority and thus to withdraw them from circulation. It does not make much difference after all whether a catchword is or is not true, so long as it appears true and is generally useful. And yet there is an element of perversity in man's nature, which he delights to call philosophy, and which renders him only too ready to tear down whatever is established. Thus Mr. Paul Elmer More, writing of Huxley in his recent book on *The Drift of Romanticism,* quotes approvingly the familiar saying of Hobbes: "words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools," and asserts that to-day, "when the real achievements of science have thrown a kind of halo about the word and made it in the general mind synonymous with truth, the first duty of any one who would think clearly is to reach a clear definition of what he means when he utters the sanctified syllables." In the same way, and with the same pedantic insistence upon the need of clearness in our conceptions, a French writer has attempted to analyse or, as he prefers to phrase it, to "dissociate," one of the most remarkable of modern catchwords, Decadence.

Decadence! what a world of sinister significance and suggestion is contained in these three syllables, and what terrifying visions they evoke of the long agony of the Roman Empire through century after century of dissolution! For it is in Rome that the idea of decadence has its root. Historians have found their greatest opportunity in painting the spectacle of this vast fabric sinking through sickness into senile decrepitude, and in every social fact they have seen a symptom of decay. Literature has not escaped. Were the poets in Rome under the Lower Empire, and were they different from the poets of the Augustan Age? Then they, too, were Decadent, and it is impossible to avoid the implication of intimate complicity on their part in this general débâcle, as if all changes in Latin civilisation were corruptions, and as if

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all these corruptions sprang from a single source.

Small wonder, therefore, that when the word Decadence is whispered, in connection with some current literary manifestation, we are conscious, as it were, of a certain shudder of apprehension. It is not merely our sense of æsthetic, but of moral and social, stability, that is disturbed, as if artistic innovation were but the first sign, like a rash or fever, of some dread disease destined to destroy the whole world as we know it. It matters not to us that, as M. Remy de Gourmont acutely points out in his essay on *Stéphane Mallarmé et l'idée de décadence,* the idea of decadence is only the idea of natural death, and that this can never become the law for nations as it is for living organisms, since it takes no account of those accidents which have more to do with the fall of empires than does old age—"Longchamps leads to Sedan, without doubt, but also Epsom leads to Waterloo." Nor are we convinced by the reflection that periods of political and artistic decadence rarely coincide, the former being almost invariably the condition of a vigorous intellectual outburst. For we are here concerned with a vital instinct, a deep-seated human sentiment which seeks a principle of unity throughout all human experience, and which, in the present instance, supported by the prestige of a truly imperial image, is more powerful than any effort of the reason to combat it.

And yet this disquieting suggestion that we are, perhaps, but repeating the life-history of Latin civilisation, is of very recent origin. "Brusquely, toward 1885," says M. de Gourmont, "the idea of Decadence entered into French literature." It is true that the word had occasionally been heard, at an earlier date, in the circle that used to gather and experiment with hashish at the Hôtel Pimodan, Baudelaire's town house in Paris. "Decadent"; wrote that poet in a letter to Jules Janin: "it is a word very useful for ignorant pedagogues, a vague word behind which our idleness and lack of curiosity concerning the law find shelter." But although Baudelaire was a great admirer of the Latin poets of the Decadence, whom he imitated in a set of rhymed Latin verses, and was the first to suggest a certain appropriateness in their style, half barbarous and half overrefined, to the violence and complexities of modern mystical emotion, it did not occur to him to press the parallel and to declare himself a Decadent. This brilliant idea was reserved for a group of poets who, about 1880, took Baudelaire as their master and sought to emulate him in the peculiarities of their expression.

It was the journalists, asserts M. Gustave Kahn, in his reminiscent volume, *Symbolistes et Décadents,* who invented the term which they applied in derision to this group. But it was at once defiantly accepted by them as their official designation, in the same spirit that led the Dutch patriots in the sixteenth century to adopt as their rallying-cry the opprobrious epithet, *"Gueux,"* or beggars, contemptuously bestowed upon them by their enemies. Studiedly artificial in their manner, these young poets, who had read with seduction, in Théophile Gautier's preface to the definitive edition of *Fleurs du Mal,* his highly coloured account of the stylistic beauty which pertains to periods of Decadence. It delighted them to regard as such the age in which they themselves lived, and in this they found a powerful aid in the appeal to history. Indeed, from one point of view, the whole movement reflects but a fleeting phase of that imperial fantasy through which France passed from the time of Napoleon. If the First Empire, succeeding the Republic and Consulate, revived memories of the Imperium Romanum at the summit of its vigour and world ascendancy, so the Second Empire of Napoleon III, with its military misfortunes, readily suggested the Lower Empire, and Paris, seat of modern luxury and corruption, became for them the New Byzantium.

Such fascination did this fanciful interpretation of contemporary history ex-

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ercise over the literary imagination, that it inspired a whole crop of Byzantine romances, among which the most notable were those written by Paul Adam, while the older romantic poet, Jean Richepin, dropping for the moment his blasphemies and the brotherhood of man, produced a novel on the theme of Heliogabalus. Even Verlaine, who had returned to life—that is, to Paris—to participate in the new movement as he had years ago in that of the *Parnasse Contemporain,* reflected the latest vagary of historic sentiment in a sonnet which begins

"Je suis l'empire à la fin de décadence,"

and which attained great celebrity.

Just when the curiosity of the public was most acutely aroused by the talk of Decadence, there appeared a slender volume of verse on the cover of which appeared: *Les Déliquesences, d'Adoré Floupette, Bysance, Lion Vanné. 1885. "Bysance"* (sic) was, of course, Paris, Lion Vanné, none other than Léon Vanier, the publisher of the Decadents, while the verses themselves were merely clever parodies of the prevailing mode of poetical composition. But so cleverly were they written, so completely did they, in the words of a recent writer, Jean Dornis, in his account of *La Sensibilité dans la poésie française,* "echo the poetry, paradoxical, deliberately artificial and perverse, libertine and mystical, of the Decadents," that, in spite of the thinness of the disguise, they long passed current as genuine productions.

But what did more than anything else to make the fortune of the word Decadent, was a novel which appeared in 1884 and made a sensation. This was J.-K. Huysmans's psychological and æsthetic fantasy, *A Rebours.* Huysmans had, hitherto, been known as a realistic writer engaged in describing the most sordid aspects of modern life, and as a member of the group responsible for *Soirées de Medan,* a collection of *contes* dealing with incidents of the war of 1870-1, which took its title from Zola's house, their rendezvous, in the suburbs of Paris. He now essayed another genre. In M. Kahn's expression, he applied "his methods to an aristocratic portrait, and instead of being a sour-faced Jordaens, he dreamt of raising himself to the level of a prophetic Van Dyke"—prophetic, because he wished to anticipate the ultimate excesses of an almost insane dilletanteism. He found his subject in Comte Robert de Montesquiou. Des Esseintes, the hero of *A Rebours,* is but a thinly veiled caricature of that Parisian poet and dandy, who lectured in New York some years ago at five dollars a head; whose portrait, painted by Whistler, was shown recently in the exhibition of that artist's work at the Metropolitan Museum, and who, in 1884, had already attracted much attention by the refinements and eccentricities of his taste.

Montesquiou did not particularly relish his portrayal in *A Rebours,* and brought a suit for libel against its author. It is, indeed, an extraordinary characterisation. Des Esseintes is one of those men of perverse modern temperament, who, having the means to purchase all the solid satisfactions the world affords, derive no pleasure from their experiences. Idealists, they are perpetually striving after the unattainable in sensation, and are perpetually doomed to disappointment. Finally, worn out and unutterably weary, the victim of the most acute hyperæsthesia and spleen, des Esseintes determines to retire from the world. He takes a house in the suburbs of Paris and installs himself there in monastic solitude. Some critics have seen in Poe's M. Dupin the germ of the suggestion for Huysmans's hero, largely on the strength of the latter's passion for turning day into night by hanging heavy curtains over all his windows. But des Esseintes is a very different character from Dupin. What in the latter is a mere caprice, in the former is profound spiritual disorder, the sign of which is the failure of either his imagination or his senses to respond to natural stimuli. The whole book is a study in the artificial, and while it has no plot,

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it proceeds by a series of incidents, each one of which turns on some ingenious invention whereby des Esseintes seeks to arouse himself from his torpor, and to overcome his spiritual sterility.

For this ingenuity, so lavishly indulged, Huysmans personally paid the penalty by having attributed to himself the tastes and adventures of his hero. For example, one of the sensual refinements described quite gravely and with great elaboration in *A Rebours,* is the "liqueur organ." This was an arrangement of casks containing various kinds of liqueur and so fitted with connecting pipes, that, by turning the taps, des Esseintes could mingle the flavours in endless combinations, secure elaborate "symphonic" effects, and even interpret musical compositions on his palate according to an arbitrary scale of liquid equivalents for the musical notes. This is one of the most absurd extravagances of which Huysmans was guilty, and was doubtless suggested to him one day after dinner by the contemplation of a *pousse-café.* But when he died several years ago in a Benedictine monastery to which he had retired to escape from a world which had always irritated him—for it may well be that he found the groundwork of des Esseintes's character, at once sensual and mystical, in his own temperament—the whole account was cabled over to the American papers as a sidelight upon his personality! Surely Huysmans had some right to accuse of *bétise,* a world capable of such inane and idiotic credulity!

There are other inventions in *A Rebours* scarcely less bizarre than the foregoing and considerably more intellectual. But what particularly attracted attention to the book at the time and what is of particular interest to us here is the literary and artistic criticism it contains. Des Esseintes was, on the whole, no gross sensualist, and it was above all through books and pictures that he sought the ideal gratification that always eluded him. But his taste in both was, as the French say, *toute spéciale,* and he collected only those works that were distinguished by something at once excessive and refined in either the conception, or the execution, or both. Thus, in the field of art, he manifested a marked preference for the Flemish primitives, and for such a modern artist as Gustave Moreau, of whose *Salomé* he gives a word-picture worthy to be placed side by side with Pater's appreciation of *La Gioconda;* while in leters, he stocked his shelves largely with the Latin poets of the Decadence, to whom he added a few modern verse writers; among whom first place was assigned to Stéphane Mallarmé.

This poet, who belonged to the Parnassian generation, had made his début in the Sixties under the Second Empire; but his scrupulous craftsmanship, combined with an almost impossible ideal of expression, had precluded him from ever achieving the popularity of such a poet as Coppée, for example, or of even so reflective and philosophical a poet as Sully-Prudhomme. At the present moment he was living in entire obscurity, except for a small group of friends, which included many of the younger Decadent poets. These found in him a friend and master of incomparable taste and sympathy. After having, for a time, edited a woman's fashion magazine, he was now teaching English in a girls' school in Paris, and slowly composing those poems, based on a new system of musical suggestion, of which the longest and most important was *L'Après-midi d'un Faune.*

A Rebours brought Mallarmé fame, which he acknowledges gracefully in his piece entitled *Prose pour des Esseintes.* It also brought fame for the Decadent writers generally. There had still existed considerable uncertainty in their regard. Suddenly, says M. de Gourmont, this book enlightened all intelligences:

"An inexorable parallel imposed itself between the new poets, and the obscure versifiers of the Roman Decadence praised by des Esseintes. The outburst was unanimous, and even those who were decried accepted the decrial as a

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distinction. The principle admitted, comparisons abounded. As no one, and not even des Esseintes, perhaps, had read the depreciated poets, it was an easy game for the *feuilletonnistes* to couple with Sidonius Apollinarius, of whom they were ignorant, Stephane Mallarmé, whom they did not understand."

From France the idea of Decadence spread abroad and became accepted nearly everywhere. Oscar Wilde, more than half French in his inspiration, and closely affiliated with Continental groups, had prepared the soil in England for its reception, and in the Nineties a considerable group of Decadents grew up about *The Yellow Book* and *The Savoy* magazines, which included such men as Aubrey Beardsley and Charles Conder among the artists, and Ernest Dowson, Arthur Symons, and Henry Harland, among the writers. The movement even spread to America, where it emitted some phosphorent sparks during the brief effulgence of *The Chap Book*. To-day it has died away nearly everywhere save in Germany, which, the last to be inoculated, lingers longest under the empire of the idea of Decadence.

But in passing as a definite theory of art, this idea has permanently enriched the critical vocabulary with a word of vast import and universal acceptation, Decadent. As we have seen, it owed its origin to an historic misunderstanding, and its vogue to the vanity of a lot of young artists whom it flattered to figure themselves as factors in a fading civilisation. Instead of being *fin du siècle,* as they used to say in the declining years of the last century, they were really *fin du monde,* and after them was to come the deluge. Even the vices they cultivated in the interest of this interesting illusion were suggested by the word itself and had no real underlying social significance. But it has pleased a certain school of critics to take them seriously and to point out in them grave symptoms of disintegration. They have used them, moreover, as a handle to attack that mood of experimentalism of which the Decadents, in so far as they were real artists, and not merely *poseurs* —and who will deny that there were real artists among them?—were the modern exponents. Clearly if they could show that there was a necessary connection between experimentation in art and experimentation in life—and we all know the kind of attempt that has been made to saddle the responsibility for Oscar Wilde upon Walter Pater, than which no subterfuge would be more dastardly if it were not so ridiculous—they had an admirable argument in favour of renewing the old alliance between art and morality, in exalting reason at the expense of emotion.

But all creative art is experimental. Genius is always striving to express that which was never expressed before, or to express the old truths in a new manner. So, from the very first, the attack on Decadence, through the assimilation of this idea to its exact opposite, or the idea of non-imitation, was, in essence, an attack against art itself. The only possible construction that can legitimately be placed upon Decadent is incapacity for original creation:

"Neither Sidonius Apollinarius nor Mallarmé is Decadent," says M. de Gourmont, "since they both possess in different degrees an originality of their own; but it was for that very reason that the word was applied to the author of *L'Après-midi d'un Faune,* for it signified, very obscurely, in the minds of those who abused it, something imperfectly known, difficult, rare, precious, unexpected, new."

So it has been since applied to many another writer—William Sharp, for example, in English literature—and always at bottom for the same reason. For, as the same writer continues:

"A new manner of saying the eternal human truths is for men, and above all, for men who are too completely educated, a scandal. They experience a sort of fright; to regain their assurance, they have recourse to negation, to insults, or to derision. It is the natural attitude of the human animal before physical danger.

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But how, he asks, "have we arrived at considering as a peril every real innovation in art or in literature? Why, above all, is this one of the maladies peculiar to our time, and perhaps the gravest, since it tends to restrain movement, and to thwart life?"

It is because imitation, fostered by popular education and commercialism, is now more than ever the law of society. Indeed "the idea of imitation has become the very idea of art or of literature. We can no more conceive of a novel that is not a counterpart or the continuation of a pre-existing novel than we can conceive of verses that are without rhymes or whose syllables can not be counted scrupulously one by one." We are perhaps less exacting in these particular matters than the French, and are more ready to accept irregularity, and even obscurity, than they are. It has never occurred to us to call Whitman a Decadent, although he was a great favourite of the French Decadent school, or Browning—possibly because his elaborate manner concealed such banality of thought—or Henry James, whose prose style is precisely that of Mallarmé, or Kipling, who owes so much to Huysmans. But when it comes to the larger questions of form, we show, if anything, a spirit still more conservative than the Continental. How many times has the Decadence of the novel been declared? As often, assuredly, as a new manipulator of that amorphous medium has ceased to imitate some one of his classical predecessors.

A Harvard professor has written a book called *The New Laokoon,* the purpose of which is to prove that we have gone too far in endeavouring to obliterate the boundaries between the various arts—in making music encroach on the domain of poetry, painting on that of music, poetry on that of painting, and so on. Doubtless this is true in individual instances. But the fact remains that there is no art to-day that does not owe its present richness of resources precisely to such attempts to transcend the barriers within which criticism has sought to confine it. If this should end—if the artist should cease to seek expansion beyond the farthest limits that can conceivably be assigned him—art itself would cease. Indeed perpetual experimentation is the only guarantee of a continuing life in art.

The greater part of the effort thus expended will always be, as it appears to the frugal-minded, a waste of energy, if a strict economic test be applied. Is it necessary, however, to say that such a test is entirely out of place here? In art, as in life itself, a certain, and, indeed, a very large, amount of waste is requisite for the production of the highest and finest types. Much that is attempted leads necessarily to nothing, and seems to be suggested by mere caprice. But it is the condition of activity which it indicates, and not the immedate result which it may or may not attain, that is the essential thing in artistic experimentation; and it is under such a condition alone that genius, when it arrives, can manifest itself. Genius appears, not when forms are hardened and stiffened to receive it, but when they are still in a more or less indeterminate state of chaos. What, as we have sought to show, is incorrectly called Decadence, is nothing more or less than the attempt to prolong such a state at the very heart of an old and encrusted civilisation.

Thus the hatred of Decadence with all that it implies of originality and freedom and ceaseless endeavour, is in reality a hatred of genius, and is part of that old quarrel with the creative spirit in art which has existed consciously on the part of politicians and philosophers—and business men—since it was expressed by Plato. There is nothing about which there is so much confusion as genius. It is something that the world is always demanding and yet always refusing to recognise when it arrives. It is true that its advent is proclaimed at least once every year, but that is because we use the word to suit ourselves and to flatter our illusions. Just as Decadence is employed to discredit what is original, so genius is per-

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verted to exalt what is unoriginal, or imitative. It is the reward which we bestow upon the utterly subservient.

The first condition we demand of genius is that it should resemble something that has gone before, and with which we are already familiar. Thus any poet since Tennyson who has reminded us of Tennyson has, for a time at all events, had a fair chance of being hailed as Tennyson's successor. When Stephen Phillips published *Marpessa* and *Paolo and Francesca,* there was an unmistakable Tennysonian strain in his inspiration that caused his immediate acceptance. But there was also something else—something on the moral side, primarily, a kind of fatalistic quietude in his gesture of tragic acceptance—that was all his own, or that was, at least, derived from no English poet—critics muttered the name of Maeterlinck, who had not as yet found the golden path out of Decadence into the mediocrity of commercial art—and this, accordingly, was characterised as morbid, or Decadent.

It is the same to-day with the imitators of Swinburne. It took us a long time to accept that poet, whose originality, both in form and in content, was the real offence in his work for its own generation. But having at length done so, we avenge or console ourselves for the effort of admitting a new archetypal conception, by proclaiming every one who prolongs his strain an original genius. For, after all, the real secret of our hatred of originality, of genius, of Decadence, or what we will, is not so much the danger with which it confronts us, as the discomfort it causes us, by interfering with our fixed habits of thought and feeling, or rather, our rumination and apathy. It awakes us, and we are obliged to turn over before we can go to sleep once more.

THE TECHNIQUE OF CONVERSATION AND SOME RECENT FICTION

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

In the various text-books dealing with the craftsmanship of fiction there is usually a chapter devoted to solemn advice regarding the management of conversation, its purposes, its limitations, and the relative amount of space that should be assigned to it. All of which sounds quite wise and impressive until we stop to do a little independent thinking: and then we realise that, like so many other elements in story writing, conversation in its ultimate analysis is independent of any rule save that of the personal equation, the individual instinct of each author. Since man happens to be a speaking animal, any story dealing with human life, aside from a solitary Crusoe on a desert island, presupposes an interchange of thought through the medium of the spoken word. But in actual practice, the amount of dialogue recorded may range from a single monosyllable to the sum total of the story. In other words, in order to realise the two possible extremes of method in story telling, let us think of any story that we have in mind as a drama to be enacted, first for the benefit of deaf mutes, and secondly, for the benefit of the blind. In the former case, the story must be conveyed solely by action; in the latter it must be wholly conveyed by dialogue. The one method is in actual practice employed on a gigantic scale in the moving picture; the other has a much more restricted application in the form of phonographic records.

In the written story, the exclusive use of either of these two extremes savours of a *tour de force,* a literary anomaly that detracts from the substance by overemphasising the form. In Anglo-Saxon

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countries at least, the habit of reading printed drama has never become general; and successes such as the *Dolly Dialogues* and *The Story of the Gadsbys* are too sporadic to be anything more than scintillating exceptions to a general rule. It is only abnormal persons who are sufficiently clever to reveal their most intimate joys and sorrows in a swift, ping-pong interchange of repartee. And equally extreme and apart from life is the story in which the characters think endlessly, without opening their lips. Such a story brings a sense of weariness, almost a physical headache born of contagious sympathy for such overworked brains. The present writer recalls one exceptional short story, read some years ago, which was of this type,—but exceptional in that it justified itself. There were just two characters in the story, a man and his wife, sitting together in the twilight; and throughout the story there was silence, the reader heard nothing but the poignant, insistent, unsparing thoughts of the wife,—until at the end she speaks just once, and he does not answer her. And the reason for his silence is that he is dead.

But in between these two extremes, the proportion of narrative which may be conveyed in the form of conversation permits of as many variations as there are authors. And as a general rule, you cannot say that any individual author is wrong in the extent of his use of dialogue. Another author, writing the same story, might advantageously have used less or more, and thereby done a better piece of work. But it is preëminently a question that each writer must solve for himself. It comes natural for some to think in terms of conversation. All they have to do is to set a man and a woman side by side on a park bench, or opposite each other at a restaurant table; and, presto! the ball of conversation starts rolling, and the only difficulty is to keep it from rolling too far or too swiftly. And another author, of equal or perhaps greater talent, who can do the introspective, analytical sort of soul-dissection admirably, will tell you in a burst of confidence that often when he has arranged the most cosy and uninterrupted sort of tête-à-tête, he becomes conscious that his two characters have nothing to say, that they insist upon sitting there, facing each other, as silent and inane as wooden dolls. And the difference is that the one writer sees life in terms of dialogue and the other doesn't.

It is interesting, sometimes, when once you have formed the habit of noticing such things, to watch the devices to which some novelists of real ability resort, in order to dodge the necessity of recording the exact words that their characters must have spoken. They will describe some brilliant young society belle, encircled by an admiring host of devoted servitors, and holding them, one and all, under the spell of her swift flashes of wit and humour and audacity. And yet, if you pinned such an author down privately, and said, "My dear fellow, won't you satisfy a legitimate curiosity, and tell me just one or two of these brilliant and naughty witticisms for which your heroine was supposed to be famous," why, he simply couldn't do it, because he himself does not know. Or again, where the hero is a great statesman, and we read how he "held his audience spellbound with the mighty onrush of his eloquence, the fearlessness of his utterances, the clarion appeal of his invincible logic," it is quite likely that if the author attempted to report for us a single paragraph of these silver-tongued utterances, the result would be a grotesque anti-climax. And conversely, there are novelists who evidently are ill at ease when the exigencies of the plot require a certain amount of direct narrative, or first-hand descriptions; but the moment that they can invoke the aid of one of their characters, and let him finish the incident as seen through his own strongly marked individuality, they are at ease again, and the story flows on like an unpent stream.

But while it is a perfectly sound general rule that the great majority of stories could be told almost wholly in dialogue, or almost wholly in prose narra-

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tive, or with almost any of the countless possible intermixtures of the two methods; still, it cannot be denied that there are certain exceptional effects to be gained through conversation, at the hands of an adept, that could not be duplicated by any other device known to the art of writing. There is the method, for instance, of conveying ideas, not by what is said, but by what is implied. This is the very caviar of conversation, when two persons just skirt the outermost edge of some unspoken thought, subtly suggesting, deftly implying, yet always delicately evading the positive and concrete expression in uncompromising words, of the thing which, behind the light exchange of seemingly harmless phrases, forms the whole preoccupation of their minds. This, which is preëminently the Henry James type of conversation, may be defined as simply one variety of the class of conversation that owes its interest, not to what it reveals but to what it hides: and that is why it never can be adequately replaced by narrative. Another familiar variety is the cross-examination of a witness, in detective fiction. Try to turn such a court scene into straight narrative, and you lose the very life of it, because the essential thing, the dramatic interest depends so much more upon what the witness does not tell, than upon what he does.

Still another analogous type is represented by Mr. Aldrich's whimsical little classic, *Marjorie Daw*. Although not literally conversation, since it is couched in the form of letters, it amounts practically to the same thing, *i.e.*, a series of utterances addressed by one person to another. The distinguishing feature is that these utterances happen to be false, a deliberate tissue of invention, the whole object of which is to study their effect upon another person.

"STELLA MARIS"

Considered from one aspect at least, Mr. William J. Locke's new volume, *Stella Maris*, belongs to the *Marjorie Daw* type of fiction. The Stella of the title, "Star of the Sea," as her little group of worshipping friends call her, is a girl who from earliest childhood has been prostrate on her back, hopelessly crippled by some obscure and apparently incurable spinal trouble. Days and months and years slip away, and the child lives on, happy in a dreamland world, knowing nothing of actuality, a contented prisoner in her high turret room, overlooking the sea. Hither, as often as their duties permit them, come two men, busy, overworked, mature men, yet each of them under the spell of this fairy-like, fragile, pathetic little invalid. One of these two men is a journalist, with the creative gift of a born writer. His own life is more than prosaic; it is tragic with an ugly and sordid tragedy. He made an early and rash marriage; and his wretched wife, a degenerate with criminal instincts, is serving a long sentence for systematic and nameless torture inflicted on a young girl. The journalist finds relief in the hours that he spends in the turret chamber overlooking the sea; and to amuse the little cripple, he weaves a sort of fairy tale about an imaginary castle of his own, a wonderful castle with enchanted gardens, in the midst of London. Week by week, he expands and embroiders this tissue of dreams, not realising how deadly serious it is to the child, or how vividly she visualises it. In the course of years, Stella passes from childhood into womanhood, and a time comes when the journalist ceases to speak of his castle. But even through the silence that follows, she never for a moment doubts any part of the magic tale. She knows nothing of the outside world, and has no standards by which to test the truth of what is told her. But at last a miracle is wrought: among the many specialists that her family are constantly calling in, one is found who, while promising nothing, accomplishes much; and in a year the girl is physically well and strong. Now, the discovery which Stella is bound to make, that the wonderful palace is all a fabric of ingenious lies, is not in itself so momentous. But it symbolises far more important things. It is emblematic of the whole sheltered-life

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system of education, and of the havoc that is going to be wrought in the exquisite sensibility of this young girl's soul when envious jealousy flings the mud of the gutters before her. The story is by no means representative of Mr. Locke's best manner. Indeed, there is a vein of sensationalism running through it that is reminiscent of his earlier style, in the period antedating Sir Marcus Ordeyne and Berzelius Nibbidard Paragot.

"AN AFFAIR OF STATE"

Mr. J. C. Snaith is one of the few contemporary novelists who can always be trusted to hold some sort of a surprise in reserve for each new book. He refuses to be definitely labelled as the producer of any one specified type of fiction; and in consequence he is always stimulating, even if his successive experiments are of widely different degrees of merit. His latest volume, *An Affair of State,* is in its conception and purpose easily the most ambitious attempt that he has yet made. It is nothing less than a portrayal of the present-day political life in England, with the Parliament Buildings ever looming up in the back of the stage setting, cabinet ministers, foreign ambassadors, even the King himself, playing prominent parts in the central drama, and the rise and fall of parties, the clamour of public opinion, the insistent intrusion of the burning questions of the hour all uniting toward the one end of producing a picture that is vitally alive, a counterfeit presentment of a nation passing through a crisis that almost tricks us into forgetting that it is sheer invention. And yet, frankly, the book falls short of real bigness. In thinking it over afterward, you realise that Mr. Snaith did not have anything sufficiently momentous to say to justify his ambitious preparations, his spectacular stage setting. Excepting in the most general way, his book is not based on contemporary history; it is not a *roman à clef;* if any of his statesmen are drawn from life, if any of the party issues and party machinations reflect present-day actualities, the only useful purpose served is to convey a greater impression of verity. Because what Mr. Snaith is trying to do is not to tell England how to solve her problems, but merely to relate some interesting private and domestic complications between two families who happen to be closely concerned with public affairs, and whose personal quarrels are in consequence a detriment to the public welfare. The kernel of the whole difficulty may be stated quite briefly: Draper, a born statesman and orator, sprung from the people, has married into the aristocracy, and in consequence has gone over to the opposite party, with the double zeal of the convert. He loves his wife, Aline, but he appreciates the cleverness of Evelyn Rockingham, whom he does not love, and who, from a mixture of motives, decides to make him Prime Minister of England. Rockingham, Evelyn's husband, covets this position for himself, not selfishly, but because he believes that his party is safer in his hands than in Draper's. Consequently he stops at nothing, in order to discredit his opponent, even blackening the name of his own wife, in order that the scandal shall destroy Draper's popularity. The final situation is well worked up; you get a vivid sense of the tensity of a nation on the brink of civil war, as the days go by and no party, and no coalition of parties succeeds in breaking the deadlock and forming a ministry. And when Rockingham is finally made to see that Draper and no one else can save the country, he is so hedged around with pledges to his friends and treacheries to his foes, that if he yields, if he retracts, if he vindicates Draper, he cannot as a man with even a remnant of honour live to see the light of another day. This is the reason that a purely personal and family matter culminates in a suicide and is raised to the dignity of an Affair of State. And the chief reason why the whole story lacks bigness is that the specific story is not one that in its very nature demands the lofty setting of Parliament Buildings and Privy Coun-

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cils; the same essential situation might have been as fittingly developed within the humbler circles of a Mayor and Board of Aldermen.

But, in point of technique, there is one feature about the volume in question that deserves special attention: the story is told almost wholly in the form of conversation. We see hardly any of the action at first hand; we get the chief incidents twenty-four hours later, when we hear Draper discuss them with Evelyn Rockingham, or Evelyn's husband tells them to Aline, or somebody writes a letter to some one else. And the structural advantage of this indirect method in a story of modern politics is just this: that it brings it all more closely within our own every-day experience. We are most of us unaccustomed to attend Parliament and to be present at meetings of Cabinet Officers; but we are in the habit of reading about them in the newspapers, and hearing them discussed quite irresponsibly by outsiders, and joining in ourselves, when we feel inclined. And the net result is that an event which, if narrated directly by a novelist, would sound preposterous, becomes almost commonplace when he lets us hear two or more people casually gossiping about it. Accordingly, whatever value the new volume by Mr. Snaith may have as a novel, it does have a very special interest as an object-lesson in technique.

"THE JUDGMENT HOUSE"

The first impression made by *The Judgment House,* like that of the majority of Sir Gilbert Parker's volumes, is that it is a work of distinct importance, the work of one of the very few living novelists of the foremost rank. There is obvious and conscious power, from the opening line onward; the people are real, and what is more important, they are unusual, exceptional people, of the kind that in real life make you instinctively turn your head for a second look, conscious that they play a rather momentous part in their own world. And yet, when the final page is turned and the cover closed and you lean back to think it all over quietly, you realise why Sir Gilbert Parker is not really entitled to a place in the foremost rank, in the class with Kipling and Conrad and Hewlett. It is not that he lacks a knowledge of life, but that he insists upon trying to improve upon life's handiwork: he always wants spectacular climaxes, where nature is often satisfied to take things quietly. Page after page, he gives us unfaltering, pitiless actuality; and then, at the close of a chapter, he resorts to a flagrant trick of sensationalism that is reminiscent of Ouida. So it is in *The Judgment House.* The scene opens at Covent Garden; there is a new prima donna, scoring an unforeseen success. There are just a few people in the audience whose importance we are made to realise: Adrian Fellowes in the stalls, whose personal interest in Al'mah the singer is partly official and partly a matter of conjecture; and in the box facing the royal box a group of three, the chief actors in the story: Jasmine Grenfel, beautiful, imperious, avid of admiration, with the idealism of a girl and the instincts of a woman; Ian Stafford, of the Foreign Office, who has scant financial prospects for many years to come, yet fondly imagines that Jasmine will be content to wait for him; and Rudyard Byng, the "South African nabob," unpolished, forceful, with the double charm of achievement and of money. And, just as the reader has become interested in the latent possibilities of the triangle, the sensational happens: the prima donna, taking her final curtain call, flaunts her draperies across a candle flame, and is instantly a column of fire: the whole vast house is silent with numb horror; then Byng, the man of action, makes a flying leap to the stage, armed with Jasmine's opera cloak, extinguishes the flames, and announces to the audience, "She is not seriously hurt, we were just in time." All of which comes perilously near to being frankly funny. Well, that flying leap helps Jasmine to make up her mind against Stafford and in favour of Byng; so she marries the nabob,

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and soon discovers that, however efficient he may be as a rescuer, he lacks diversity as a husband. But he accommodatingly appoints Adrian Fellowes as his private secretary; and Adrian, while retaining Al'mah as his mistress, has plenty of reserve time to devote to Jasmine. Years pass, and then suddenly Stafford returns from some foreign mission, a man of importance, with fame and fortune; the Boer war breaks out, and Byng, who is one of the powers behind the whole South African situation, has less time than ever to keep a critical eye upon the comings and goings of his wife. In this later portion of the story, melodrama becomes rampant; Jasmine's illicit relations with her husband's secretary are alluded to with scant euphimism; she is on the point of dragging Stafford also into her net; and she is apparently conniving at a treasonable betrayal of all her husband's secret government services to the agents of Oom Paul. And then all at once, Fellowes is found murdered, and suspicion attaches to all four of the principal characters in turn,—and, of course, all four are innocent. Then the scene shifts to South Africa, there is much screaming of shells and groaning of the wounded; the heroine awakes to a realisation of the unworthiness of her past life,—it is a wonder what reformation a few weeks of Red Cross nursing will effect, in fiction!—and is quite ready to allow her wronged husband to forgive her and take her back. The people in the book are real enough; it is what they do that doesn't quite ring true.

"THE MATING OF LYDIA"

Of recent years, Mrs. Humphry Ward has ceased to be especially important in current fiction. In the old days of *Robert Elsmere* a curiously inflated value was attached to the distinctly heavy series of theological and controversial monographs which she and her readers chose to regard as novels. Latterly, since the novel with a purpose has fortunately gone out of fashion, she has been forced to content herself with writing the novel of manners; and these later books, while not remarkable, are of a finished workmanship that many younger contemporaries might well envy. *The Mating of Lydia* neither is nor pretends to be anything more than the private history of a few rather unusual people. There is, first of all, Melrose, an eccentric, half crazy collector of art treasures, who brings home an Italian wife, destined to eat her heart out with loneliness, neglect and the need of common necessities, in the cheerless emptiness of a Georgian mansion isolated in the bleak stretches of the northernmost corner of England. Then there is Melrose's cousin, Lady Tatham, who, knowing too much of his selfishness and cynical cruelty, first refused to marry him herself, and later stood between him and her own sister, and by doing so laid up for herself an inheritance of hatred. Then there is the Italian wife who, sickening of nostalgia for her home, steals from her husband an antique vase worth thousands of pounds, and disappears out of his life, taking her baby girl with her. The main story opens years later and concerns chiefly two strangers to the neighbourhood: Lydia Penfold, a young artist in search of picturesque landscape; and Faversham, a young lawyer on a bicycle trip, who has a disastrous smash-up at Melrose's very gate, and is thrust by the local surgeon into the reluctant owner's treasure-house of art. Melrose discovers that Faversham is heir to a certain rival collector, Mackworth, recently deceased, and that he actually has with him six of the most valuable engraved gems known to have survived from antiquity. Melrose would sell his soul for a coveted antique; therefore he proceeds to make plans for retaining Faversham permanently in his household, offering him alluring inducements in the shape of high salary as his steward, and sole heir under his newly made will. Meanwhile, Faversham, if he is to keep in favour, must do the eccentric old tyrant's behests without question, grind down his tenants pitilessly, refuse needed repairs, neglect the commonest of sani-

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tary reforms, see whole families wiped out by diphtheria, and in general aid and abet a systematic and despotic cruelty that make both master and man bywords of reproach throughout the neighbourhood. Now, Faversham means to set all these wrongs right when he inherits the property; but he also knows that old Melrose may live for years, and also that his Italian wife and daughter are alive and in dire distress. Has he, Faversham, the moral right to countenance wrong, that right may come of it? And should he consent to be the heir, knowing that morally the wife and child should inherit the whole property? These are the questions which Lydia Penfold, whom he loves, bluntly puts to him, making it quite plain that her decision depends upon his. All of which is pleasant if not profound; and while it helps to pass an hour or two agreeably, it may all be safely and easily forgotten quite promptly.

"THE PENALTY"

The Penalty, by Gouverneur Morris, is one of those exaggerated stories that are woven out of a tissue of sheer impossibility, and that, while refusing to be laid aside until finished, leave the reader mildly exasperated with himself for being beguiled into reading them. There is, first of all, an independent young woman who insists upon making a career for herself as a sculptor; there is the inevitable young man who is quite willing to make life easy for the young woman and save her from anxiety about the future; there is a crippled and misshapen beggar who represents precisely the type that she needs for her great statue of Satan after the Fall,—and who, incidentally, is fabulously rich and a sort of uncrowned king of the underworld, with whom the police department are wary of interfering. And lastly, there is Bubbles, the boy of the gutters, the only person who is not afraid of Blizzard, the beggar, and hence the only person capable of saving Barbara Ferris, the artist, from his diabolic designs against her. And in the end it turns out that Blizzard is not naturally an evil-minded person at all, but a victim of brain disease caused by the pressure of a splinter of bone, resulting from an old injury. A simple surgical operation effects an immediate reform; his old associates in crime lose their leader; Bubbles, the waif, discovers that his arch enemy is his father, Blizzard marries an East Side girl, whom he had formerly deeply wronged, the sculptress capitulates to her devoted lover, and everybody promises to be happy ever after. All of which is diverting; yet there was a time when bigger things were expected from Gouverneur Morris.

"THE ADVENTURES OF MISS GREGORY"

The Adventures of Miss Gregory, by Percival Gibbon, is a series of unpretentious tales that nevertheless have a good deal of underlying strength. There have been plenty of other series of stories in which the central character goes through strange, fantastic, often dangerous adventures in all sorts of jumping-off places of civilisation. The one note of novelty in the present collection is due to the personality of the central figure. Imagine a self-sufficient Englishwoman of middle age, grey-haired, portly but not corpulent, with a kindly smile, a big heart, and an unwavering fearlessness; a woman of wealth and position, with powerful friends in the official and diplomatic circles of half a dozen European powers; furthermore, a woman with a strong hatred of injustice and an irresistible instinct to reach out a helping hand regardless of the consequences to herself: such in brief is Miss Gregory, intrepid seeker of adventure and author of *Saharan Solitudes.* We are privileged to follow her through all sorts of queer experiences, from a shipwreck on a Portuguese trader to arrest and imprisonment with a band of Russian nihilists. And no matter what happens to her nor where it happens, some man or woman thus brought into contact with her is destined to be the better for it in the years that follow. The stories are not especially original; indeed,

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they make no lasting imprint on the memory, but they are entertaining, and they are wholesome, and they leave behind them an impression of a strong and kindly personality whom it would be a sort of moral tonic to know, if only we could meet Miss Gregory in real life.

"LORE OF PROSERPINE"

Lastly, in the present instalment of books, we come to the new volume by Maurice Hewlett, entitled *Lore of Proserpine*. It is an odd and unexpected sort of volume, and one somewhat difficult to classify. In a whimsical preface the author expresses a hope that no reader will ask him whether the contents are true or not, because it will in that case be his "humiliating duty" to answer that he doesn't know. They are a series of mid-summer day-dreams, fabrics woven of folk-lore and fairy tales and a poet's fantastic visionings. There is less in them of the familiar Hewlett spirit and Hewlett manner than in any other of his prose volumes; and yet you realise that no other living writer could have done the same thing in quite the same way. But in spite of his subtle wizardry of words, the occult and mystical element does not quite lie within the range of Mr. Hewlett's powers; he just falls short of carrying conviction. Take, for instance, such a tale as "Beckwith's Case." Beckwith finds by the roadside a nameless, unclassified little creature, with the physical stature of a young child and the form and manner of a grown woman. We are asked to believe that this mysterious little waif is visible only to the man and his dog, and later to the man's little girl; that his wife not only cannot see it but does not know of its existence; that it lives for months in a dog kennel, from which it cannot escape, because the doorway of the kennel is edged with zinc, and a fairy cannot cross over zinc, any more than a witch can cross the keystone of a bridge; and finally, that one day, without warning, the mysterious little visitant vanishes, and in doing so, takes the man's child with her, and no further trace of either is ever found. Now, whether another writer could tell this sort of tale more persuasively or not is an open question. Perhaps Hawthorne might for the moment have tricked us into a creepy sense of the supernatural. But at all events Mr. Hewlett fails to be convincing. The most that he conveys is an appreciation of his painstaking ingenuity; but he does not for a moment awaken a real thrill, or move us to cast a swift, surreptitious glance over our shoulder, to assure ourselves of the absence of all the unnamed things that we should not wish to see.

SEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

ALFRED NOYES'S "TALES OF THE MERMAID INN"*

The critical commonplace about Mr. Alfred Noyes's *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern* is that he portrays the Elizabethan period and the writing, fighting, adventurous London that was then. And this, like many commonplaces, is a half-truth none the worse for winnowing. Certainly, in the sense of representing these spacious times as their own literature presented them, the book is not Elizabethan at all: there is hardly a page in it which could have been written before 1850, or which is not unmistakably dated as modern by form and prosody and style.

Marchaunt Adventurers, O what 'ull ye bring home again?
Woonders and works and the thunder of the sea!
Whom will ye traffic with? The King of the sunset!—
What shall be your pilot, then?— A wind from Galilee!

*Tales of the Mermaid Inn. By Alfred Noyes. New York: F. A. Stokes Company.

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—Nay, but ye be marchaunts, will ye come back empty-handed?—
Ay, we be marchaunts, though our gain we ne'er shall see!
Cast we now our bread upon the waste wild waters;
After many days it shall return with usury.

Chorus:

Marchaunt Adventurers,
Marchaunt Adventurers,
What shall be your profit in the mighty days to be?
Englande! Englande! Englande! Englande!
Glory everlasting, and the lordship of the sea.

There is no need to argue about it, or even to point out the demonstrative details: the Elizabethans did not write like that. They did not versify like that either; nor, so far as we of this late day have any means of judging, did they think like that. But this subtler question demands a little more analysis.

"Thy Summer's Night—eh, Will? Midsummer's Night?—
That's a quaint fancy," Bacon droned anew,
"But— Athens was an error, Will! Not Athens!
Titania knew not Athens! Those wild elves
Of thy Midsummer's Dream— eh? Midnight's Dream?—
Are English all. Thy woods, too, smack of England;
They never grew round Athens. Bottom, too,
He is not Greek!"
"Greek?" Will said, with a chuckle,
"Bottom a Greek? Why, no, he was the son
Of Marian Hacket, the fat wife that kept
An ale-house, Wincot-way. I lodged with her
Walking from Stratford. You have never tramped
Along that country side? By Burton Heath?
Ah, well, you would not know my fairy-lands.
It warms my blood to let my home-spuns play
Around your cold white Athens. There's a joy
In jumping time and space."

Now, here is a thoroughly modern bit of criticism, albeit spoken in character. Bacon might well enough have so objected, and Shakespeare so answered—if the idea had ever occurred to them; but we may doubt its occurrence to the Bacon who, for all his learning, calls the Witch of Endor a "Pythonissa" and quotes his Homer in Vergilian Latin, or to the Shakespeare who, both as poet and as manager, costumed all times alike. It is Mr. Noyes who feels a joy in jumping time and space, and who shares with us that pleasure: the Elizabethans, in a manner of speaking, dwelt as gods outside and unconscious of time; and Shakespeare could never have written *Bacchus and the Pirates,* precisely because in his mind they would have met as naturally as Touchstone and Hymen. This conjuring with great names borrows its whole enchantment from distance: it is wonderful for us to sit at table among great names which have already outworn the drums and trampings of three hundred years; but for themselves there was no such wonder. Wings are not wonderful to angels; and it is obvious, though inconceivable, that elephants do not feel elephantine. What Mr. Noyes has done, therefore, is more than merely to imitate Elizabethan verse or to attempt a futile realism of archeology. He is a poet, not a fabricator of antiques; and his creation is our own vision (and his) of the Mermaid Tavern, a new light and life upon a tradition grown great in growing old: a transfiguration of those souls of poets dead and gone in bodies not the same but glorified by centuries of imagining. What the Elizabethan Age thought of itself we see darkly through the glass of its own literature; to that nothing can ever be added; it is done. What the Elizabethan Age actually was in daily fact we cannot possibly know; it is gone, erased, dissolved into oblivion. But what the Elizabethan Age is now, for us, is another and a living thing, as real as a dream and as immortal as a soul;

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and in recreating this Elizabethan Age of ours, Mr. Noyes has done again what Shakespeare did for the ancient Rome and Athens of his own day. And that, after all, is the only thing that really matters. We are concerned with past times and distant places only as they exist for us: with the present connotation of words like "Elizabethan" or "Athenian" or "mediæval"; with the traditional personalities of Alexander and Cleopatra and Cæsar and Hamlet and George Washington; for these are now a portion of our thought and an influence upon our living, whereas that which they actually were has long ceased to exist. Thus the Middle Ages of Scott and Victor Hugo, the Pompeii of Bulwer-Lytton, may be historically quite inaccurate; nobody really knows or ever will; but they are at least alive among us, and the facts are dead. Indeed, in a certain sense, these fictions are truer to the life than was that very life itself. Cæsar and Lincoln were in fact something more than they or their contemporaries knew: their future fame was part of them. It is no quibble to say of the actual Hamlet or Macbeth that their chief historical act was to furnish material for Shakespeare. And the whole truth about those gatherings at the Mermaid could not have been apparent to themselves, precisely because it has taken time to prove their greatness: there sat the characters of a poem which would not be written until the year nineteen hundred and twelve.

And in this imaginative embodying of the Elizabethan spirit as it has come down to us, this holding up of the mirror to our romantic and traditional sense of what the Mermaid must have been, these poems are marvellously successful. The book has that cross-section effect, as of a world created, which is the hallmark of a few great novels: that sense of a window opened upon a bright and busy scene wherein every sharp detail suggests unobserved complexities and more is felt than meets the eye. You have this feeling about the India of *Kim,* the Paris of *Notre Dame,* the Georgian society of *Vanity Fair;* but it is a very rare thing to find it in a poem. Mr. Noyes's own *Drake,* for example, with all its fertility of gorgeous images, had no charm to unseal these magic casements. The *Faerie Queene* is perhaps the best example of the quality in English—if we except Shakespeare's creations of Bohemia and Arden. And the method by which this feeling is produced is a remarkable development of one of the first devices of literary craftsmanship—the device of going back into romance for the origin of something immediately familiar to the reader. It is that formula of the folk-tale which begins with the long nose of the elephant or the short tail of the bear, and tells a story to account for it: "and if you doubt the story, just look at the next elephant you see." The conjuring with great names, of which I have already spoken, is a part of this; the very title of the volume is a case in point; and the device is worked out imaginatively in a myriad of details, a gold thread woven through the poems to give the texture brilliancy. We meet with "brick-layer Ben"—

> The T, for Tyburn, branded on his thumb,—

and the mention of that mark is like a credential and an identification. Some of us recognise it; others are informed so casually that they feel reminded. It is as simple as an inference of Sherlock Holmes—and as bewilderingly effective. These allusions, moreover, are not hung upon the work like tags, but imagined keenly and emotionally; they are the very stuff of which the dream is made.

> I fitted her with morrice-bells, with treble, bass and tenor bells;
> The fore-bells, as I linked them at her throat, how soft they sang!
> Green linnets in a golden nest, they chirped and trembled on her breast,
> And, faint as elfin blue-bells, at her nut-brown ankles rang.

Analyse that, after you have done merely enjoying it: try to resolve the elements of learning and artistry and sentiment;

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see how information is informed with melody, how in the blending and modelling of all, one line will help the poem in various ways, how the brain serves the heart. And you will suspect why the old tradition of the world paid poets the honour of astonishment. For the test of any true creation is that the more you examine it and dissect and discover and understand, the more material you have for wonder.

To attempt a critical appraisal of this book within the limits of a page or two would be somewhat unsatisfactory and perhaps a little premature; for there is too much in it, both for better and for worse, to encourage the superficial balancing of a fault here against a merit there in the endeavour to anticipate posterity. Rather it has seemed of interest to approach a single phase of its craftsmanship in the character more of an observer than of a judge. There is many another phase of equal interest; and to one such in particular it is worth while to call attention. If any single book might comprehend and settle for all time that long-disputed question of morality and art, then that book is the *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*. It is all here, precept and example and illustration: for whomsoever will really read; the matter is concluded. But how and why these poems have offered a conclusion must be left for the nonce to the observation of the reader.

Brian Hooker.

II

Harry A. Franck's "Zone Policeman 88"*

Sauntering along the backbone of Central America on a walking trip, Mr. Franck reached the Panama Canal. It interested him and aroused a desire to study it at close range. At first, with his characteristic bent for investigating a thing from the bottom upward, he planned to enroll himself among the wielders of pick and shovel, and thus be qualified to boast in after years,—"I helped to dig IT." But this was before the author discovered the impassable gulf that separates the sacred white American from the common and coloured labourers of the Zone. It was also, probably, before the authorities discovered that a gentleman was in their midst who, by reason of having walked around the world and up and down in it many thousand miles, had acquired some familiarity with a score of foreign languages. With a working force hailing from seventy-two foreign countries and dependencies, Uncle Sam's Canal Zone officials are hard pressed to find men who can converse in even a rudimentary manner with whole tribes of strange speaking employees. Accordingly Mr. Franck's application for a position on the Canal Zone police force was promptly granted; and as a guardian of law and order the author had unusual opportunities for studying the inside and the underside of life in the Zone.

The Canal, it is devoutly to be hoped, is a permanent institution; and unless an earthquake, Japanese torpedoes, or some other agency intervene, will endure for ages. But the Canal-builders are a transitory population, swept together from most of the nations of the earth to live together for a few years under decidedly novel conditions. Before long they will scatter to the four winds; their hastily built towns will be deserted and left to decay; and the unusual and highly interesting life of this army of forty thousand workers and half as many hangers-on will become a memory. *Zone Policeman 88* is, therefore, a valuable contribution to the literature of the Canal, presenting as it does, from the author's intimate knowledge of conditions, the life of a community which is so strikingly unique.

Of the effect of this life upon Americans, of whom, by the way, there were at the last census five thousand two hundred and twenty-eight out of a total of thirty-seven thousand four hundred and twenty-eight employees,—the author says:

*Zone Policeman 88. By Harry A. Franck. New York: The Century Company.

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The bringing together into close contact of Americans from every section of our broad land is tending to make a new amalgamated type. Even New Englanders grow almost human here among their broader-minded fellow-countrymen. Any northerner can say "nigger" as glibly as a Carolinian, and growl if one of them steps on his shadow. It is not easy to say just how much effect all this will have when the canal is done and this handful of amalgamated and humanised Americans is sprinkled back over all the States as a leaven to the whole. They tell on the Zone of a man from Maine who sat four high-school years on the same bench with two negro boys, and returning home after three years on the Isthmus was so horrified to find one of those boys an alderman that he packed his traps and moved to Alabama, "where a nigger is a nigger!"

Before taking up his regular duties as a policeman Mr. Franck, on account of his linguistic accomplishments, was assigned to the census staff of the Zone as an enumerator. For six weeks he pursued this special work, roaming up and down the Canal, and into it; to isolated clearings in the jungle; and through swarming settlements of Italians, Spanish, Greeks, Panamanians, and polyglot communities of most of the nations of Europe and America, not omitting Negroes of every variety and race known to man except the pure African and, curiously enough, the "States nigger." This latter variety is barely represented in the Canal Zone. Through visiting and questioning four thousand, six hundred and seventy-seven Zone residents who hailed from seventy different countries, the author became reasonably well acquainted with the population over whom he was to wave the policeman's club.

Illuminating was the remark made to him by a negress from one of the British West Indies.

"'You ain't no American?'

"'Yes, I am.'

"'Why, you de bery fust American ah eber see dat was perlite.'"

And in more than one place the author touches upon this unpleasant national characteristic of ours, mentioning the "roaring noises that Americans fancied Spaniards, or Greeks, or Roumanians must understand because they were not English noises."

With all our expanding over the surface of the earth in the past fourteen years there still hangs over us that old provincial backwoods logic, "English is good enough for me." . . . Child's task as is the learning of a foreign language, provincial old Uncle Sam just flat-foots along in the same old way, expecting to govern and judge and lead along the path of civilisation his foreign colonies by bellowing at them in his own nasal drawl and treating their tongue as if it were some purely animal sound. . . . It is not the least of the reasons why foreign nations do not take us as seriously as they ought, why our colonials do not love us, and, what is of far greater importance, do not advance under our rule as they should.

There is a delicious chapter about Socialism on the Canal Zone. "To begin with," says the author, "there isn't any of course. No man would dream of looking for Socialism in an undertaking set in motion by the Republican Party and kept on the move by the regular army." But there are a number of phases in the life of this paternally governed strip of earth which savour of the Socialist's programme. Not only does the Government prescribe what a man shall do, but also where he shall live; and it furnishes him with living accommodations, meals, transportation, medical care, amusements, sanitary regulations and commissary stores, and issues as medium of exchange not money, but books of coupons entitling the bearer to so many meals, so many rides in a train, all in payment for work performed. After discussing these phases and some obvious disadvantages attendant upon them the author concludes: "I have hinted at these little weaknesses to several Socialists. They merely answer that these things have nothing to do with the case."

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Which is characteristically Socialistic of course.

It would not be worth while to read *Zone Policeman 88* for the sake of acquiring exact information about the Canal. The book is unique among books on Panama in that it does not once employ the phrase "stupendous engineering achievement." Nor does it mention the number of cubic yards moved in any day, week, year, or in toto. Nor does it skip lightly over historical events from Balboa to Colonel Goethal. But one cannot read this book without gathering vivid impressions.

> Before and beyond were pounding rock drills, belching locomotives, there arose the rattle and bump of long trains of flat-cars on many tracks, the crash of falling boulders, the snort of the straining steam-shovels heaping the cars high with earth and rock, everywhere were groups of little men, some working leisurely, some scrambling down into the rocky bed of the canal or dodging the clanging trains, all far below and stretching endless in either direction, while over all the scene hovered a veritable Pittsburgh of smoke.

Or again:

> The unbroken, deafening procession of dirt-trains scream by on their way to the Pacific,—straining Moguls dragging a furlong of "Lidgerwood flats," swaying "Oliver dumps" with their side chains clanking, a succession as incessant of "empties" grinding back again into the midst of the fray. . . . An endless stream of rock and earth racing by six days a week, fifty-two weeks a year.

Zone Policeman 88 sketches in vivid scenes like these, and sets in the midst of them the canal-workers, that great conglomerate of humanity welded together more or less effectively and guided and driven by our fellow-countrymen who are working far away below the Southern horizon. And in many ways the book partakes of the characteristics of these Americans as the author depicts them. It is not a formal, carefully arranged, precisely written kind of book. Far from it. Unconventional, slangy, free and easy, in its shirt sleeves so to speak, *Zone Policeman 88* may be. But then it does well what it sets out to do; and few books can do better than that.

Arthur M. Chase.

III

William C. Van Antwerp's "The Stock Exchange from Within"*

With the possible exception of love and politics there has been more misinformation printed and written about the New York Stock Exchange than any other American institution. It is the favourite bait of the agitator; familiar target of the demagogue, and the last and best excuse for the parting of a fool and his money. Yet as a matter of fact the Stock Exchange is an economic necessity. Without it prices would be demoralised and unstandardised and values unstable. It is an essential part of the organisation of modern business and a powerful agency for industrial progress and the whole commercial uplift.

It is a pleasure, therefore, to welcome such a book as Mr. Van Antwerp's, which is really and truly written from the inside. It is without the bias of the trader seeking business, and it has the solid foundation of actual fact illuminated by years of experience on the floor of that hiving battleground of billions. Nor is it a preachment or defence, because the structure of the Stock Exchange, interpreted in its best functions, really needs no defence. But he who runs may read in this book the simple, direct, almost eloquent elucidation of a machinery as mighty as it is militant, and as fascinating in its element of human interest as the most engaging of romances.

For what is more thrilling or epic than empire building; what is more dramatic than the play of millions staked on

*The Stock Exchange from Within. By William C. Van Antwerp. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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the ordinary hazard of commerce? Without the New York Stock Exchange many of our great railways linking East and West with bonds of friendly steel would not have been built and scores of leading industrial corporations whose production has combined to give us a world-wide commercial supremacy would never have seen the light of the business day. For, as Mr. Van Antwerp has pointed out, capital is naturally a very timid commodity. It not only needs much encouragement but also a definite organised agency through which to operate. The whole vast field of investment owes its existence to the fact that there is a great Stock Exchange and scores of smaller ones, through which business propositions are organised and identified, and whose securities find a common ground for sale or exchange.

Without the Stock Exchange the small investor (and he is the backbone of any nation's financial strength) would be at the mercy of the charlatan, the get-rich-quick impressario, and the bucket shop. It is not saying too much (and Mr. Van Antwerp has ample evidence for it) that it is due to the restrictions placed by the Stock Exchange that the financial brigand (and more especially the operator of the bucket-shop) has been driven to prison or retirement.

No one denies, and the author of this admirable book would be the last to say so, that there have been abuses of the machinery of the Stock Exchange. There has been, for example, the old tragedy of the "corner," whose illicit history was made scarlet by the exploits of Jim Fisk, Daniel Drew and Jay Gould. But that era is passing with the introduction of reforms.

Gone, too, is that brilliant and spectacular epoch of the manipulator, for with the death of "Jim" Keene the last master of that thrilling game bowed to the burden of years. Such scandals as marked the Cordage and Hocking episodes cannot be duplicated under the present-day restrictions. One good evidence of the tendency of the new order, that the Board of Governors of the New York Stock Exchange has forbidden "matched orders" which, reduced to the simplest terms, means that there can be no more artificial or "wash sales." This was done after the printing of Mr. Van Antwerp's book, but it is just one fact in evidence of the statement he makes that whatever errors and abuses marked the Stock Exchange of the other days have disappeared or are fast vanishing under the beneficient influence of publicity, supervision, and what is more important, the realisation of the governors of the institution that the public not only must have fair play, but must be safeguarded in its security operations.

But your political agitator is not willing to believe that the average stock broker of Wall Street is a human being and a gentleman. He is generally pictured as a rough-necked shepherd, armed with foot-long shears ready to trim the innocent lambkin of all his hard-earned savings. No one was ever driven to Wall Street to invest or to speculate. Practically all the losses have been entirely voluntary and almost invariably due to that most universal of human impulses, which is to get something for nothing or the highest possible return compatible with safety of principal.

Nor does it seem possible, as Mr. Van Antwerp shows, to destroy the impression in the average public mind that Wall Street and the Stock Exchange are one and the same thing, and that all the fluctuations on the Exchange are caused by that mysterious, secret and uncanny agency called "The Street." No fallacy could be greater than this idea. As one eminent authority has declared, you might as well suppose that all the water in the Mississippi River comes from the adjacent banks, ignoring the innumerable streams and rills that contribute their share from countless sources, some of them many hundreds of miles away.

That narrow, winding, seething way, sentinelled at one end by Trinity Church and washed at the other by the waters

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of the East River, is separate and apart from the Stock Exchange, which is not even located on it. Wall Street, like the Stock Exchange, performs its own great function, for it is the aorta through which our financial life blood rushes. It is more than a street; it is an institution because here was the forum of the Revolution, the very birthplace of a nation. Here lived Hamilton and here worked Washington Irving and Stedman. Of course, it is linked up with the Stock Exchange, but in the same way that the history of a retail street is allied with the careers of the great shops that front it.

Isaac F. Marcosson.

IV

E. S. Roscoe's "The English Scene in the Eighteenth Century"*

Mr. Roscoe says the aim of his book is to systematise the facts of the eighteenth century, and so to give a clear and general view of the age. Thus, perhaps, one should not expect the colour and anecdote associated with any intimate inspection of society of this period, but rather a saliency and comprehensiveness of survey. Yet by compromising with his plan, the author fails to satisfy. He has not selected his details with a single view to the completeness of his picture, and he curiously bestows his colour on the less important of its outlines. Nevertheless, he succeeds at times in his second object very well—which is, to assemble seemingly unrelated or minute facts into a new and stimulating generalisation. The general temper of the book, too, is very human.

It is fatal, says Mr. Roscoe, to consider any epoch from our own point of view. It is well to remember that neither the agreeable nor disagreeable aspects of the time gave as much pleasure or as much pain as they appear to us to give. London must have been a tranquil and enjoyable place—although it seems to us torpid with good-natured conservatism, with a gross society, and a monotonous home-life. The Londoner was essentially a townsman, and only a few vigorous and energetic persons made tours for pleasure in England until quite the end of the century. He was sensible, unemotional, honest, ambitionless, and coarse-minded, with an inherited love of ferocious combat. Filthy streets and unconcealed vice and bad water made the chances of attaining to youth very much against the London baby, and old age was not frequent. London was a city of darkness, and the absence of good artificial light made the theatre the chief indoor place of amusement, for if people stayed at home they could do nothing but go to bed. For the same reason all the city rose early.

There were plenty of outdoor amusements. Pleasure-gardens for all ranks abounded, and the Londoner was at his best there. They afforded almost the only life of which the women partook. For the men apparently spent most of their leisure time in coffee-house and tavern. The coffee-house has a unique historical importance, and it was patronised for no idle fashion, but to supply a real want of the time. The distribution of the newsletters was slow, as was that of the subsequent newspapers also. People found it quickest and cheapest to read them in coffee-houses—where, too, they could get the comments of friends upon the news. The coffee-houses thus disseminated criticisms of the social and political events of the day. The taverns also were used as clubs and afforded opportunity for association of a general character. Here, in one or other, the Londoner spent most of his hours away from business.

In time women began to want to do something when their husbands were at the club and their sons at Ranelagh. The ordinary woman had no education and tried to pass the time in playing cards. The educated women spent their time observing social reactions of various kinds. Though some had begun to at-

*The English Scene in the Eighteenth Century. By E. S. Roscoe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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tract attention by their mental activity, even they—unlike the French intellectuals—were not in the least subjective. The women of the middle class had a prevalent timidity and self-consciousness, and knew that it was expected of them. It came largely from staying too much indoors. To infuse an interest into their dull lives was the chief reason why the clever ones took to writing and the others to reading. The woman of letters had the same conventional ideals of femininity as the rest. They were at once eager to express themselves and apologetic at having done so. The very existence of a woman of letters was a revolt against prevailing ideas. Mrs. Radcliffe felt a native repugnance to authorship even in the midst of her splendid success. Her temperament was quiet, retiring, and cheerful—just what the age wanted a woman's temperament to be—yet she supplied the public with horrors to the full. In spite of her success in an unconventional field, her conventional ideals of femininity forced her to disappear from the world long before she was dead. It was because Anna Seward's sickly sentimentality reflected the sentimentality of the women of the middle class that nearly everything she wrote greatly pleased the taste of the time; yet hampered by the conventionality she adored, she still sought to express individuality within its prescriptions. Fanny Burney, the centre of a famous circle, was shyness and conventional correctness itself. Her work, says the author, shows most clearly the social relations of the two great sections of society, their approaching proximity, and the gradual breaking-down of ancient barriers. On the one side were awe with contempt, timidity with envy, doubt with ambition; on the other condescension with discreet politeness, arbitrariness with some tactful perception of the rise of a new power.

The middle class, indeed, was very new. Not until the eighteenth century did it exist as a definite body. The rise of master-manufacturers, the dissemination of reading matter, the influence of India—all helped to bring it into being. Writers essentially middle class, like Defoe, began to write for it and to attempt to mould its opinions. But for it the *Tatler, Spectator,* and *Guardian* could not have existed. When the novel took a recognised place in literature, its existence became very evident. The new fiction was intended for it, and perceived that as a whole it had been worse off for amusement than either the peer or the manual labourer. During the century the middle class, with little political or intellectual stir, grew gradually so influential that its characteristics represented the nation at large.

The naval officer was a unique product of the age. Seamen were carried off in irons like slaves to a man-of-war, and thus he had to maintain discipline over a rebellious and turbulent crew. An officer who acted like a gentleman was neither obeyed by his men nor respected by his comrades. Furthermore daily difficulties beset the performance of his duty, and he was expected to surmount them in his own way and without assistance. But brutalised as he was, he was the darling of his day; for both his virtues—which were inherent qualities, partly personal and partly hereditary—and his vices—which were largely the result of the naval system—particularly appealed to it. The country clergyman was obsequious and weak, regarded partly with pity and partly with contempt; while the domestic chaplain was merely an idle upper servant. The living of the beneficed clergy was inadequate and difficult to come by; if a man were in comfortable circumstances, it was because he had more than one living. Consequently, not until the nineteenth century improved his physical condition did his spiritual condition improve. It was the country parson and the peasant who touched the lowest depth of the age. As the middle class had become more prosperous, the peasant had become more dependent. The social and economic changes which had benefited everybody else, but forced him into greater helplessness—a man without a

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stake in the country, without self-respect or hope. In 1750 the poor relief was two shillings two pence; in 1800 it was eight shillings five pence—proof enough that he was everywhere pauperised. The peasant stood helpless while, under well-intentioned but mischievous legislation, the forces of progress thrust him back.

What chiefly thrust him back was the most momentous movement of the scene, the industrial revolution. Its results changed the face of the country and the relations of society. Under the stimulus of mechanical invention and commercial power, new means of communication and traffic were achieved. The old order in provincial towns and rural districts steadily changed. By 1801 the population map of England had taken on its modern appearance. The social change was equally great, for it accomplished the transformation of the yeomen into a class which had commercial solidarity, which was ready to work together in the common interest. The new Provincial citizen became about the middle of the century a figure of the first importance. Neither his contemporaries nor his successors appreciated how important he was, for it was he more than politicians or literary men of London who moulded the future of England. As the Londoner fell off in local public spirit, he daily showed himself a better citizen; and it was the civic life of towns like Birmingham and Manchester which made the England of the next century.

Graham Berry.

V

H. S. Harrison's "V. V.'s Eyes"*

The popularity of Mr. Harrison's first novel, *Queed,* was no doubt due less to its intrinsic literary merits than to the author's clever opportunism in combining two very favourite types of fiction—that which attempts the interpretation of American life in its formative stages at some provincial centre, either the small country town or the embryo commercial capital, and that in which the interest centres in some eccentric but amiable character creation. Our younger novelists are usually so impressed by the doctrines of realism which they have imbibed, and by the sense of their responsibility as historians of their own time, that they are inclined to overlook the rights of the imagination to a place in the novel as a work of art. Hence the success—and the very legitimate success—of the author who had the happy audacity to project against a wholly matter-of-fact background of life as he had observed it in some unnamed southern city, the wholly fanciful, and slightly fantastic figure of his hero.

Queed was like a character from one of Locke's novels who had strayed by chance into a story by Mr. Booth Tarkington or Mr. Meredith Nicholson. It is true that his whimsicality was merely a mask for the familiar fictional traits of stalwart American manhood; and that this mask was too promptly dropped as the story advanced and developed the need, on Queed's part, of prompt and decisive action, wherein circumstances were aided and abetted by the sweet and civilising influences of imperious American maidenhood. The book lapsed rapidly into the commonplace. Still, the tentative was a worthy and promising one, and made us look forward to Mr. Harrison's next novel with considerable interest.

In *V. V.'s Eyes,* Mr. Harrison keeps closely to his original programme—we cannot quite yet say his original formula. Here is the same setting, the same background of southern city life, not as it was of old, with its atmosphere of ante-bellum aristocracy and plenty of leisure, but as it is to-day, with all its new special interests arising from the acquisition of modern industrial fortunes, and with all its hustle and bustle of business activity, its corruptions, its problems, and its response to the general spirit of civic "uplift." And here, too, on the outskirts, at the first, hangs the queer but lovable hero, another Queed, though with marked differences,

*V. V.'s Eyes. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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who gradually moves up to the centre and becomes involved in the fortunes of all the other characters.

"V. V.," as Dr. Vivian is called by all his "charity sick," is a slum doctor, with wonderful eyes, a heart of gold, a gentle, deprecatory disposition, and a slight limp. He lives at the Dabney House, an ancient hostelry at "the other end of town;" and when the story opens, he is keenly interested in the question of factory reform, which has become an acute local problem. He even writes fierce denunciatory letters to the papers in which he characterises the neglect of certain of the manufacturers, and particularly one named Heth, proprietor of Heth's Cheroots, as homicidal. His friend, Sam O'Neill, the Labour Commissioner, tells him that if he knew some of these Huns (as "V. V." has called them) he might modify the harshness of his individual judgments. And this is precisely what happens, when he encounters Carlisle Heth and learns how charming the daughter of a Hun may be.

The first meeting is inauspicious, and is connected with an incident which, although it occurs in the first few pages, is of capital importance for the understanding of the story. Carlisle is the daughter, not only of a rich father, who grinds the poor in his employ, but of a vulgar, selfish, and designing mother. She has been trained to think that her only ambition in life is to make a good match. So, when Hugo Canning, a socially distinguished millionaire, is expected at the shore resort where the Heths are staying, Carlisle puts on a pretty boating costume and sails across the bay, close in shore, where Canning as he comes from the station may see her. But a poor, disregarded lover—John Dalhousie—of weak character and bad habits, sees her first, and although very drunk at the time, swims out to the boat, climbs into it, and proceeds to annoy her. Suddenly, those sitting on the hotel porch notice that Carlisle's boat is capsized and observe a man swimming lustily away from the scene of the catastrophe. When Carlisle had been rescued, and the man's identity had been discovered, he was naturally charged with arrant cowardice, and forced to leave town. But "V. V.," to whom Dalhousie had confided the almost incredible fact that he remembered nothing of what had happened after he found himself in the water, goes to Carlisle in the hope that her story of the accident may support the boy's account, and thus exonerate him.

It is clear from the start that she knows he is not guilty, that he had had nothing to do with the capsizing of the boat, which had been overturned by a puff of wind, after he left it; and that, as she had not screamed, he could not have heard her or seen anything of her plight. But the girl's worldly fear of gossip, of compromising herself at the very beginning of her matrimonial campaign, seals her lips, especially as she recognises in Dalhousie's ambassador the man who, as she thinks, has wantonly attacked her father in the papers. So, as Vivian is convinced that she is lying, the mutual impression the two make upon each other is disagreeable, although the shabby doctor, with his sympathetic understanding, is more saddened than embittered at this revelation of the falseness that may be concealed by a beautiful face.

The story of *V. V.'s Eyes* is the story of the influence the doctor comes slowly to exert over Carlisle, as much by the gentle insistence of his look as by anything he says to her, until he not only leads her to proclaim her falsehood (when, indeed, it is too late, for Dalhousie kills himself), but to become his active co-operator in his schemes for industrial reform, even when these affect her father's factory. The task is rendered harder by the fact that Carlisle wins Canning, and thus holds within her grasp all that her ambition has proposed to her as the end of a woman's life. But this introduction of a second influence gives the novelist his finest opportunity, which comes when the question presents itself to Carlisle whether, after Dalhousie's suicide, she shall still proclaim

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the truth out of justice to his memory and out of kindness to the lad's father. The long scene in which Carlisle and her lover argue this point, and in the course of which it gradually dawns upon her that Hugo's opposition to publicity is motived by a desire to take the "easiest way" for both of them out of what threatens to prove an unpleasant scandal, while she, finally awakened by "V. V." to a sense of right and wrong in the abstract, is concerned exclusively with spiritual values, is admirably handled. It is no exaggeration to say that no other of our younger American writers could have developed this scene with so much subtle casuistry and at the same time with so much emotional poignancy and tenderness. It is a scene that Henry James himself might be proud to have written.

Its effect upon the character of Carlisle is decisive. She emerges from the trial a real woman, after having been up to that point a rather unreal and conventional American girl figure, some of whose traits seem too unconscious on the part of the author to be taken entirely as intentional satire. It is, perhaps, no very serious dispraise of Mr. Harrison to say that he has not yet learned to "frivol" gracefully, and the introductory efforts of both Hugo and Carlisle to indicate their social ease and elevation, are not wholly convincing; while their claims to superior breeding and cultivation sometimes rest upon singular assumptions. There is something extraordinarily primitive in the promptitude with which our young men and young women, of whatever social level, arrive at the personal note, anyway, after the first preliminary conversational commonplaces. Hugo and Carlisle are no exceptions to this rule in current American fiction, and testify rather to the writer's naïveté than to his talent. He is at ease only when, little by little, he begins to lose sight of his two characters as exceptional human beings, and to treat them as plain American boy and girl, charming in spite of their crudities —perhaps even a trifle because of them.

As for "V. V.," although he is the centre of the story, the source of all its significance and influence—its sweetness and light, as it were,—he is somewhat too lacking in the substance of reality, he tends to resolve himself too exclusively, at the suggestion of the title, into a fixed regard of pity and gentle self-effacement for us to accept him except as a sort of fairy, a Robin Goodfellow brought up to date and introduced into the world to help poor humanity out of its muddles. As such, however, he is very satisfactory, a wholly charming, tender, and whimsical creation. Artistically, also, he keeps his identity better than did Queed, partly because less is required of him in the ordinary modes of action. It is not so much what he does himself, as what he makes others do, that counts, and above all, he is not obliged to make love to the heroine. Generally we object to those accidental deaths at the end of novels which seem designed principally to produce pathetic effects. But in this case the taking off of "V. V." seems logical and necessary. But probably, being a fairy, he did not die after all, but just retired from the world after his work was accomplished.

Our one serious criticism on Mr. Harrison's new book is the style, which, especially at the start, is unnecessarily involved. It was not only a penance, but almost a practical impossibility to penetrate the first few paragraphs—pages even—and although the author may not lose many old readers through offering such barriers to their progress, he runs the risk of discouraging some new ones. It is a false ideal of art which unnecessarily complicates expressions, and regards obscurity as in itself, a high attribute of style or a sign of deep understanding. A certain amount of indirection may be admissible as an adjunct of humour and as a means of creating psychological atmosphere. But indulged in habitually, it soon becomes a vice, and neither Mr. Harrison's real whimsicality nor his rapidly growing spiritual insight requires any such extravagant verbal elaboration and conceit

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as he has occasionally deemed necessary. Doubtless this is a mere passing phase of literary self-consciousness. Even now it leaves him for whole pages at a time, and then he writes not only simply and well, but with an unusual flexibility of expression.

Horatio Hart.

VI

Cyrus Townsend Brady's "The Fetters of Freedom"*

Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady is known to be a most prolific and versatile writer, as well as an entertaining one; and he himself would probably be among the first to acknowledge that there is an uncommonly wide divergence of merit between the different classes of his productions. Yet even those who most cordially give him credit for the best of his past achievements must be pleasantly surprised at the earnest purpose, the dramatic strength, the inherent bigness of his latest volume, *The Fetters of Freedom*. The shortest way to place and define the book is to say that it belongs to the type established by *Ben Hur* and *Quo Vadis?*—historical novels of imperial Rome, and based partly upon the biblical record and church traditions. But within the limits of this type there is a wide range of possibilities and abundant opportunity for blunders and errors of judgment. The principal characters may be all of them purely fictitious, as is mainly the case with General Lew Wallace's familiar volume, with just enough of the historical element to fix the period; or the leading parts may be assigned to the big figures of recorded history, as in the work by the great Polish novelist. Dr. Brady has followed the latter method, and has chosen as his central character no less a personage than St. Paul himself,—a venturesome experiment, because in handling figures which are seen by the popular mind surrounded with a halo of sanctity it is so easy to make some slip, throw in some incongruous word, fall just short of the sustained dignity of treatment that is imperative. It is only fair to Dr. Brady to say at once that he commits no such errors. From first to last, his St. Paul is a personage of commanding presence, strongly individualised, consistent, an embodiment of the apostolic spirit. It is not too much to say that the author has so far succeeded in reincarnating the manners and conditions of ancient life and the mental, moral and spiritual standards of the period as to make the recorded life of St. Paul more actual, more comprehensible to many a reader than it has ever been before. Furthermore, without taking any undue liberties with the biblical narrative or with tradition, he has woven around accepted facts the clever embroidery of a fiction story, the specific interest of individual human lives; and all this he has portrayed through a series of vivid, tragic, compelling scenes, vibrant with the storm and stress of physical danger and spiritual anguish.

To retell the story of *The Fetters of Freedom* would be in part to repeat inadequately facts familiar to every Bible student, and for the rest, to divulge unfairly the element of surprise which so largely forms the lure of Dr. Brady's volume. Of one fact there can be no mistake: *The Fetters of Freedom* belongs to the class of books which simply insist upon being written; it was the product of the author's compelling love of his subject. You cannot miss his own honest joy in the achievement of each succeeding chapter, his justifiable pride in sterling workmanship, his zealous care to make none of these fatally easy blunders in archæology and classic lore. And in the latter respect, he is to be congratulated upon having steered a safe middle course: his volume neither bristles over-much with the terminology of a dictionary of classical antiquities, nor is it so modernised as to rob the reader of a proper sense of the remoteness of the scene in point of time; and the result is that the setting of the book is just what it ought to be, ever present

*The Fetters of Freedom. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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yet ever in the background. Without wishing to assign an inflated value to Dr. Brady's book, the present reviewer does wish, in conclusion, to repeat that it is a book possessing the element of bigness, and with all the better chance of public recognition because its strong theme is handled with the assured touch of the practiced craftsman.

Calvin Winter.

VII

Owen Johnson's "The Sixty-First Second"*

To any one conversant with his books it is quite evident that Mr. Johnson has determined to try out many fields before deciding definitely to settle down to one. His first two published books, *Arrows of the Almighty* and *In the Name of Liberty,* may be lightly dismissed. They were the work of the years of apprenticeship, experimental, and youthfully imitative. Then came *Max Fargus,* a grim, sinister, powerful tale, which perhaps deservedly failed of popularity, but most undeservedly missed the appreciation to which it was entitled. The first two novels showed the influence of much reading of romantic tales; *Max Fargus* was the work of a man who had been drenching himself with Balzac. Then Mr. Johnson threw off literary shackles altogether, and with his stories of schoolboy life, *The Eternal Boy, The Varmint, The Humming Bird,* and *The Tennessee Shad,* blazed what was regarded as an entirely new trail, which later carried his hero through the university in the pages of a book marked by humour, some fine descriptive writing, much preachment on matters of secret societies and their abuses, a rather tiresome love story, and one unworthy descent to claptrap melodrama.

In *The Sixty-First Second* the background is not the Paris of *In the Name of Liberty,* the proletarian New York of *Max Fargus,* the Lawrenceville of *The Varmint,* nor the New Haven of *Stover at Yale.* It is the intensely feverish New York of the days of the panic of 1907, and against this background are thrown almost a score or more of sharply drawn characters—the iron Slade of the Associated Trust Companies, the aristocratic Majendie of the ill-fated Atlantic Trust Company, Rita Kildair, Beecher, Mr. and Mrs. Cheever, Mr. and Mrs. Bloodgood, Nan Charters, Maud Lille, the Gunthers, father and son, the detective McKenna, Garraboy, and Emma Fornez. These men and women afford plenty of diversion for those readers who like to look for real originals of characters in fiction. At the beginning *The Sixty-First Second* seems a mystery story pure and simple. Mrs. Rita Kildair, an enigmatic person who remains enigmatic till the end, gives a supper party at which Slade, Majendie, Beecher, Mr. and Mrs. Cheever, Mr. and Mrs. Bloodgood, Garraboy, Nan Charters, and Maud Lille are guests. A ring of immense value, loaned to the hostess by Slade, is stolen. Mrs. Kildair locks the doors, tells of the theft, announces that she is going to count one hundred in the dark with those present standing round the table, and if, at the end of the count, the ring is not on the table, detectives will be summoned to make a personal search. At the sixty-first count there is a quick metallic sound, but when the count is finished the table is absolutely bare, the ring has apparently been stolen a second time. This is the problem which is not solved until the end of the story. But in the meantime the narrative moves in an atmosphere of high financial intrigue. The Atlantic Trust Company closes its doors and its president, Majendie, who has planned to elope with Mrs. Bloodgood, thinks himself trapped and commits suicide. There are scenes in higher Bohemian society, and at the opera, and a dramatic meeting of the money kings in Gunther's house for the purpose of stopping the impending panic. But perhaps the most effective chapter is that where McKenna shows young Gunther and Beecher the result of his investigations in the complete life histories of the various persons

*The Sixty-First Second. By Owen Johnson. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

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who stood round the table in Mrs. Kildair's dining-room. Structurally *The Sixty-First Second* is far from being a finished piece of work. Obviously Mr. Johnson's first aim was to make it a good serial. But the characters are well drawn, the dialogue crisp and natural, and the narrative unquestionably interesting.

Arthur Green Hatton.

NEW BOOKS BY NEW WRITERS

Frank L. Packard's "Greater Love Hath No Man"*

One has rather hoped that the day of the hero who sacrificed his valuable career for a human skunk passed with Bertie Cecil and the rest of Ouida's grave, controlled, ineffably beautiful heroes. But no! Varge, in Frank Packard's *Greater Love Hath No Man,* to save the worthless son of the man and woman who befriended him, takes upon himself the crime of killing the good old man, deliberately arranges the incriminating evidence, surrenders to the authorities, pleads guilty, confesses and reconfesses in court and out of it, and, because of the mitigating circumstance of his confession is sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Within the prison environs appears the son of the murdered man, Harold Merton, not content to let sleeping dogs lie, and eager to get more assurance that Varge would not tell. He sees Varge's face through the bars: "face like a carven god's, of ivory, of wondrous strength and power, and there was no savagery, no passion, no anger in it, but there was—cold pity. Merton snatched at it ravenously. Pity—that was his cue.

But instead of taking pity, Merton tried to give it, and caught something in Varge's voice: "a world of passion suppressed, like a mighty tide that purls and bubbles and seethes against a dam that holds it back and will not let it have its way." However, the dam of Varge's will broke and rather frightened young Harold. We doubt if the latter was quite brave enough to have faced Varge as his creator makes him.

Later ensue the usual paraphernalia of prison-novel tricks. There is a secret tunnel, uprising among the convicts, a hated guard, and the break for liberty. Varge beats off the convicts and we find ourselves resenting this too, too abnormal evidence of godlike greatness as much as the prisoners undoubtedly did. It was Varge's superhuman strength that turned this trick—though the guard died praising Varge—and we have neglected to speak before of this Herculean attribute that enabled Varge to bend iron bars; to fight a raging sea of convicts; to save—as a "trusty" now—the warden's daughter, Janet, from a burning house by a strong man's trick that takes pages to the telling; to warn Harold with a hiss and a vise-like clutch from poaching on Janet's life and love; to escape, because he himself loved Janet and "there was no other way"; to save the captain of the boat in which he escaped, and himself from death in a raging storm; to wrench from their sockets the iron bars of the rural prison in which he was put after his capture; to accomplish elsewhere and in minor detail needful deeds before which any other man's weaker arms must have dropped lifeless at his side.

The warden, the prison doctor, the warden's daughter, all unite in attempting to force Varge to speak, to say he is not the guilty man; but we who know our *Under Two Flags* know the rules of heroic self-sacrifice for a crawling cad, and prophesy that Varge will not admit the truth. He does not, but there is a subtle trick at the end whereby young

*Greater Love Hath No Man. By Frank L. Packard. New York: George Doran and Company.

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Harold is made to scream out his guilt, and it is with distinct regret we learn on the next page that, instead of being taken away to Varge's empty cell, he has died. We realise, too, this with joy, that the penitentiary at Hebron was managed far more loosely than we have been led to believe penal institutions are run today.

This book makes us hopeful that the day of self-sacrifice is passing. Otherwise we might have accepted Varge's burnt offering of his life as beautiful. Instead it catalogues itself as a distinctly foolish piece of work, and we shan't reread *Under Two Flags* for fear our adolescent joy in that grand old romance should turn, at this day, into boredom.

Truman A. DeWeese's "The Bend in the Road"*

The Bend in the Road does what its author in his preface hopes it will do, clears away the city jungle and opens up the vista of your own plot of ground, your pruned red apple tree, your purple-clustered grape vines, your bee-hives filled with yellow honey, your strawberry bed and your flock of white, proud-stepping Leghorns. It has to do with the primal pleasures of seed-time and harvest, lived through upon your own "country place," however modest. It is a strong new voice to the chorus of the country-life movement.

It is not the sort of book that would be classed among modern contributions to the problem of "back to the soil." In fact here lies its newness, in its slight disdain of the push-button methods of intensive, electrified, up-to-date farming. This country place, you see, is for pure pleasure; the hoe is bought deliberately because it is more fun than the brassie or the cleek; the hissing sigh of the scythe as it mows down the grass brings back memories utterly forgotten until now, that you are the richer for, and that you will never do without again. You wish the conveniences of running water in the house, but you respect the ancient well in your side yard, and you restore it joyously, deep-hewn wooden trough and all, and hang beside it the bright new dipper, for the thrill from your boyhood days that it gives you. You listen to the wheedling of the architect-friend who wants to change your old, old Colonial find into a suburban bungalow of the latest type, to cover your broad weather boards with stained shingles. You endure the landscape gardener's arguments, that man who hitches his horse to your favourite cherry tree and tells you that your four ancient elms give a sparse air to your place, and that California privet trimmed pyramidally or squared to the compass is a positive necessity. And, having listened, you send the architect and the landscape maniac away. You have no need for either. For you have your own pastoral picture of what your farm, after sufficient time has gone by, is to look like. The chapter on "Planting Pastoral Pictures" is as full of colour as a painter's colour-box.

It is a road sign, this book, to the city-driven man and woman who have achieved a competence and have lost health perhaps and the spirit of youth and the sense of vision. It has but little to do with the fertilising of soils and intensive theories generally, but it is more likely to start the reader to his long-contemplated hunt for an old, "abandoned farm," than the most precise of books on the new science of farming.

*The Bend in the Road. By Truman A. DeWeese. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Robert Dull Elder's "The Sojourner"*

It is interesting now and then to come on the delineation of a cad in a book that is written under a man's name. It happens but seldom, and in this particular instance Kenneth Spenser, cheat at Princeton, fake rescuer of women, is enough like women novelists' conceptions of good cads to be operated on for malformation of the brain. Jack Holi-

*The Sojourner. By Robert Dull Elder. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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day, son of a financier and in love with Kenneth's sister Violet—who later prates of Man and Superman and puts over again the incident of the boa-constrictor—is forced out of Princeton three months before he graduates by the united efforts of Violet and Kenneth to save the latter from the consequences of his cheating at examinations, when Jack said simply, "I'm on the Senior Council—how can I do otherwise than report you then?"

A flash of comprehension and wrath distorted Spenser's visage into the malign beauty of some powerful feline creature which lusts to crush and tear; he flung his gloves upon the floor and took one lithe stride toward Holliday, his hands balled into knotted marble. The venomous black eyes flared as close as might be to the level blue ones, but Holliday moved not a muscle. Spenser drew a quivering breath and stood up. "You damned Pharisee!" he snarled bitterly, "a vox humana on the pedal bass of a Satanic organ."

This is intense living, even at Princeton in one's Senior year.

Follows a quarrel between Jack and his father, the chivalric rescue of a little white slave, and then Jack's departure to the great West. Here he is a man among men, and acts as guide to Violet when she comes out to collect impressions of the mountains. Just why he should at the end marry Violet, who is a young Tartar in petticoats, capable of reversion to type at any crossing of her will, is a psychological mystery that is not made clear, however large a quota of illogical deeds we are wont to lay at the door of blinded love. It is very much like the marrying of Galahad with Catherine of Russia, which would always be a pity.

The Sojourner himself—he who has read Madame Blavatsky's—or is it Annie Besant's—story of the White Brotherhood will be strangely haunted by the reminiscent lines in this book. Jack Holliday runs into a young man on Broadway with a builder's square and a tool box under his arm whose eyes are ineffably sweet. But it seems a dream. Out West a tall young man with a burro passes in the night prophesying good luck, and names himself "a sojourner in these mountains." But it seems a dream. Steve the outlaw crosses trails with a man whose eyes are the same earnest wells of light. "My name is Maestro," he tells Steve. "I might be any one." Steve wakes up to find himself in a hospital, brought there by a stranger on a burro. But all this, too, seems like a dream. Of Maestro there is either too little or too much. This attempt to blend visualised theosophy with breaking wild horses, a Western man hunt, and all the rest is not well enough done to do more than put one in mind not so much of *The Servant in the House* as of the gay and frivolous and unreverent comments on it.

John Moroso's "The Quarry"*

The struggle of a man who has been thrust beyond the pale to regain his place in society is always a substantial theme. *The Quarry,* however, presents a variation of timeliness in the graphic recital of the downfall of its chief personage, James Montgomery, through the procedure of the police and the courts in New York City. That the author is making a special pleading may easily be argued against the logic of his fiction; yet no one may say that the case of James Montgomery could not have happened. Nor can the earnestness and sincerity of the author's purpose be doubted, even if there is an apparent drift toward sentimentality.

Montgomery, a country boy, by trade an apprentice mechanic, goes to the big city in search of work. Two safe-breakers, planning to rob a bank, pick acquaintance with him, promising to find him a place. The watchman of the bank gives the alarm and is killed for his pains. The robbers escape, but Montgomery is found in the neighbourhood with his bag of tools. At once the police begin to fasten the crime on Montgomery. This

*The Quarry. By John A. Moroso. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

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task is given to Kearney, the detective, who is even a more striking figure in the story than the hero. Kearney seems almost to be taken from life with the photographic eye of a reporter. He has no instinct except for his prey, the criminal; no feeling except for his old Irish mother, who keeps house for him and pampers him like a baby in their Cherry Street flat.

Kearney takes the appalled and famished country boy through the ordeal of Police Headquarters, the Tombs, and trial, until he sees him safe in Sing Sing, sentenced for life. Here Montgomery has as cell-mate a hardened old burglar, in whom the young fellow's simple goodness works regeneration. Through the burglar, whose own story forms a touching episode of the book, James Montgomery is largely aided to effect his escape from prison and make a new start in life.

With a somewhat too adroit manipulation of the hand of fate the author conducts James Montgomery through the second stage of his career. Where formerly all his luck went against him, now fortune favours him at every turn. While it is true in life that a man may have luck so treat him, nothing is more difficult of proof in fiction. In consequence the impression of *The Quarry* is that it is written according to the letter of realism, but not in the spirit. This does not detract from the genuine interest and importance of the book, which proceed from a dramatic story, honestly told, of a strange and saddening section of human society.

Frederick Ferdinand Moore's "The Devil's Admiral"*

Frederick Ferdinand Moore takes as his pattern for writing a novel the enduring pirate yarn. He possesses the qualifications of knowing the sea and of writing in clear, concise English. Also, he knows how to build up from chapter to chapter the interest of his story. Yet there is a certain lack of invention and execution in his characters and plot that may be attributed to his too sensitive consciousness of just what he had to do in order to produce a story for publication. In the opening chapters he gives in quick sequence two murders smartly done. No lover of murder in fiction could ask more. He tells his story in the first person, but hardly has the reader become gripped with the prospect of these mysterious murders being solved, before he realises that Mr. Moore's way of telling his story is a hamper to him.

The narrator, it should be said, is not the author himself, but a correspondent for the Amalagamated Press in China and the Philippines at the time of the Russo-Japanese War. In order to let the reader know what is happening, ever so often he has to overhear the other characters talking. There are situations impossible for the most proficient of eavesdroppers.

The correspondent goes to Manila on business, and bearing for an acquaintance a letter to a bank in that city. He discovers that he is being shadowed by a missionary. Then he is summoned back to China. The missionary and an official of the bank to which the correspondent took the letter are in the same boat. The bank official is aboard to look after certain cases of gold which are being shipped as cargo of an entirely different description. The missionary is really a pirate and has associates of his own kind among the crew. The pirates kill the bank official, run the ship on a reef and escape with the gold to an island. The press correspondent, the captain of the ship and his boy servant Rajah follow them, and the round of stirring adventure continues to a dramatic close that is the best situation in the book.

*The Devil's Admiral. By Frederick Ferdinand Moore. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Earl Derr Biggers's "Seven Keys to Baldpate"*

Compounded of the prescribed ingredients to make a best-seller, *Seven*

*Seven Keys to Baldpate. By Earl Derr Biggers. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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Keys to Baldpate would seem destined to appeal to the large public that enjoys running as it reads. The author not only takes up confidently the tried properties of the juggling story-teller, which may be grouped under the two heads of laughter and suspense, but he has the humorous temerity to pose himself vicariously as hero. Billy Magee is a popular novelist who has become bored of writing and drawing large royalties from this very kind of book. Toward the Christmas season he decides to seclude himself far from Broadway in a mountain summer hotel, which is closed and unoccupied. His intention is to settle in solitude and compose a really serious novel. Through a friend, whose father owns the hotel, he receives the first key to Baldpate. Almost immediately his isolation is broken by a second person, who also has received a key and who also wishes to withdraw from the world's madding crowd.

In rapid succession other people with keys arrive at Baldpate mysteriously. Among them is a college professor, who confesses that the newspapers have driven him to cover, because he declared that one peroxide blonde was worth twenty suffragettes. Another is an adorable young lady, accompanied by a vulgar woman whom she addresses as "Mamma." Also there are a political boss and his henchman. Additional strange persons prowl about the hotel until six of the seven keys are accounted for. To say that there is a package containing two hundred thousand dollars in the hotel safe, and that each of the seven persons wants it, or has it and loses it, through a series of galloping chapters, is to go far enough in despoiling the author's right to tell his own story.

If his book had remained farce or comedy from restless start to finish perhaps he would have revealed more individuality even in a work frankly designed for popular amusement. The melodramatic development of the latter pages stretches the rubber band of suspense to its limit. It might snap. Then, the indisputable political moral of the culminating climax shows how far the author has strayed from the path on which he first started. Yet he leads beguilingly; and this is the day of uplift in all things, including moving pictures.

H. H. Knibbs's "Stephen March's Way"*

The breath of the woods, of lumber camps and of the forest almost primeval permeates *Stephen March's Way*. There is no doubt that the author has lived in the country about which he writes. His trees are real trees, as is the sky above them. Brook and river are real, which he shows in their beauty, and the rapids in their threat of peril. The only artificiality in the book is the story itself. Curiously enough the author's characters are recognisable human beings. They fail of conviction through fault of the author's machinations, not of their own volition.

One believes in Slink Peter, the gumpicker, who sells whiskey to the men of the lumber camp against the express orders of the superintendent, John Hope. The hot temper of Hope is credible. He discovers Britt, one of his men, in Slink's shack buying the contraband liquor. Britt and the gumpicker attack Hope, who beats his employee and almost strangles Slink. Hope believes that he has killed the gumpicker, and flees to the company's office, confessing himself a murderer to one of the owners of the camp. But Slink is only badly injured. Britt burns his shack to the ground and steals away with the half-conscious Slink in the bottom of a canoe. Hope, the superintendent, hides in a remote and almost inaccessible part of the forest under the protection of a French half-breed.

Such is the premise of the novel, and it is not a very sound one. Hope had nothing to gain and all to lose by running away even if he had killed the gumpicker. It would have been a plain case of justifiable homicide. A man of the

*Stephen March's Way. By Harry Herbert Knibbs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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calibre attributed to John Hope would never have pursued the course on which he is driven by the emergency of fiction. If Hope had not fled there would have been no way of Stephen March at all. Yet one will admit he did flee. No better hero could be illustrated than March on his way to Whisper Lake to arrest the father of the girl with whom he has been foreordained to fall in love. Truth to say, Arlis Hope, the heroine, is rather a living person and of distinct charm. Her surrender to March's siege for her affections is deftly and convincingly managed. March's conduct toward her father is in line with his duty; but the manner of making known John Hope's innocence of murder is lame. The people in the book might have learned it in the second chapter; and for the purpose of holding the reader the author should have kept the matter a question until the close of the story instead of divulging the secret at the beginning.

Harold Kellock's "Mr. Hobby"*

"Mr. Hobby," Robert Dulworthy, is a delightfully inconsequent person. Fate had made him a lawyer and Nature had made him an entomologist. In the end, of course, Nature had her way. But the road to the end was long and it is the following of its windings that makes the bright little story which Mr. Kellock has embellished with so many humorous situations. There is a pretty romance in the love affair of the improvident and impecunious hero and Rose Allingham. All the obstacles are finally surmounted and we leave the hero to the enjoyment of bugs and domesticity. There are many quaintly amusing characters, graphically and felicitously drawn. J. Zinsheimer, the hustling office boy, who, while secretly deploring his employer's lack of enterprise, condones his shortcomings, and takes most of the responsibility on his own shoulders is a fresh type. The hero's New England relatives, from Aunt Abigail who had shattered her youthful romance because her sweetheart, Abner Judd, refused to give up his belief in the "Origin of Species" and Darwin, to Uncle Ezekiel, who owned the famous Dulworthy furniture, and left it by will to his relatives, attaching to his bequest well-nigh impossible conditions, are all life-like figures.

*Mr. Hobby. By Harold Kellock. New York: The Century Company.

Humfrey Jordan's "Patchwork Comedy"*

Antony Carfew, the heir to an ancient name and great wealth, has followed the traditional course of the Carfew heirs in that he is a wanderer on the face of the earth. His name is well known as an explorer. On his return to England when the story opens, he is still young, but for a man who apparently has those desirable things, wealth, position, and fame, his life to himself seems singularly empty. Through his intimate friend, Michael Morton, a young sculptor, he meets Lady Gillanby, a young and beautiful woman whose husband is notoriously unfaithful to her. The world condemns her for having made a purely mercenary match, but her friends realise that she had been romantically in love with her husband until his infidelities disgusted her.

Carfew finds his father strangely changed and aged. At a conference with Bentham, the family lawyer, he first learns that his father has been paying heavy blackmail to a scoundrel who had learned of a misstep made by his mother when a slip of a girl before she had met his father. The blackmailer, who has lived in various places abroad under numerous aliases, is really the uncle of his friend Michael Morton, the black sheep of the family. Carfew, while equally anxious with his father to protect the family name, discovers the blackmailer's address in Paris and goes over to confront him. By a happy accident, Lady Gillanby is able to furnish him with a weapon which silences the blackmailer for a time. Under one of

*Patchwork Comedy. By Humfrey Jordan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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his many aliases he had once forged her father's name to a note of hand. The scoundrel is given forty-eight hours to leave Paris. By an unfortunate chance Carfew has given him a clue to the source of his information. The elder Carfew and Lord Gillanby both die suddenly of heart disease.

Morton contrives to compromise Lady Gillanby in an ingenious manner out of revenge. On the pretext of asking her opinion as to the genuineness of several paintings supposedly by her late father, a famous painter, she is persuaded to go to the house of one of the most notorious procuresses in Paris. She is seen and recognised by several persons. But once more the blackmailer is thwarted by Carfew. He escapes from the inn in Switzerland where they have confined him and meets his death in the mountains after having murdered his guide, it would seem rather gratuitously. The book ends with the marriage of Lady Gillanby and Carfew. The best characters in the book are Lady Gillanby and Morton, the villain. Carfew and Michael, the sculptor, who may be said to divide the rôle of hero, are somewhat vague and sketchy and are not particularly sympathetic.

Charles McEvoy's "Brass Faces"*

The discreet and non-committal title of *Brass Faces* does not in the least prepare the reader for the Arabian Nights Adventures which begin almost with the opening pages of Mr. McEvoy's amusing tale. Indeed, at the close one feels almost as breathless as the hero must have been at the end of his strenuous five days. Up to a certain morning when his adventures begin, Mr. Robert Gilmour's life had been the commonplace one of the young man in London with an adequate income. On his way home from a late supper party he chances on a letter from a woman held captive against her will in the heart of London. He judges from the writing that she is refined and educated and young. A strain of daring chivalry latent in his blood is quickened into life. He resolves to rescue her himself. In spite of the protests of the female dragon that guards the door, he breaks into the house and carries the lady—who is even younger and prettier than he had dreamed—to a little cottage not far from town. She is the adopted daughter of a steward on a great estate. The son and heir of the owner, Lord Inkerman, falls in love with her and she is consequently banished to school. Her lover, whose name is Francis, carries her off to the house of one of his dependents. There his changed tone and conduct so disgust her that she tells him nothing would induce her to marry him. For a day and night she has been forcibly detained. Her adopted father is too much of a time-server to risk the displeasure of Lord Inkerman, who is enraged at the entanglement with his son. She has nowhere to go. Gilmour returns to town only to find the papers full of the abduction. He is arrested and passes the night in a cell. At his trial the case is dismissed, as the girl's father and Lord Inkerman refuse to prosecute. The girl's letter is accepted as a sufficient defence. Immediately on leaving the court room, however, he is accosted by a female detective, an American, who demands to know the whereabouts of the girl. Her cowardly guardian has consented to Lord Inkerman's plan to marry her to his son's chauffeur, with whom they pretend to think she has escaped. How the detective makes it impossible for him to see the girl, how he is betrayed by a mercenary friend who cannot withstand a bribe, and how he continues to elude pursuit by means of an aeroplane are added amusing complications. In the end the fair lady decides that she has misunderstood her lover's fancied violence and everything ends happily.

Mr. McEvoy does not permit the rapid action of his tale to flag. His character drawing is not so surely done. It is improbable that such a determined, self-contained young woman as Iris

*Brass Faces. By Charles McEvoy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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would be so vacillating as she shows herself in the supreme moment of her life. The American detective is quite impossible, as usual. In moments of excitement, she swears, "by Lincoln," which is a new English touch.

Vera Nikto's "A Mere Woman"*

The story and psychology of *A Mere Woman* is based on an "Old Rhyme" that leads all the pages:

Treat the woman tenderly, tenderly,
Out of a crooked rib God made her slenderly, slenderly.
Straight and strong he did not make her;
Let love be kind, or else ye'll break her.

Sonia, who tells her story in the first person, is one of the results of a union between a son of a German baron and a Russian girl. There is a good deal of detail put upon her childhood, in the far country regions and at St. Petersburg, and of her schooldays when, "in the highest class we were taught to get in and out of a carriage gracefully." When she was sixteen she was sent back to her lonely home, and there the troubles of her life began to develop.

For Petenka Sokoloff appeared, who knew all the tricks of Cossack riding, and could sing the Tzigane songs which are very beautiful and very, very sad. Because she was bored to death with her life in her father's home she married him, and, like most heroines of her type and rearing, presents the curious anomaly of a tarnished mind and one virginally innocent as well. In other words, marriage shocked and horrified her; and marriage with Sokoloff might well be unpleasant, for he was a sly and terrifying dipsomaniac, and after he all but murdered her, she left him and her father obtained for her her divorce.

And then, at her sister's bridal festivities she met one Vadim Orloff, who had mocking, light-coloured eyes, and their liason was the love of her life. Even though it ended brutally, and, because there was nothing else left for her to do except marry a rich old merchant whom she loathed, she married a Russian Prince whom she half-feared and half-respected.

The rest of the story leads back to Vadim, who, coming into her life again, finds her present inaccessibility an unsuspected stimulation, and he and she and the husband, Prince Boris, play a little game that leads to death—Vadim's. The final page leaves Sonia, after the fatal shot, under her husband's imperious, significant gaze, lifting a hand that scarcely trembled, to move a pawn in the simple game of chess she was playing with her husband. Futility is the philosophy that lies on every page of this book. But it is not greatly done, and it leaves merely irritation at human weaknesses rather than a sense of the eternal pathos of human life.

*A Mere Woman. By Vera Nikto. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Rachel Hayward's "The Hippodrome"*

To the majority of people who have moulded their ideas of Anarchy from the headlines of the modern newspaper, *The Hippodrome* will come as a pleasurable confirmation of their ideas concerning Anarchists. For this is a tale of "The Brotherhood," of The Cause, of a remorseless devotion to La Liberté, of secret meetings in a mountain pass, outside of Barcelona, of bombs and their making and hurling, of spies and police and prisons. The author remarks that "Anarchy is no plaything for spare moments, but a juggling with Life and Death," regardless of the fact that Emerson and Thoreau played through a calm life with remarkably good Anarchy, and have left a splendid trail of Anarchy behind them. She says that Arithelli's education in Anarchy commenced with the teaching of revolutionary songs, which is a rather absurdedly emotionalistic basis on which to build a philosophy of life. In other words Miss Hayward is writing spiritedly of

*The Hippodrome. By Rachel Hayward. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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Revolutionists who may be recruited from any clan or no clan upon the earth, and her definitions of Anarchy are rather funny than otherwise.

But her Irish-Jewish heroine is a vivid young person who deserved a better fate than she got at the hands of Revolutionists who got and held her. She learned to ride magnificently in her father's stables, now sold and scattered, and when the family fortunes fall, she gets an engagement as circus rider, first at Paris, then at Barcelona. As she steps from the train on her arrival at Barcelona she meets Count Poleski, better known to The Brotherhood as Emile, and he, having just passed a slip of paper with a casual cigarette to a cabby, catches sight of Arithelli's abnormally slim body and startlingly pallid face. He helps her with her Spanish, and mentally picks her as the "errand boy" for whom The Brotherhood is looking just then, an unsuspected, unsuspicious looking person to carry notes and make signals, etc. Poor Arithelli, who is made for love and ease and beauty!

The comradeship between her and Emile is done very well indeed, even to Emile's silent, steadily growing love for her, and Vardri's recognition of the Platonic character of their intimacy—Vardri being the man who loves her and whom she loves. And the book is thoroughly up-to-date: Marie Spirodonova and General Morel are mentioned in casual citation of facts that were, and one thinks of Ferrer many times.

But one goes back to reflections upon Arithelli, and to regretful musings that her fate was superimposed from without and not from within. Had she found the revolutionists instead of them finding her, we could have seen her walk to her fate, whatever it might have been, with joyous hearts if it were a happy one, and if it had to be a tragic end, without regrets and with only Aristotelian pity.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's "Little Thank You"*

If any one still has doubts at this stage of our literary history that the sweetly sentimental may be overdone, let him mark with inward digestion this little story. Never, even in early Victorian days, was a more determined effort to lay on tenderness with a trowel. It seems ungracious to say that the charming title of this book is the only thing about it which does not confirm an uneasy suspicion that the author has made up her mind for a best seller; but the remark is put forth with good intentions. For there are gleams of humour and winsomeness here which make one regret that she has sought to corner a wide public by piling up the heart-interest. Mrs. O'Connor has by no means the naïveté which can make such a wallow of sentimentality seem her proper region, and she certainly knows better than to concoct ingenuously such an appallingly saccharine structure. The tale has moments of pleasing invention and real charm, but that it is heaped together with little study and small art matters less than its apparently cool exploitation of all the ingredients of appeal.

*Little Thank You. By Mrs. T. P. O'Connor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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CHESTERTON AS AN ARTIST

BY JOSEPH B. GILDER

MR. CHESTERTON is so familiar a figure in the book world that it is hard to realise that he was virtually unknown, in this country at least, till the present century was fairly started. *The Defendant,* appearing in 1902, a series of essays championing various notions that would seem to admit of no defence, was the

G. K. C. DRAWN BY HIMSELF

book that introduced him—though he had already published a volume of very original poems collectively entitled *The Wild Knight.*

The little book was as fresh, as daring, as heterodox and as paradoxical as anything the writer has since written. And it is, withal, as youthful in spirit; for G. K. C. is not one of those conventionally clever young men who parade their wisdom solemnly in their early twenties, and withhold their foolishness till it has ripened with age. In *The Defendant* he leaped full-fledged into the cockpit (or, should one say, full-armed into the arena?), revealing himself from the first as a master of the difficult and dangerous art of paradox.

There are those who maintain that paradox is a mere trick, somewhat akin to standing on one's head, and usually indulged in to attract attention at the sacrifice of dignity. But how many a writer would be overjoyed if he could win the world's notice by so simple a device! It is of a piece with the delusion that one might be rich, if only he lacked scruples—as if the jails and almshouses were not filled with the unscrupulous as well as with the unfortunate. The late W. S. Gilbert, George Bernard Shaw, and G. K. Chesterton are famous, and with good reason; but there would be three hundred writers of equal fame today if all one had to do to gain renown were to transfix the world with one's pen and turn it topsy-turvy. Many a pen has split its nib in trying to penetrate the world's tough crust; and many another, piercing it, has got broken in trying to turn that ponderous spheroid upside down.

While G. K. C. has made his name—and his initials—a household word in the past decade, it is mainly as an essayist, only secondarily as a story-teller, still less as a poet and virtually not at all as an artist. Yet he has far more artistic talent, or at least accomplishment, than Gilbert disclosed in the droll and delightful cuts that accompany *The Bab Ballads.* And he comes honestly by it. For there is a certain oblong blue-

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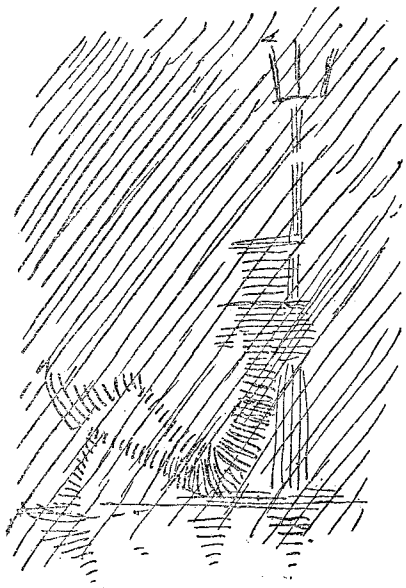
covered book for children, recounting *The Wonderful Story of Dunder van Haeden and his Seven Little Daughters,* by E. Chesterton, with Illustrations by the Author. And the author-illustrator of this simple little fairy-story in rather halting verse—long rhyming couplets that scan none too well, and are by no means excruciatingly funny—is G. K. C.'s father, Mr. Edward Chesterton, known in the Kensington district of London as a real estate agent.

Presumably it was the father's interest in art and letters that led to the son's being sent to the Slade School (after leaving St. Paul's), where he acquired a very fair mastery of the pencil and the brush, and dreamed of becoming a professional artist. It is worth noting in this connection, that his first regular literary work was the reviewing of art books for the English *Bookman.*

The ability to draw as well as to write is rare enough to excite wonder; though to prove its existence one need not go back to such masters as Michael Angelo and Da Vinci: in England we have seen Thackeray's individual, if not wholly accomplished, drawings as a

THE TWO LITTLE GIRLS OF CALCUTTA



IN BAKER STREET

gloss upon his own text, and Rudyard Kipling's successful "Just So" pictures. (Mr. Kipling, by the way, once confessed to the present writer that he had long desired to illustrate a complete edition of his own writings; and most of us, doubtless, would prefer his vivid pen-and-inks to the sculpturesque plates, by his father, in the Outward Bound edition.)

In deciding to become a writer rather than an artist, Mr. Chesterton did not cast aside the brush and pencil once and forever. On the contrary, three little books are indebted to him for drawings that give them their chief interest. First in significance is *Grey-Beards at Play* (1900); for of this he is the "sole begetter" of both text and illustrations. Next in interest comes a companion volume of *Nonsense Rhymes,* by Cosmo Monkhouse, the art critic. These two little tomes, in paper boards with coloured covers, bear the imprint of R. Brimley Johnson, who stood sponsor also for the elder Chesterton's *Dunder van Haeden.* The third of the trio is a pamphlet, "The Great Inquiry," by "H. B." (probably Harold Begbie, a well-known London

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NEBUCHADNEZZAR AND THE MONK OF BASING

journalist), "ornamented with sharp cuts by G. K. C."

The sub-title of *Grey-Beards at Play* is *Literature and Art for Old Gentlemen: Rhymes and Sketches.* There are three main divisions—"The Oneness of the Philosopher with Nature," "The Dangers Attending Altruism on the High Seas," and "The Disastrous Spread of Æstheticism in all Classes"—with an "Envoy" at the rear, and at the beginning a "Dedication to E. C. B.," the last stanza of which is worth quoting in view of the author's avowed love for children and childish things:

> Hoary and bent, I dance an hour:
> What though I die at morn?
> There is a shout among the stars,
> "To-night a child is born!"

It is unnecessary to make any heavy draughts from this little book to show that its author excels in writing pure nonsense, as well as in other lines of literary work—and it is not of the writer but of the draughtsman that these lines are written. Yet the harmony between the text and the illustrations is not apparent unless some at least of the verses are

THROUGH STREETS UNTENANTED

HE TRIED TO ENAMEL
THE FACE OF THE CAMEL

given; so here are the opening stanzas of "The Oneness of the Philosopher with Nature":

> I love to see the little stars
> All dancing to one tune;
> I think quite highly of the Sun,
> And also of the Moon.
>
> The million forests of the Earth
> Come trooping in to tea.
> The great Niagara waterfall
> Is never shy with me.

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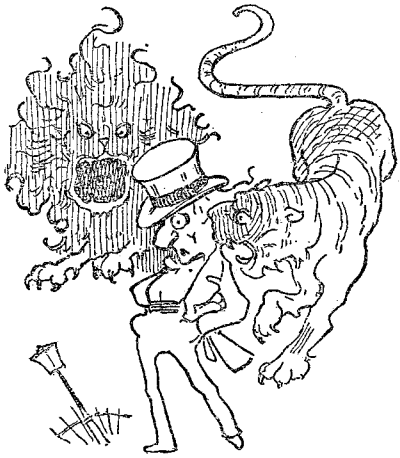


I AM THE TIGER'S CONFIDANT

I am the tiger's confidant,
  And never mention names:
The lion drops the formal "Sir,"
  And lets me call him James.

* * * * *

I am akin to all the Earth
  By many a tribal sign:
The aged pig will often wear
  That sad, sweet smile of mine.

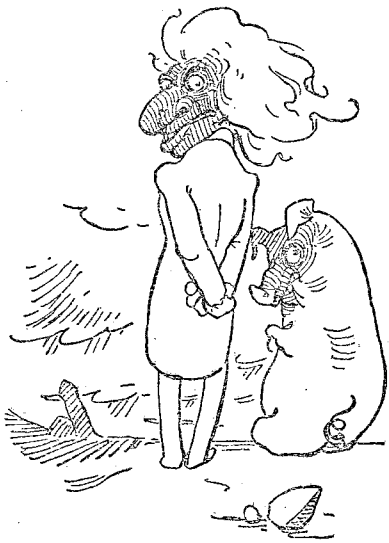
* * * * *

I love to bask in sunny fields,
  And when that hope is vain,
I go and bask in Baker Street,
  All in the pouring rain.

* * * * *

Come snow! where fly, by some strange law,
  Hard snowballs—without noise—
Through streets untenanted, except
  By good, unconscious boys.

Mr. Monkhouse's *Nonsense Rhymes* are limericks. It is unnecessary to quote more than a few of them:



THE AGED PIG WILL OFTEN WEAR THAT SAD, SWEET SMILE OF MINE

There once was a barber of Kew,
Who went very mad at the Zoo;
  He tried to enamel
  The face of the camel,
And gave the brown bear a shampoo.

There once was an old monk of Basing,
Whose salads were something amazing;
  But he told his confessor
  That Nebuchadnezzar
Had given him hints upon grazing.

There were two little girls of Calcutta,
Who used to eat white bread and butter.
  One day it was dark,
  So they said, "For a lark,
Now let us have brown bread and butter."

Mr. Chesterton's drawing in illustration of the last of these stanzas looks as if it had been made after seeing—or taking part in—a turkey-trot or a tango!

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THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of April and the 1st of May.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Sixty-First Second. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. The Impossible Boy. Putnam. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
6. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4 Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Spring Days. Moore. (Brentano.) $1.35.
6. Comrade Yetta. Edwards. (Macmillan.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. My Autobiography. Mme. Judith. (Putnam.) $3.50.
2. Keeper of Royal Secrets. Harmand. (Brentano.) $3.75.
3. The Truth about the Titanic. Gracie. (Kennerley.) $1.25.
4. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
5. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
6. Roast Beef, Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
5. The Life Mask. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.30.
6. The Case of Jennie Brice. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. The Land of the Spirit. Page. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. A Small Boy and Others. James. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Traveller's Tales. "The Princess." (Putnam.) $2.00.
3. With the Victorious Bulgarians. Wagner. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.00.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.
3. A Story Garden for Little Children. Lindsay. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.00.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4 The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
6. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
3. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

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JUVENILES

1. Bird Children. Gordon. (Volland.) $1.00.
2. Oliver Twist. Jackson. (Jacobs.) 75 cents.
3. Motor Boys Over the Border. Young. (Cupples and Leon.) 60 cents.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Right of the Strongest. Greene. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. The Lovers of Skye. Allen. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
6. The Case of Jennie Brice. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
2. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) $1.25.
6. The Mischief Maker. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Our Vanishing Wild Life. Hornaday. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. A Small Boy and Others. James. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00

JUVENILES

1. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.25.
2. The Red House Children at Grafton. Douglass. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.00.
3. The Wireless Man. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Day of Days. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
5. The Lost Million. Alden. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Within the Law. Dana and Veiller. (Fly.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
6. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
2. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Fourth Down. Quirk. (Little, Brown.) $1.20.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Hill of Venus. Gallizier. (Page.) $1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
6. The Road of Living Men. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Lucky Pehr. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.50.
2. Easter. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.50.
3. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre on Worn Soil. Smith. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.25.
4. Scientific Sales Management. Hoyt. (Woolson.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. The Story of Little Black Sambo. Bannerman. (Stokes.) 50 cents.
3. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

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CLEVELAND, OHIO.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
4. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) $1.25.
5. War. Long. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
6. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
5. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. Back Home. Cobb. (Doran.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Dramas. Hauptmann. (Huebsch.) $1.50.
2. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
3. Death. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.00.
4. The Necessary Evil. Kennedy. (Harper.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Sixty-First Second. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
2. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
5. Jezebel. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. What is New Thought? Patterson. (Crowell.) $1.00.
2. Spring Days. Moore. (Brentano.) $1.35.
3. Irish Plays and Playwrights. Weygandt. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
4. With the Victorious Bulgarians. Wagner. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Champion of the Regiment. Tomlinson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. Roger Paulding, Gunner's Mate. Beach. (Penn.) $1.20.
3. The Wonderful Electric Elephant. Montgomery. (Saalfield.) $1.50.

DES MOINES, IA.

FICTION

1. Roast Beef, Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.20.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Poor, Dear Margaret Kirby. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.30.
6. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Uncle Peter—Heathen. Stapp. (McKay.) $1.00.
2. The Kewpies and Dotty Darling. O'Neill. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. The Book of Woodcraft. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Within the Law. Dana and Veiller. (Fly.) $1.25.
3. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
6. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
4. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Alma's Sophomore Year. Breitenbach. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Boy Scouts of the Air Series. Stuart. (Reilly and Britton.) 60 cents.
3. The Scout Master of Troop 5. Thurston. (Revell.) $1.00.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. The Road of Living Men. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.

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6. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. The Impossible Boy. Putnam. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
5. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
6. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
2. A Montessori Mother. Fisher. (Holt.) $1.25.
3. The New Industrial Day. Redfield. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. Complete Poems. Noyes. (Stokes.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Old Mother West Wind. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.
2. The Boy with the U. S. Foresters. Rolt-Wheeler. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.50.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. Desert Gold. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.
5. The Port of Adventure. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Melting of Mollie. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples and Leon.) 60 cents.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. The Port of Adventure. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Education of the Will. Payot. (Funk and Wagnalls.) $1.50.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Mother West Wind's Animal Friends. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.
2. Hollow Tree Snowed-In Book. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Stellar Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
2. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. California Coast Tales. Chase. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
2. Irish Plays and Playwrights. Weygandt. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
3. Field Days in California. Torrey. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Hindle Wakes. Houghton. (Luce.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. The Unforgiving Offender. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. Tackling Matrimony. Burton. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

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MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Port of Adventure. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
5. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Sixty-First Second. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
3. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Case of Jennie Brice. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. One Woman's Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. My Boyhood and Youth. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
2. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Discovery of the Future. Wells. (Huebsch.) 60 cents.
4. The Life of the Spider. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Æsop's Fables. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Japanese Twins. Perkins. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. The Kewpies and Dotty Darling. O'Neill. (Doran.) $1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. The Daughter of Brahma. Wylie. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
6. The Isle of Life. Whitman. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Social Life of the Insect World. Fabre. (Century Co.) $3.00.
2. A Guide to the Montessori Method. Stevens. (Stokes.) $1.00.
3. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. Climb to God. Quayle. (Methodist Book.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Sinopah, the Indian Boy. Schultz. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
2. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
3. The Tale of Mr. Todd. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Martha-by-the-Day. Lippman. (Holt.) $1.00.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Desert Gold. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.
6. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Enchanted Island. Noyes. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. Tales of the Mermaid Inn. Noyes. (Stokes.) $1.35.
3. A Small Boy and Others. James. (Scribner.) $2.50.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter and the Runaways. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.25.
2. Nineteenth Century Stamp Album. (Scott Co.) $3.00.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
5. The Sixty-First Second. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. The Island of Beautiful Things. Dromgoole. (Page.) $1.25.

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NON-FICTION

1. Atlanis. Hauptmann. (Huebsch.) $1.50.
2. The Madras House. Barker. (Kennerley.) $1.00.
3. The Joy of Living. Sudermann. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Blue Bonnet's Ranch Party. Jacobs and Read. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.
3. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Lyric Diction. Jones. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Royal Auction Bridge Up-to-Date. Clark. (Dodd, Mead.) 60 cents.
4. Fine Points of Auction Bridge. Irwin. (Putnam.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. Seven Keys to Baldpate. Biggers. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
5. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
4. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. Along the Road. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Increasing Home Efficiency. Bruere. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. A Small Boy and Others. James. (Scribner.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.25.
2. Every Child Should Know Series. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. High School Boys Series. Hancock. (Altemus.) 50 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. One Woman's Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
6. Concert Pitch. Danby. (Macmillan.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. In the Courts of Memory. Hegermann-Lindencrone. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. The Truth about the Titanic. Gracie. (Kennerley.) $1.25.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
4. Lectures on the Civil War. Rhoads. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. The Mischief Makers. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Once Aboard the Lugger. Hutchinson. (Kennerley.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

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PORTLAND, OREGON

Fiction

1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
5. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
6. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. Plays. Strindberg. (Luce.) $1.50.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.

Juveniles

1. Every Child Should Know Series. (Claflin.) 50 cents.
2. Betty Wales Series. Ward. (Penn.) $1.25.

PORTLAND, ME.

Fiction

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. Desert Gold. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.25.
2. Sinopah, the Indian Boy. Schultz. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
3. The Young Fisherman. Pendexter. (Small, Maynard.) $1.20.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Fiction

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
2. The Story of a Round House and Other Poems. Masefield. (Macmillan.) $1.30.
3. Genetecs. Walter. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Panama. Fraser. (Cassell.) $1.75.

Juveniles

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Fiction

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
3. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Milestones. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

Juveniles

1. Dave Porter and the Runaways. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.25.
2. Every Child Should Know Series. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Fiction

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. The Silent Battle. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Crock of Gold. Stephens. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
6. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Victorian Age in Literature. Chesterton. (Holt.) 50 cents.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

Juveniles

No report.

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ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
5. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Every Woman. Brown. (Fly.) $1.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scout Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
2. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. The Sixty-First Second. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
2. Plays. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. Smith and the Church. Beattys. (Stokes.) 60 cents.
4. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Silver Island of the Chippewa. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.00.
2. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.25.
3. Mother West Wind's Animal Friends. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. The Port of Adventure. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
6. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Intimations. Barry. (Elder.) $1.50.
2. Carefree San Francisco. Dunn. (Robertson.) $1.00.
3. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
4. Poems. Sterling. (Robertson.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Baldy of Nome. Darling. (Robertson.) $1.00.
2. The Girl of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Grosset and Dunlop.) 50 cents.
3. Freckles. Stratton-Porter. (Grosset and Dunlop.) 50 cents.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
5. The Mischief Maker. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. One Woman's Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. Lectures on the Civil War. Rhodes. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Boy Scouts Handbook. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. The Book of Woodcraft. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse and Hopkins.) $1.00.
2. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Advertising as a Business Force. Cherington. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

FICTION

1. Guinevere's Lover. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.

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2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
6. Within the Law. Dana and Veiller. (Fly.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Musson Co.) $1.25.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Copp-Clark.) $1.50.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (McLeod and Allen.) $1.35.
4. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (McClelland.) $1.50.
5. Where Are You Going (My Little Sister). Robins. (Briggs.) $1.25.
6. The Long Patrol. Cody. (Briggs.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Sixty-First Second. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
4. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
5. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
6. Within the Law. Dana and Veiller. (Fly.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann the Iconoclast. Brann. (Herz Brothers.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
5. Desert Gold. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.
6. Comrade Yetta. Edwards. (Macmillan.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. A Montessori Mother. Canfield. (Holt.) $1.25.
2. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
4. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Book of Woodcraft. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
3. Nancy Lee. Ward. (Penn.) $1.20.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
5. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) $1.25.
6. The Port of Adventure. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. Along the Road. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
2. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
3. Old Mother West Wind. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	" "	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	" "	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	" "	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	" "	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	" "	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35	379
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40	313
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35	310
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.	168
5. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	62
6. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) $1.35	54

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